BRITANNIA and EVE

MAY
1936

1/-

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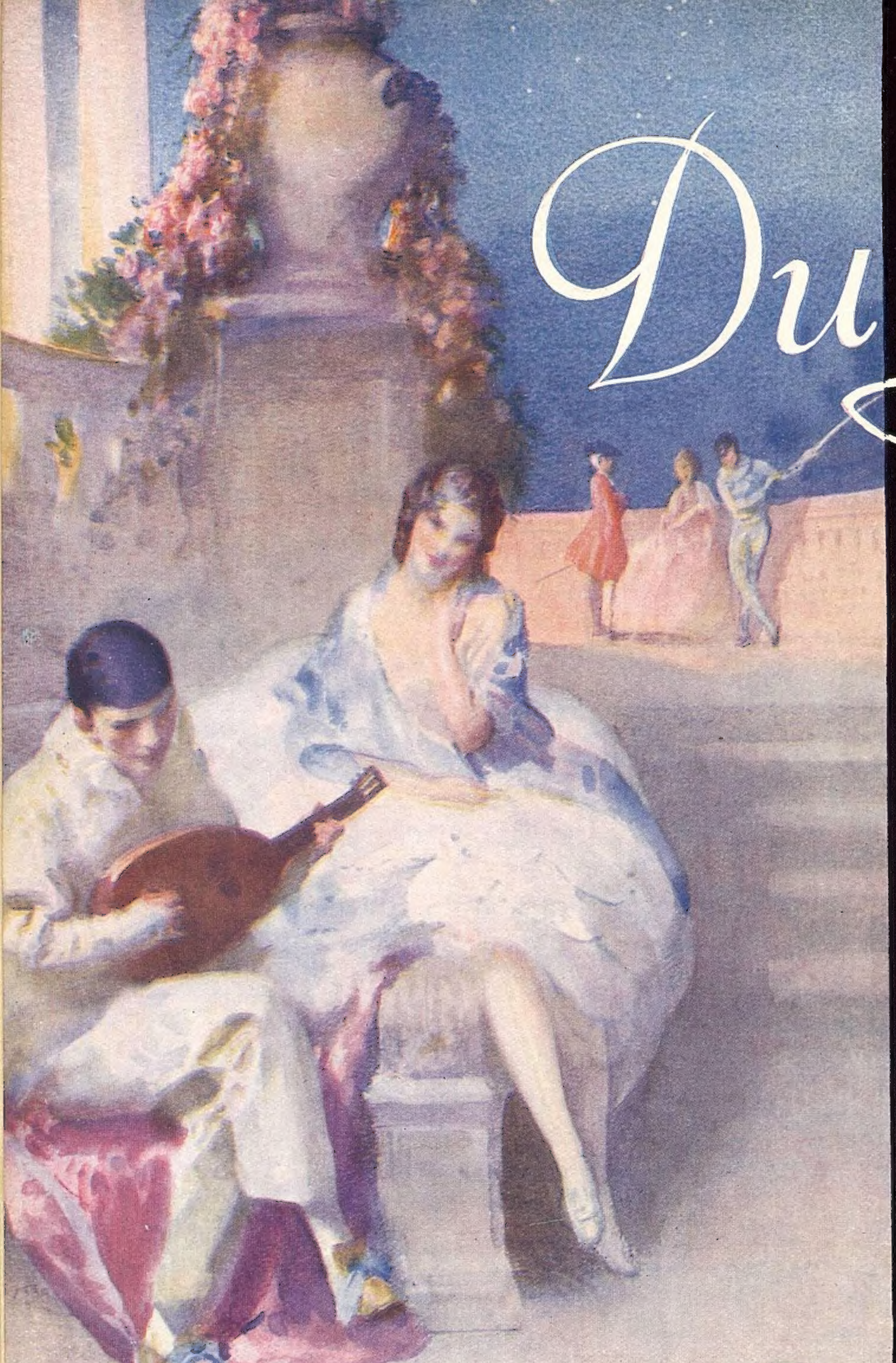

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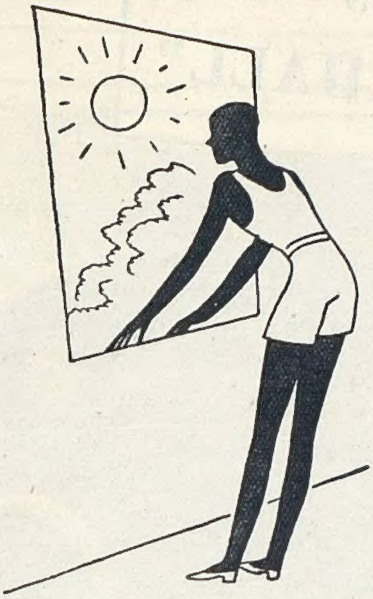

Before the window, when you rise,
Take your morning exercise,
Fitly clad, if you are wise,
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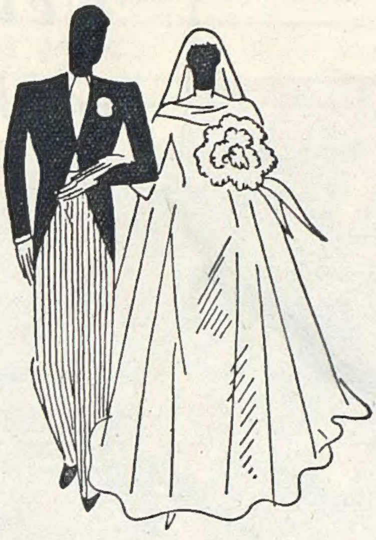
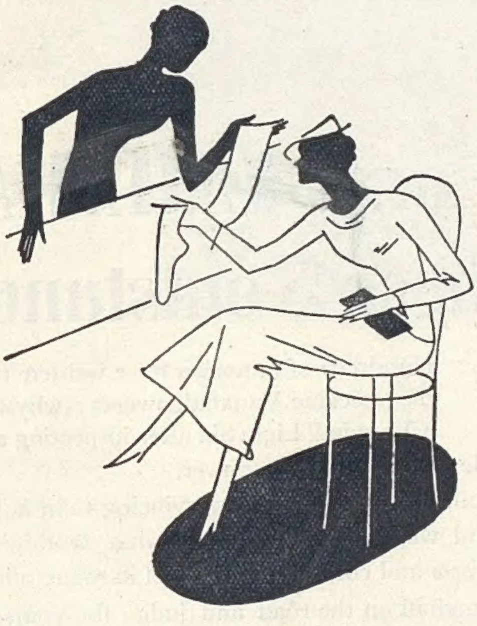
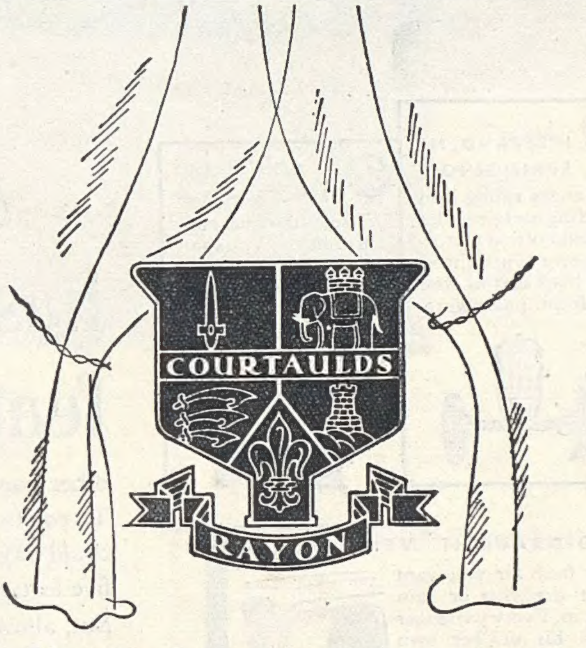


Here you see a radiant bride,
Showing off her dress with pride,
Her choice—'twas easy to decide—
was **RAYON**



Ask the sales-girl. She'll disclose
That the finest choice in hose
Are stockings with the Shield that shows
they're **RAYON**



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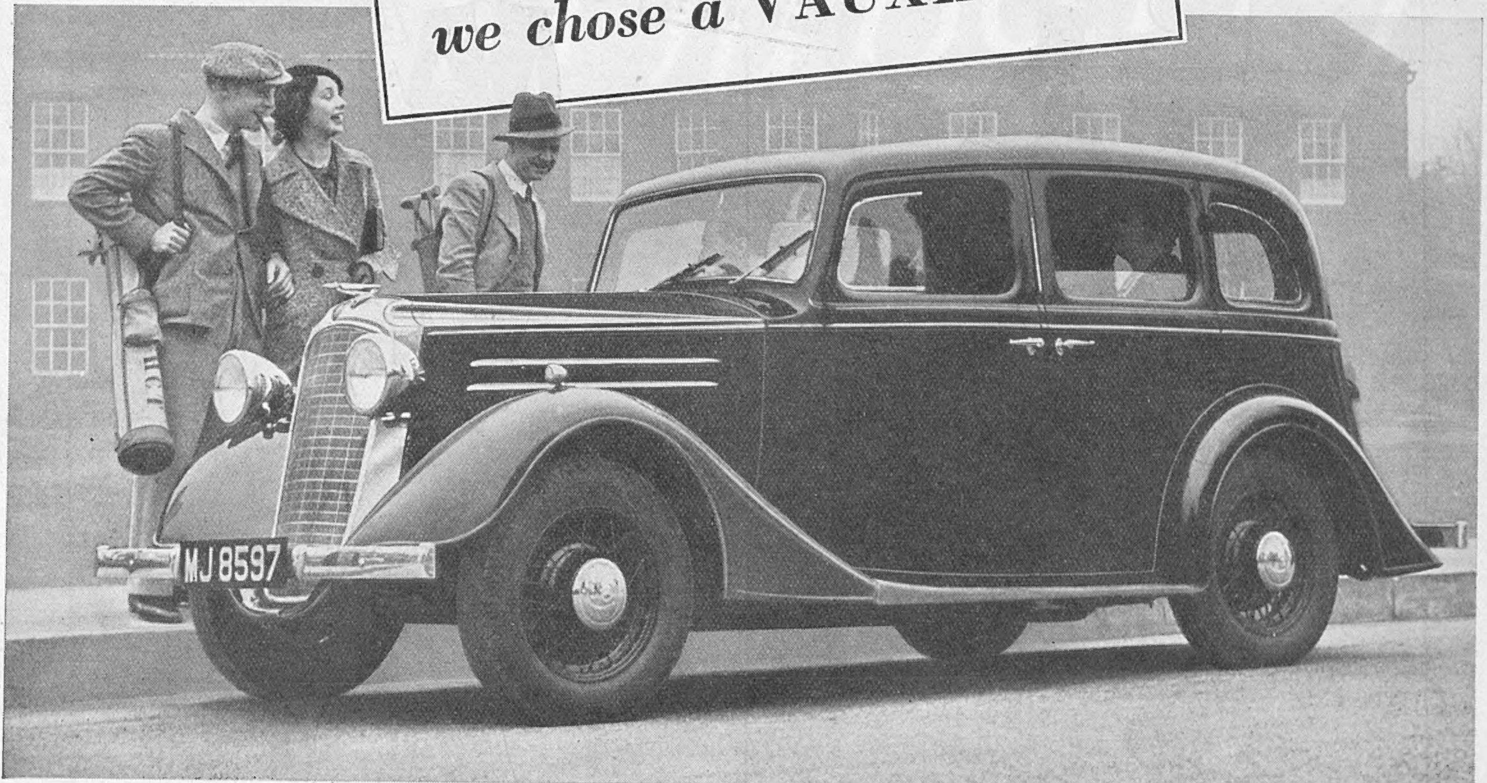
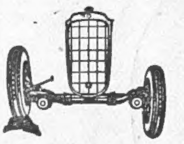


1 INDEPENDENT SPRINGING
Changes riding into gliding and provides the smoothest motoring ever experienced for back seat as well as front passengers.



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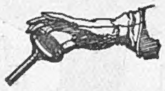

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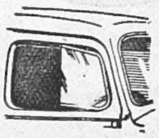

4 BODY CONFORMITY SEATING
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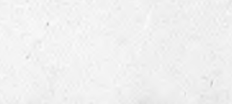

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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 12, No. 5. MAY, 1936

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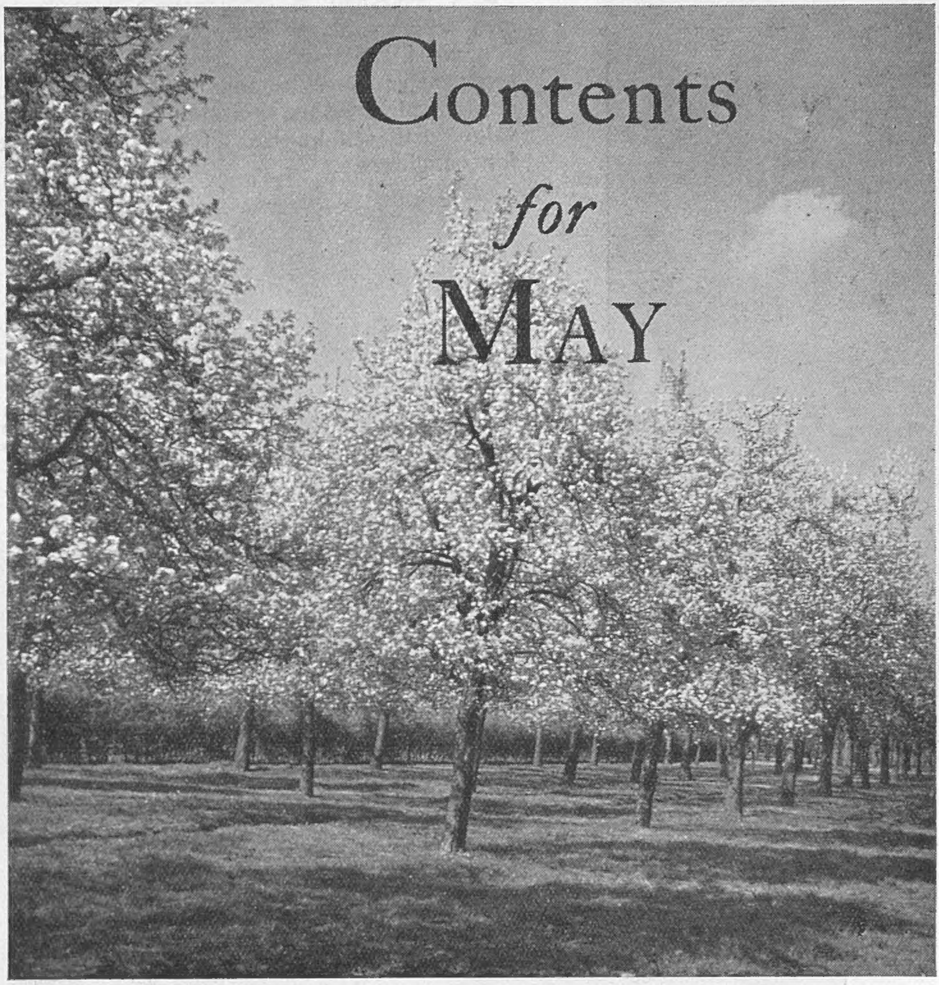

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 158. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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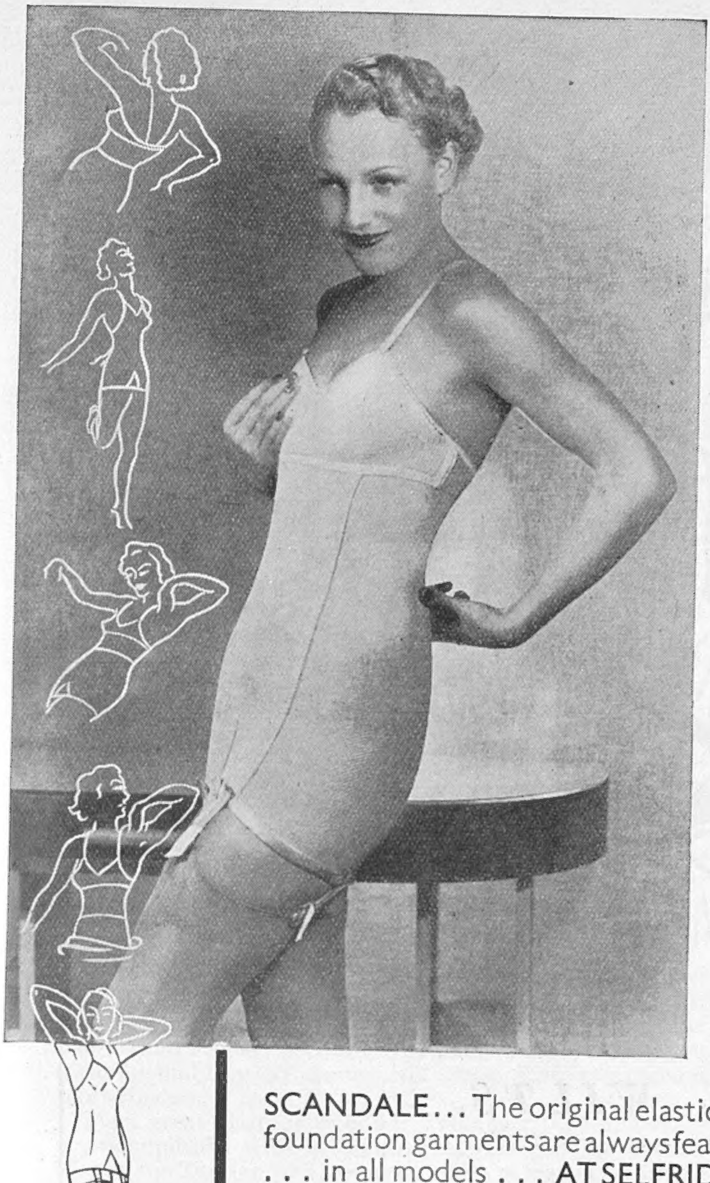

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where a mannequin will demonstrate the unique qualities of the well-known SCANDALE BELTS AND GAINES

SCANDALE foundation garments woven in incredibly light and flexible Tullastex are designed for every type of figure . . . .

SCANDALE

An Inspiration

DISPLAYED AT

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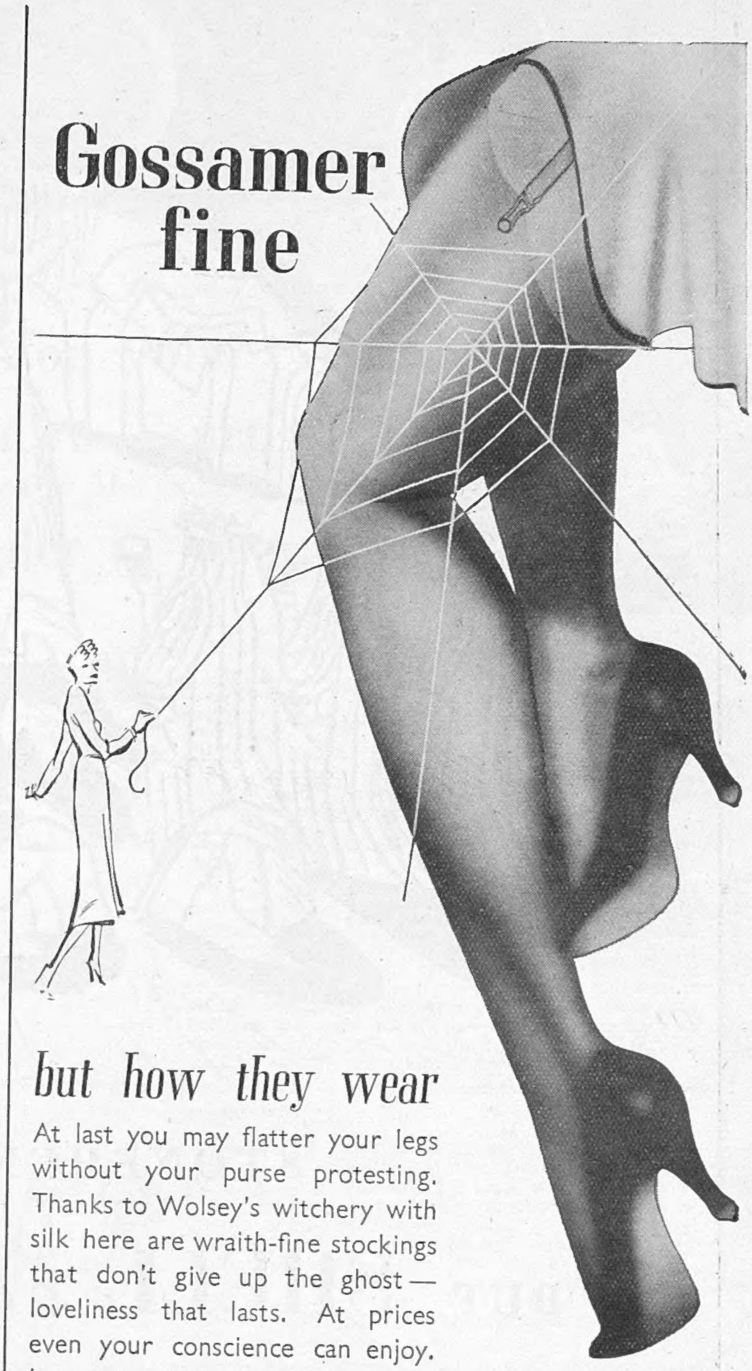

Gossamer fine

but how they wear

At last you may flatter your legs without your purse protesting. Thanks to Wolsey's witchery with silk here are wraith-fine stockings that don't give up the ghost — loveliness that lasts. At prices even your conscience can enjoy. Lastex too if ladders worry you. You'll look your best in Wolsey stockings — for a long time.

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'DEYLONG' With neat Ladder-saving Lastex yarn inset, mercerised lisle top and French foot; dull-toned too, and fully-fashioned; also available in service weight English foot 4/11

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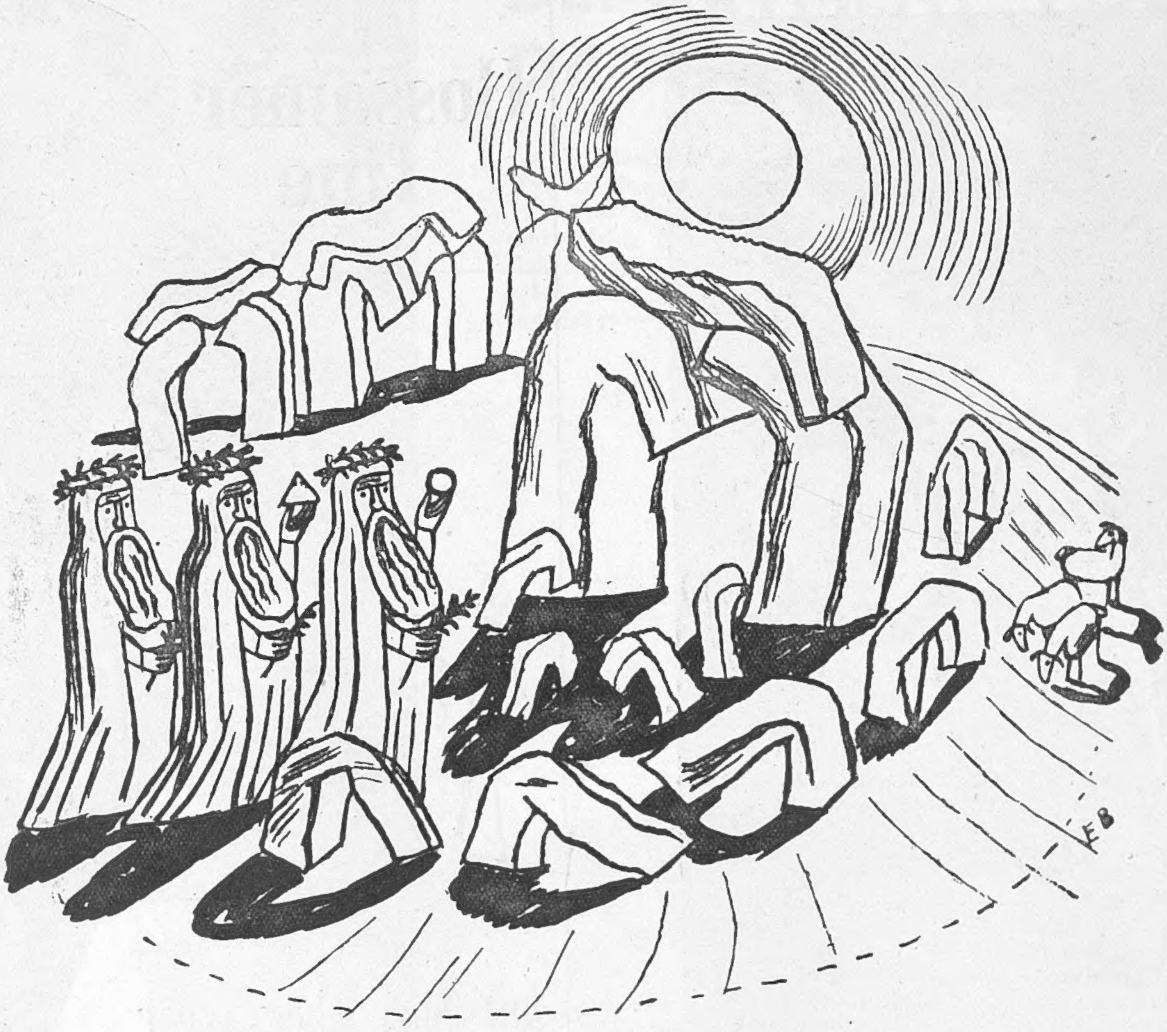
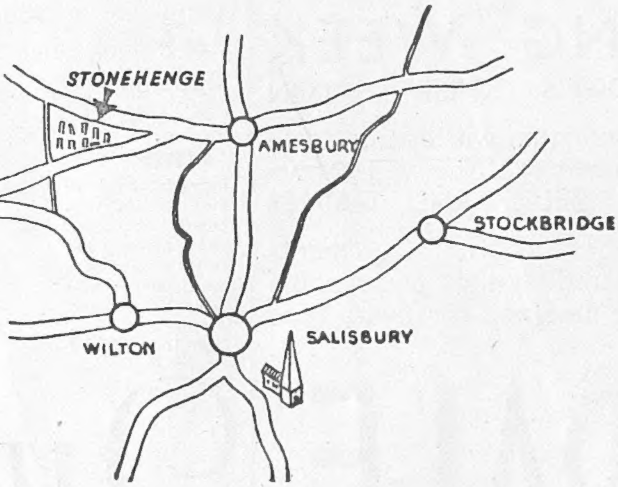


STONEHENGE *WILTS.*

BUT **SHELL** *GOES ON FOR EVER*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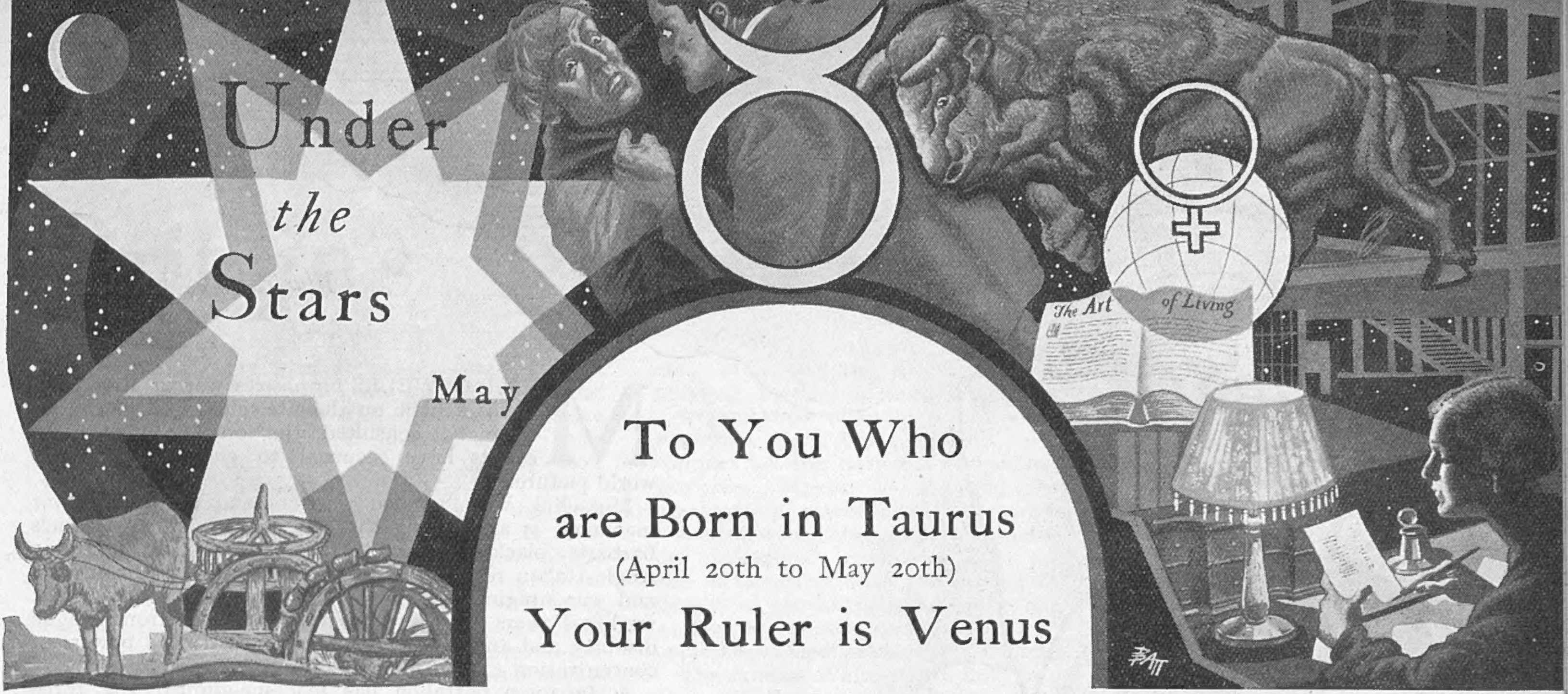


Under the Stars

May

To You Who are Born in Taurus

(April 20th to May 20th)

Your Ruler is Venus

THE best friend a man can have is a Taurian, to stand by him unflinchingly bearing the brunt, devoted to the end.

In these people's deep-rooted sense of obligation, we have the meaning of the word "Fidelity." Loyalty is the stuff of their character.

But let none trespass over-long on their patience; for, like the ox, their symbol, they may be slow to anger, but once stirred their fury knows no bounds. Prudence flies to the winds as they set about them to destroy.

They are, however, more likely to become fixed in a rut because of their strong love of peace and routine, than to be goaded out of it. This is partly because they fear the violence of their own outbursts. For these reasons, also, they cannot stand petty bickerings, and allow few incidents to disturb the even tenor of their days.

"Work without rush. Here we are, slow but sure; here we stay," are Taurian mottoes, typical of the ox in the shaft turning the wheel. Hard to start, once on the go they gather momentum at every pace and are equally hard to stop. Their seeming inability to change will cause their companions most concern.

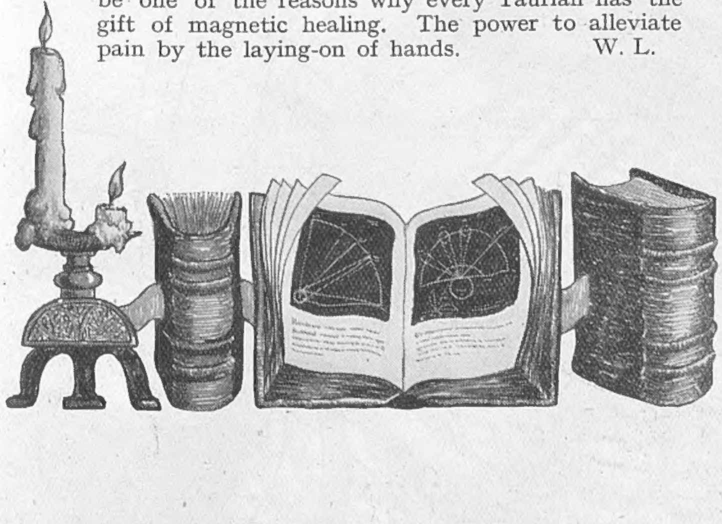
Their great desire is to build. Whatever they undertake is accomplished with a thoroughness designed to endure. Happy the Taurian who sees the fruition of his plans. Among them are found many devotees to lost causes, so loth are they to abandon work which they have once begun.

"Old friends, old wines, old books" expresses their ideal. A beautiful home with a garden, music, books . . . hospitable, serene. Not a business man or woman among them but hides the artist.

Sometimes their practical side gets the upper hand and they become ego-centric materialists. Obstinacy is also a failing. Sometimes their love of comfort degenerates into sloth and self-indulgence. But this is rare.

The Taurian nature is shot with deep feeling. The danger is, indeed, that their feelings may become pent-up before they find an outlet, and turn in. Few can surpass them in range of human knowledge and understanding. Which may be one of the reasons why every Taurian has the gift of magnetic healing. The power to alleviate pain by the laying-on of hands.

W. L.



LUCKY DAY: FRIDAY.

STONES: TURQUOISE, BERYL, EMERALD.

NUMBERS: SIX. Also THREE and NINE.

Characteristic: The Rulership of Venus in this Sign confers knowledge of the Art of Living.

HEALTH

Taurus governs the neck and throat and, well aspected by other planets in the horoscope, will give rare ability to sing. But all Taurians should guard against illnesses and injuries to the throat.

Blessed with a sound constitution, the chief danger to these people lies in forms of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning, due to inertia. The heart needs care between the ages of 28 and 35, as a tendency to stoutness will impose a strain. 49 to 56 is a ticklish time for reaping the fruits of self-indulgence.

MARRIAGE

Quarrels are likely to mar the early years of married life, probably owing to jealousy. But these misunderstandings settle later into the basis of a warm friendship. There is a wealth of inexhaustible love in Taurus, and family ties are strong.

The children of Venus mate well with those of any sign except, perhaps, Aries (March 21 to April 20).

Women are born house-decorators, extravagant in embellishing the home. They must restrain their maternal solicitude lest it blanket their children and even their husbands.

CAREERS

Architects, builders, bankers and merchants are born in Taurus. Farmers and horticulturists. Any occupation to do with the soil will enrich.

Writers and artists are well to the fore. Among the former Shakespeare, Balzac, Barrie. Note the incomparable human touch in their writings, and how lovable they make human weaknesses.

Women shine in Florence Nightingale and primadonna Melba.

Taurians are acquisitive and usually wealthier towards the end of their lives than at the outset.

CHILDREN

They will be easy-going, affectionate and companionable.

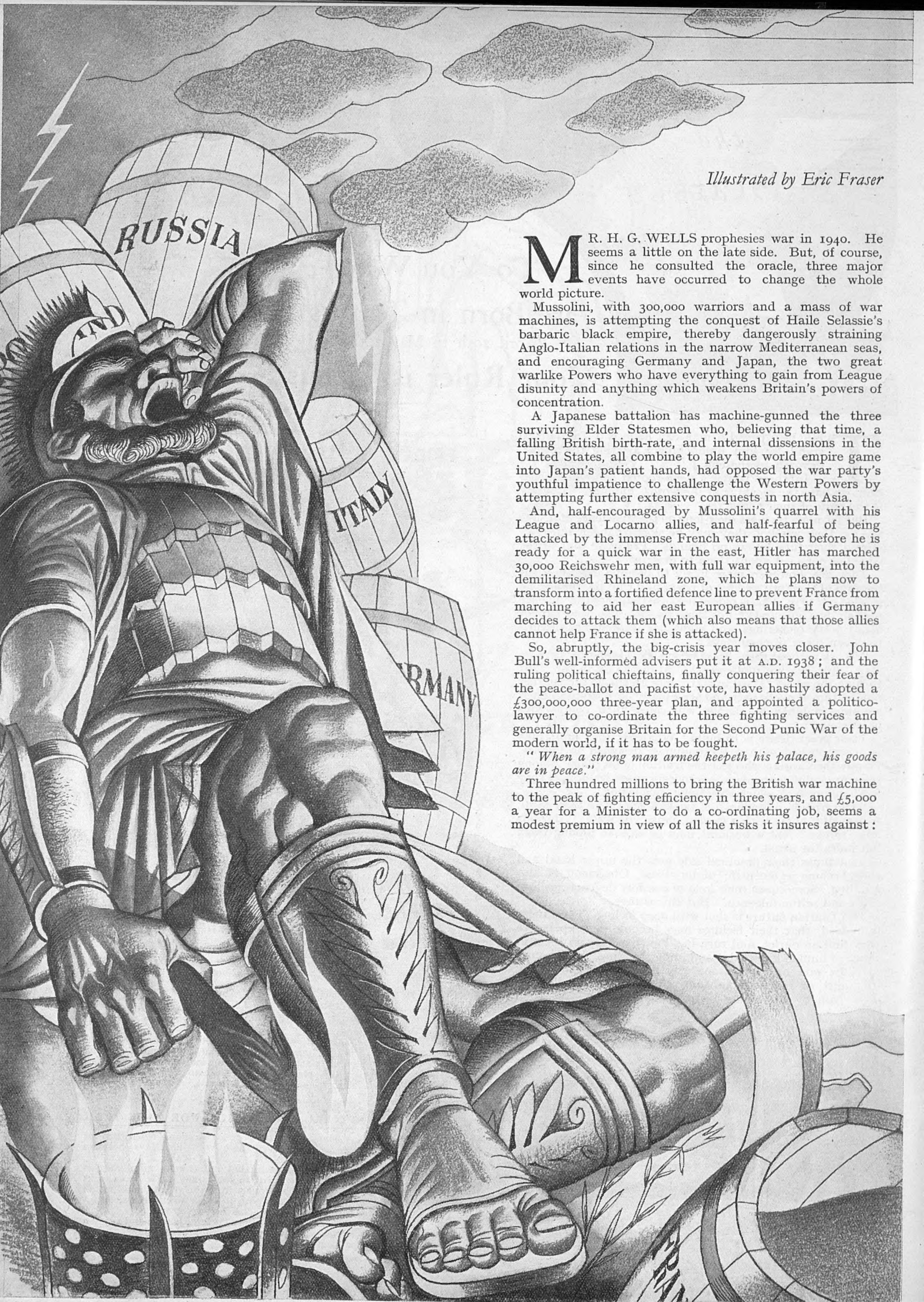
Sulkiness, sleepiness and stubbornness should be checked immediately. Keep them mentally and physically active. Allow them plenty of parties at which they can play host and hostess. Correct greediness and insist on plenty of exercise.

SPECIAL PREDICTION FOR THIS YEAR

A definitely better year for Taurian women than for men, especially for those with birthdays between April 20 and May 1.

Men: A temporary but unfortunate misalliance is likely to cause a rift in the family circle and shocks at the office. Even apart from this, they should watch their step, as their path is set between delays, disappointments and, in some cases, sorrow.

Women: Enter a wider circle of friends and enjoy a romance which may incur disapproval at home, but is free from scandal.



Illustrated by Eric Fraser

MR. H. G. WELLS prophesies war in 1940. He seems a little on the late side. But, of course, since he consulted the oracle, three major events have occurred to change the whole world picture.

Mussolini, with 300,000 warriors and a mass of war machines, is attempting the conquest of Haile Selassie's barbaric black empire, thereby dangerously straining Anglo-Italian relations in the narrow Mediterranean seas, and encouraging Germany and Japan, the two great warlike Powers who have everything to gain from League disunity and anything which weakens Britain's powers of concentration.

A Japanese battalion has machine-gunned the three surviving Elder Statesmen who, believing that time, a falling British birth-rate, and internal dissensions in the United States, all combine to play the world empire game into Japan's patient hands, had opposed the war party's youthful impatience to challenge the Western Powers by attempting further extensive conquests in north Asia.

And, half-encouraged by Mussolini's quarrel with his League and Locarno allies, and half-fearful of being attacked by the immense French war machine before he is ready for a quick war in the east, Hitler has marched 30,000 Reichswehr men, with full war equipment, into the demilitarised Rhineland zone, which he plans now to transform into a fortified defence line to prevent France from marching to aid her east European allies if Germany decides to attack them (which also means that those allies cannot help France if she is attacked).

So, abruptly, the big-crisis year moves closer. John Bull's well-informed advisers put it at A.D. 1938; and the ruling political chieftains, finally conquering their fear of the peace-ballot and pacifist vote, have hastily adopted a £300,000,000 three-year plan, and appointed a politico-lawyer to co-ordinate the three fighting services and generally organise Britain for the Second Punic War of the modern world, if it has to be fought.

"*When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace.*"

Three hundred millions to bring the British war machine to the peak of fighting efficiency in three years, and £5,000 a year for a Minister to do a co-ordinating job, seems a modest premium in view of all the risks it insures against:

Britain's Three-Year Plan

the chief risk being what it was in 1914—namely, calculation by the staff of a war-minded State that Britain is too weak to risk war, or anyway to prove a decisive factor if she does join in, and so now is a good time to strike a quick, crushing blow that is bound to succeed.

Indeed, the premium is so small and the risks so varied and extensive that I cannot see how John's managers can keep within the £300,000,000 limit if the aggressive States maintain war preparations at current velocity and volume. We know the first thoughts of the new armament programme. Strengthening of a regular army and second-line Territorial force, so weakened by pacifist sentiments and all-is-well propaganda that recruitment for the first is 10,000 below normal, while the latter is 30,000 under strength. A new tank fleet and mechanisation of five regiments of cavalry. Expansion of the air fleet by 500 machines, and 22,000 personnel. At least two, and probably five new maximim-size battleships, armed with the new 14-inch guns, and armoured against airplane attack. Five new cruisers annually to bring the strength to 70, sixteen new destroyers annually to raise the total to 150, and a sister aircraft-carrier for the 22,000-ton one begun last autumn. New dockyards, aerodromes, tank base camps, military establishments, etc., at home and at strategical points in the overseas Empire, to match.

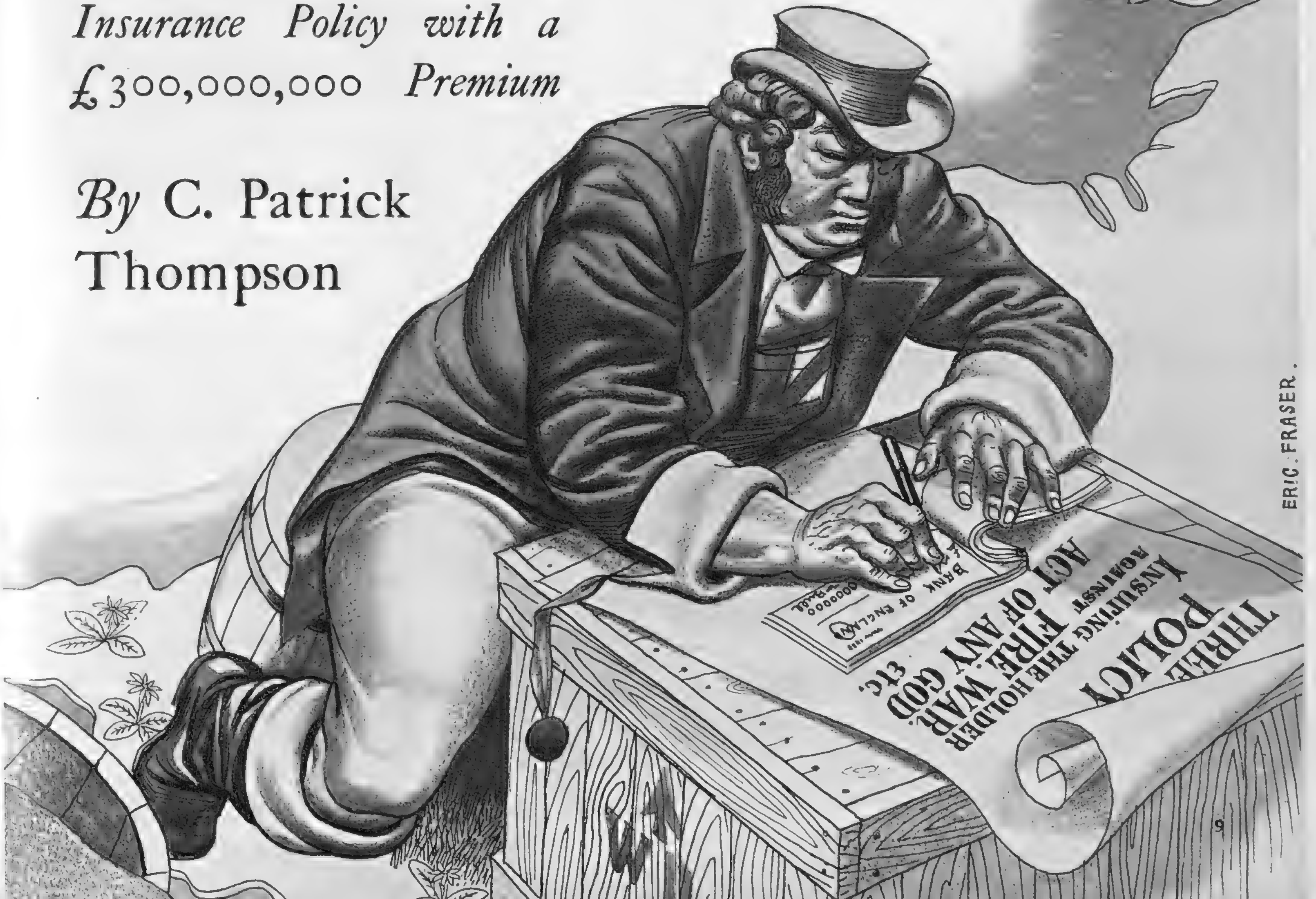
Organisation of industry for war to a plan not yet quite clear, but bound to embrace the whole complex of the nation's workshops and industrial resources. Maybe, as the big-crisis year nears, organisation intended to decentralise and render less vulnerable the industrial and war centres in our dangerously exposed island; an area half the size of Germany, with the extraordinary population density of 500 to the square mile, and a sixth of the 44,500,000 population crowded in the gigantic capital sprawled athwart the Thames.

The famous White Paper fails to disclose the full plans of the preparation programme. It is also silent as to the cost. When one looks beyond the immediate armament programme, and surveys the next-war probabilities, and the sort of shape John Bull is in to-day for any serious to-the-death struggle, one can understand the tactful reticences of that White Paper.

Realists do not now accept the war of 1914-18 as one of the inevitabilities of a world whose course is pre-destined. Aware of the hair-springs which determine action in these great historic crises, they believe that if Britain had in 1911 carried into the whole national field the (*Continued on page 110*)

John Bull takes out an Insurance Policy with a £300,000,000 Premium

By C. Patrick Thompson



Black

The convicts are made to do useful work for the State. A pair of prisoners with a warder on their way to work

Photographs: M. Munkácsy

MY last link with civilisation—a liner—lay anchored on the safe side of a white ridge of surf thundering over a brown bar of sand. I was in a motor-launch, dodging the shallows, and making for a landing-place in Monrovia, the capital of the Black Republic of Liberia.

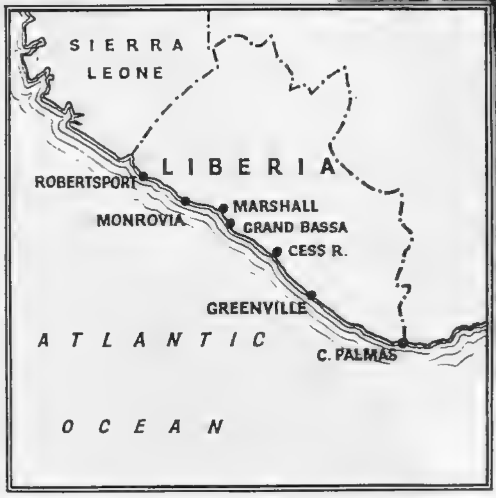
Liberia, from the sea, looks very pretty and green. Inside, looking out, it is not so pretty.

How many people can put their finger on the map of West Africa and say with certitude, "This is Liberia"? On the map the Negro Republic looks just a small splash of colour: actually, it has a coastline of about 350 miles, and a straight line from the coast to the French Sudan would measure about 150 miles. But there are no straight lines.

More than a hundred years ago negroes from the United States were sent to Liberia, and after the war between North and South and the abolition of slavery Liberia was made the home for the freed slaves, but few went, and those who did go were received with hatred and poisoned arrows by their bush brothers.

The history of Liberia teems with romantic stories of those early attempts to create a Black Paradise. There was even a negro Joan of Arc, a woman named Matilda Northcott, who knocked out her clay pipe on a cannon and gave the alarm which brought the settlers to arms and repulsed an attack by the natives, who were trying to keep the settlers out.

There is a monument to Matilda in a weed-overrun plaza in the centre of Monrovia.



Brave attempts have been made to keep this pathetic Negro Republic alive. It has a Constitution modelled on United States lines; it has a currency based on the American dollar; but although the Constitution works there are no dollars in the country, and in the coast towns they use British silver coins from Sierra Leone, and in the bush the currency consists of lengths of iron twisted like a skewer. Each piece is worth one cent, or a halfpenny.

It was the Government motor-launch which took me ashore, and in it were the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of the Interior. We ran aground on a sand-bank and the two Cabinet Ministers helped to push the boat off. We landed at the Customs shed without any formality, and an American bank clerk "borrowed" the motor-car of a foreign Consul and drove me to my host's house on the outskirts of the town.

Motoring in Monrovia is a very great adventure, because in this Black Paradise there are no roads, properly speaking: only what we should call cart-tracks, and these tracks have deep holes.

The market-place of Monrovia, capital of Liberia. Note the various styles of headgear

There is one small hotel in Monrovia, but one usually stays with one of the few European traders who still carry on in Monrovia. There is no sanitation of any kind in any part of the country, neither in the capital or elsewhere, but as there is no registration of either births or deaths it is not possible to know what the health conditions in this Black Paradise are.

There are no cinemas or theatres—but, indeed, the list of the "nots" can be carried very far indeed. There are no fire engines, no telephones, no telegraph service, no mail service; but perhaps I should here remark that there is a Postmaster-General and some very pretty stamps. There is only one white woman in Monrovia: she is a French lady, the wife of the manager and operator of the cable station.

The biggest and best Legation in Monrovia is the British, but the Legation,

Paradise

A company of the Liberian Frontier Force on the march

Almost everything is impossible and fantastic in Liberia. It is a country where Life does not move at all

By Harry J. Greenwall

Returning from school. A mother with her schoolboy son

for all intents and purposes, need not exist, because Great Britain has withdrawn diplomatic recognition of Liberia, and the British Minister has no official standing. Like all the other foreign Consuls, the British representative is exceedingly hospitable to visiting foreigners, but catering, like motoring, is an adventure.

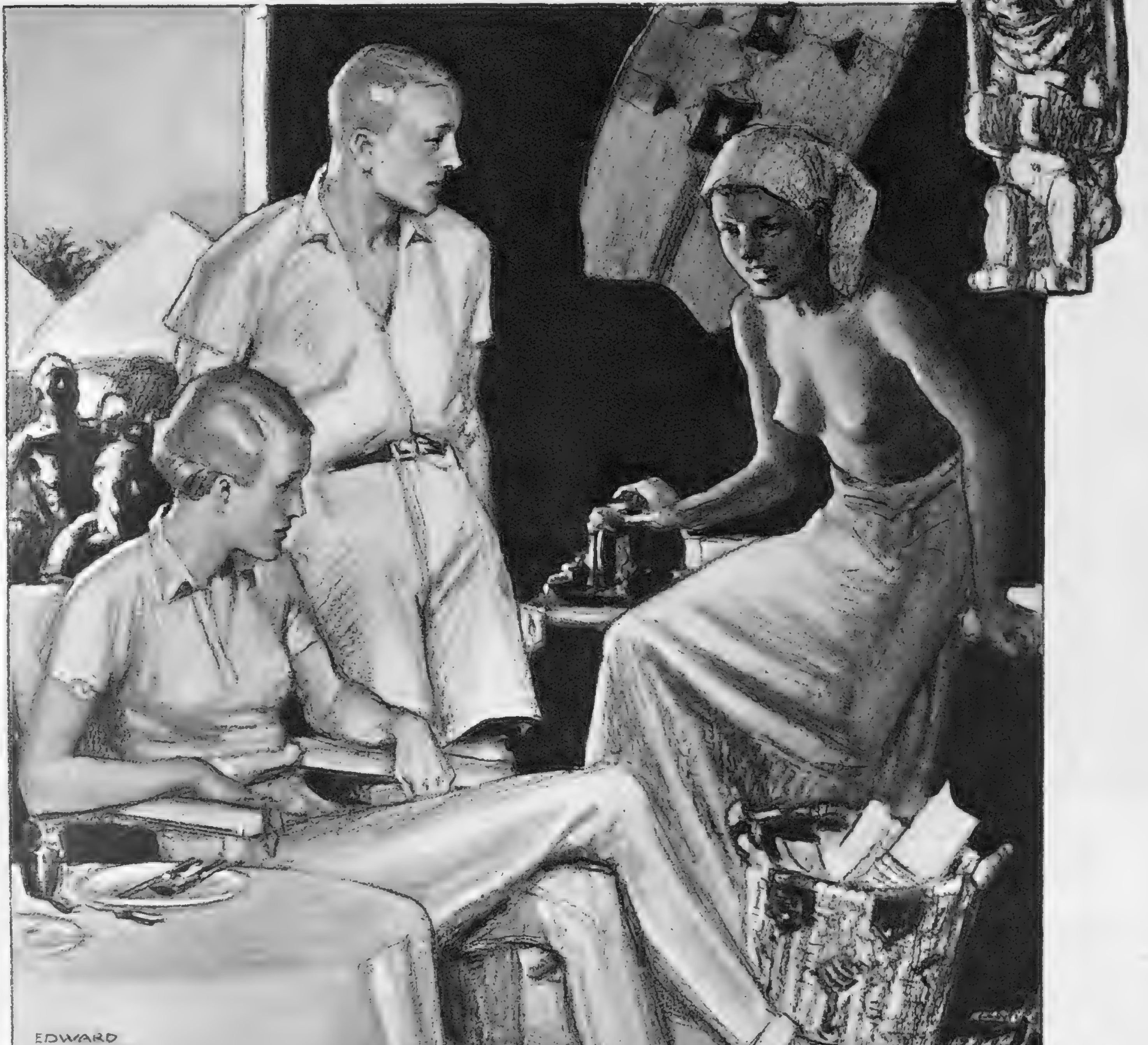
Food supplies are brought from Europe in ships which arrive once or twice a month. That is the time to secure invitations to "chop," as either lunch or dinner is called on the West Coast. When the supplies from home have all been eaten or have gone bad, then one has a very thin time indeed until the next ship arrives.

After a comparatively short time the newly-arrived person gets used to everything: the filth that is everywhere; the necessity of treading warily to avoid snakes, seeing one's "boys" catch and kill a rat for "chop," and all that. Every night (*Continued on page* 84)

Edwin Barclay, the President of the Republic of Liberia. He is trying hard to modernise this Black Paradise

Jungle Jealousy

"Hell hath no Fury like a Woman Scorned..."



She walked boldly in and then stroked the typewriter and the typed sheets. In silence Miss Dixon and Primmer watched her. Maiya smiled at the flying lady

RICHARD PRIMMER called himself an ethnologist. During his last year at Oxford he had been fearful lest all the unexplored territory of the world would be pre-empted before he had finished his studies. Those snooping gentlemen who pry into the morals and manners of dwellers in far-off places were busy. Books dealing with the home life of the natives of Samoa, the Celebes, Bali, Borneo, and Patagonia were rolling out of the presses. All fine and sexy. Brave chaps had gone out with typewriters and cinema cameras, and had hurried back with the latest information.

Richard Primmer's father and mother could not understand the prying desire of their only son—old John Primmer and Mary Primmer had never shown the slightest curiosity about the morals and manners of their neighbours—but if Richard wished to write a book about heathens it was all right.

They were a little afraid of Richard. He lived on another plane. He was aloof, reserved, not over-communicative. When he visited them at Derby they were uneasy during his stay. As a matter of fact, they were secretly relieved when he set out for Africa. Old John Primmer footed the bill for the thousand and one things that Richard required for the expedition, arranged for unlimited funds to be supplied to his son through the Bank of West Africa, saw Richard

By James Francis Dwyer

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

off at Liverpool, then went back to his wholesale grocery business.

"It's awful funny to me," he said to his wife. "I can't understand why anyone cares a hang what one of those heathens does when he's courtin' a girl, but Dick says it's very important to students of sociology."

"Perhaps we are old-fashioned," murmured Mary Primmer. "I wish Richard was a little curious about Nancy Carter instead of the savages. She's such a sweet little girl, but when he was here he would hardly look at her."

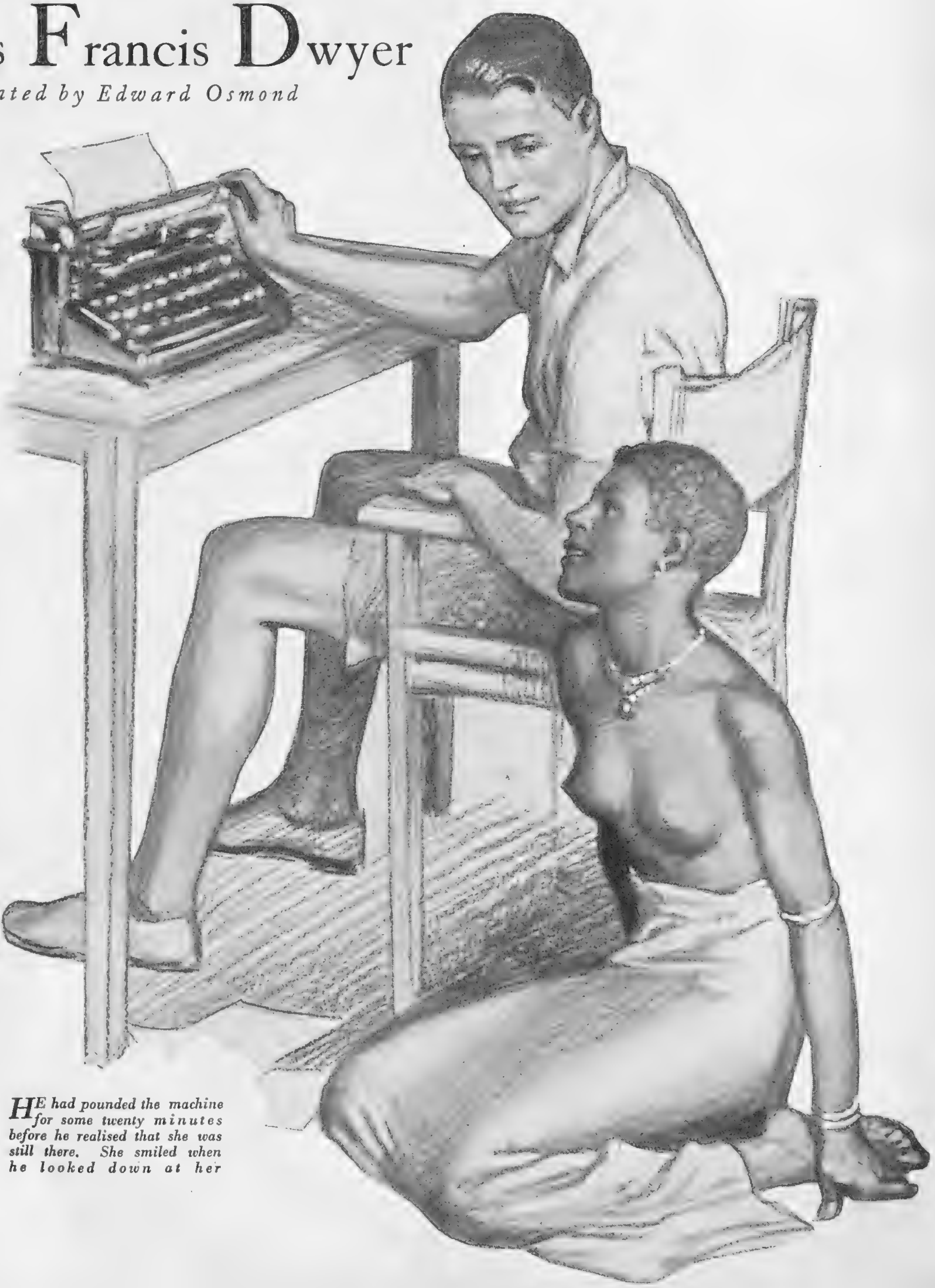
"Got his head full of funny stuff," growled Primmer. "He reminds me a little of that chap that peeped while some woman was out riding with no clothes on."

"It might turn out all right," said Mary Primmer. "Let's hope so."

RICHARD PRIMMER'S choice of special territory for investigation was Sierra Leone. The name had appealed to him even in his childhood days. At high school he had thought of going out to "The White Man's Graveyard" and studying the natives.

Having unlimited means, he took his time about choosing the district in which he would settle down. He landed at Freetown, and spent weeks in conference with government officials who were bored intensely with his questions. These officials consider the social snooper to be little better than the missionary. They hinted as much to Richard Primmer, but Richard could see nothing but a monumental work entitled, "Superstitions, Tribal Myths and Marriage Customs of the Natives of Sierra Leone, compiled by Richard Primmer."

Finally he decided on the country of the Susu tribe, which borders on French Guinea. An official who was patient with him recommended this region, provided him with a guide who spoke the Susu language as well as pigeon English, and with all his impedimenta Richard set out for the field of action.



HE had pounded the machine for some twenty minutes before he realised that she was still there. She smiled when he looked down at her

Quite thrilled he was. Of course, there had been hundreds of investigators before Richard Primmer, but few of them were so well equipped. The wholesale grocery business of Derby was, by the special intelligence of the founder's offspring, to become an instrument in bringing the morals and manners of the Susu folk to the attention of the civilised world.

Transport difficulties arose in great numbers, but Richard Primmer was a determined person. Money can overcome all obstructions, and the profits of the Derby grocery, changed into tobacco, cloth, tea and beads, carried the investigator into the Koinamakka district and established him in a shack that had once been occupied by a trader. A large native village with huts of mud and wattle, thatched with grass and palm-leaf "slates," was at his elbow. A splendid virginal territory waiting for an enterprising snooper. If the British public only knew what an effort Richard Primmer was making to provide them with spicy reading for the winter evenings, he would have received scores of congratulatory messages from stay-at-homes.

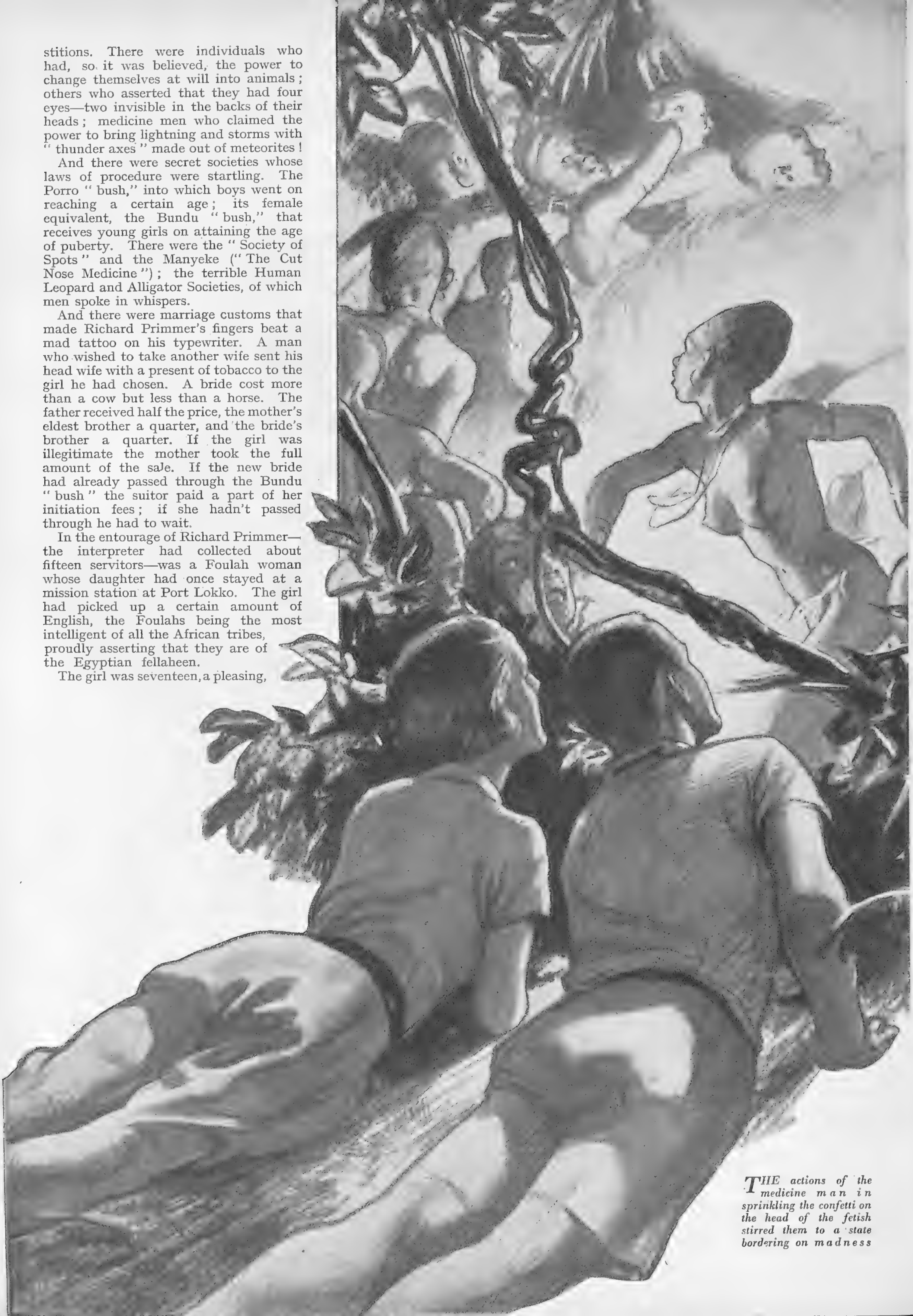
Here were the Susus, the Temnes, the Lokkos and Foulahs in all their naked innocence! Tribes whose minds were filled with fantastic beliefs and superstitions. There were individuals who had, so it was believed, the power to change themselves at will into animals; others who asserted that they had four eyes—two invisible in the backs of their heads; medicine men who claimed the power to bring lightning and storms with "thunder axes" made out of meteorites!

And there were secret societies whose laws of procedure were startling. The Porro "bush," into which boys went on reaching a certain age; its female equivalent, the Bundu "bush," that receives young girls on attaining the age of puberty. There were the "Society of Spots" and the Manyeke ("The Cut Nose Medicine"); the terrible Human Leopard and Alligator Societies, of which men spoke in whispers.

And there were marriage customs that made Richard Primmer's fingers beat a mad tattoo on his typewriter. A man who wished to take another wife sent his head wife with a present of tobacco to the girl he had chosen. A bride cost more than a cow but less than a horse. The father received half the price, the mother's eldest brother a quarter, and the bride's brother a quarter. If the girl was illegitimate the mother took the full amount of the sale. If the new bride had already passed through the Bundu "bush" the suitor paid a part of her initiation fees; if she hadn't passed through he had to wait.

In the entourage of Richard Primmer—the interpreter had collected about fifteen servitors—was a Foulah woman whose daughter had once stayed at a mission station at Port Lokko. The girl had picked up a certain amount of English, the Foulahs being the most intelligent of all the African tribes, proudly asserting that they are of the Egyptian fellaheen.

The girl was seventeen, a pleasing,



THE actions of the medicine man in sprinkling the confetti on the head of the fetish stirred them to a state bordering on madness

dusky wench with laughing eyes. Her walk was a near approach to levitation; there was a suggestion of swimming through the heavy, heated atmosphere.

The interpreter brought the girl to Richard Primmer the moment the ethnologist settled down to work. The girl stooped and kissed Richard's fingers before he had time to pull them out of reach.

The interpreter hinted slyly that the girl was willing to reside permanently in the shack, but Mr. Primmer indignantly rebuked him for the suggestion. Nothing of that sort would be allowed to creep into the life of the investigator. He read the interpreter a lesson, and the fellow crawled. The girl smiled and made another attempt to kiss the hand of the ethnologist.

Richard Primmer softened a little. He spoke to her in English. She was really very pretty. Was she "marked" for marriage? She assured him that she wasn't. He asked why, and she answered that the price put upon her by her mother was too high for any of the local bucks to pay. She talked in a childish manner of the possibilities of marriage, and her naïveté delighted Primmer. Here was a fine source for copy.

He made an agreement with the girl. He could not have her in the house, but on account of her slight knowledge of English she would be of use to him in absorbing matters connected with native life. She could report to him every morning on the verandah of the bungalow and he would pay her two shillings a week to answer his questions of the moment. If she brought in any matter of importance connected with rites or ceremonies she would receive additional money or presents of cloth and tobacco.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Me Maiya," murmured the young lady, showing all her white teeth. "Mission women say May; Foulah folk say Maiya."

"I prefer Maiya," said Richard Primmer. "Well, Maiya, come here every morning to answer any questions I might ask. If you can hunt up any interesting matters I would be pleased. You see, I am writing a book, a very large book, about the home life and habits of your people. Do you understand?"

"Me know," giggled Maiya. "Beatem little machine make many lie words."

"Not lie words," reproved Richard. "The truth. Nothing but the truth."

"Missionary beatem machine make lies for English people," protested Maiya. "Machine say sixty girls in mission. Not true. Only seven. Missionary say pleasem peoples English."

"With me," said Richard Primmer sternly, "I want only the truth. Remember that. Only the truth."

"Yes, troof," whispered Maiya. "No bad tongue stuff. Troof."

"That's it," cried the ethnologist. "Now go on your way. Come here in the morning."

Maiya made another attempt at hand-kissing, but Richard Primmer pushed her face gently from him. He was amazed to find how soft her cheeks were. His fingers thrilled as if he had stroked velvet. He watched her swimming movements as she went back to the village. He smiled as he recalled her speech. The interpreter, watching around a corner of the shack, also smiled.

THE girl Maiya had a flair for reportage. Her intuition was uncanny. Each morning she arrived with a verbal bon-bon for the great work.

Richard Primmer was delighted with her. Strange and nearly unbelievable stories came from her moist lips. Told with no thought of shame. They were matters that the interpreter would have spent days dragging from unwilling females. She explained in detail all the weird ceremonies connected with childbirth, puberty, engagements and marriage. With smiling innocence, she confessed that a lot of the material had been collected within the preceding twenty-four hours by minute cross-examination of her mother and grandmother. The grandmother, according to Maiya, possessed the power to turn babies into frogs and beetles and turn them back again. She could pluck a grasshopper from one of the tremendous swarms that swept down from French Guinea and make it into a man with strange incantations.

For extra shillings she brought the grandmother up to Richard Primmer's bungalow. The woman was a toothless beldame who asserted that she was more than a hundred and fifty years of age. Maiya questioned her and translated her answers to Primmer. The old lady said she hadn't done any grasshopper transformations for some years, but if the white master would hand over a bolt of cloth she would try.

Primmer made the offer. He invited the two women into his writing-room. Maiya caught a fat grasshopper, and the old lady sent a native scurrying for a white rooster. Primmer was thrilled.

The old dame plucked the wings from the grasshopper and laid him on his back in the dust. She (*Continued on page* 125)

(Left) A *PHILIPPINE flagellante lashing himself with the bamboo whip*

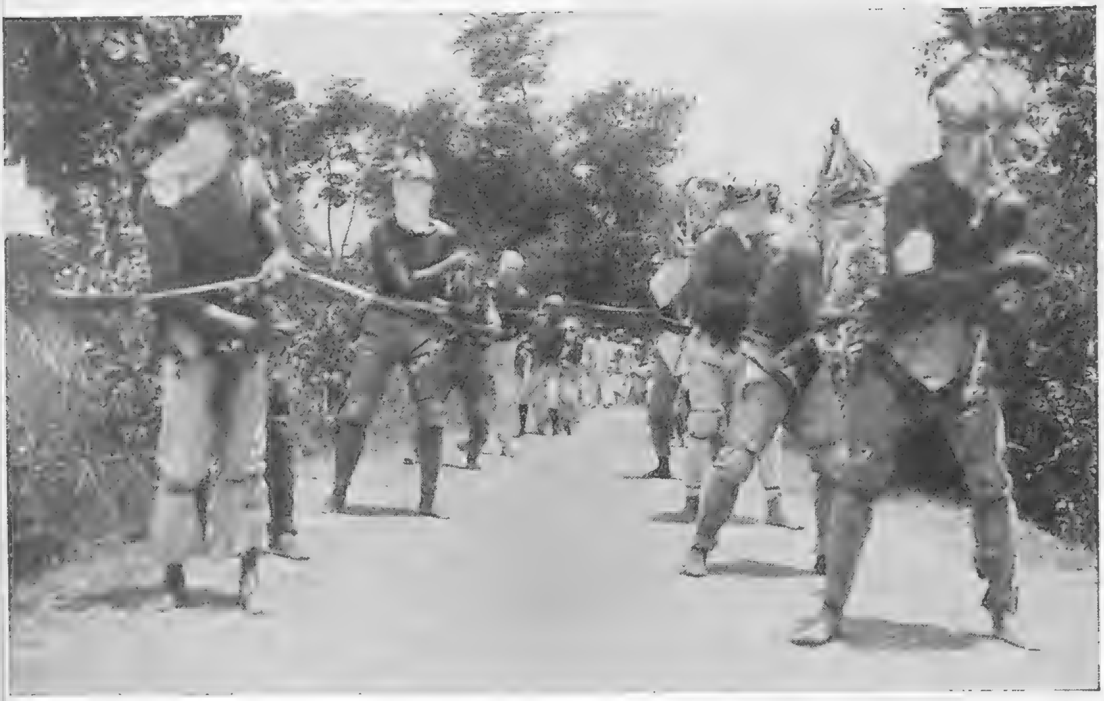
THEY remained in a cross-like position for quite a while

Philippine Self-

The Barbaric Practice of Whipping as an Act of Atonement as witnessed

By

Aleko E. Lilius



LINED up in a procession, they slowly make their way along the dusty road towards the church, lashing themselves to the rhythm of a strange tune which they chant as they proceed

LAST year, during the Holy Week, I was travelling in my car from Manila to Baguio, the Philippine summer capital and mountain resort. I had gone about half a mile when a herd of water buffaloes suddenly appeared in the glare of my headlights. I swerved and landed in a ditch. The car was wrecked. Here I was in the middle of the night, with almost no prospects of getting a tow back to the city. Besides, it would take a lot of yanking and living horse-power to get the car out of the mud.

There were no Holy Week sentiments in my heart when I went to look for assistance.

It must have been about one o'clock. To make matters worse, I could not find my flashlamp. Trudging along in the dark, I suddenly came to a crossroad. Bamboos were creaking to the left of me and in the distance frogs were croaking.

I saw a light. Whether this road led to it or not I did not know, but I decided to make a try for it. Once I stumbled over a pig; with a squeal it plunged into the black bushes, where I heard it gruntingly protesting at my intrusion. Now the light appeared right ahead of me; I was on the right road.

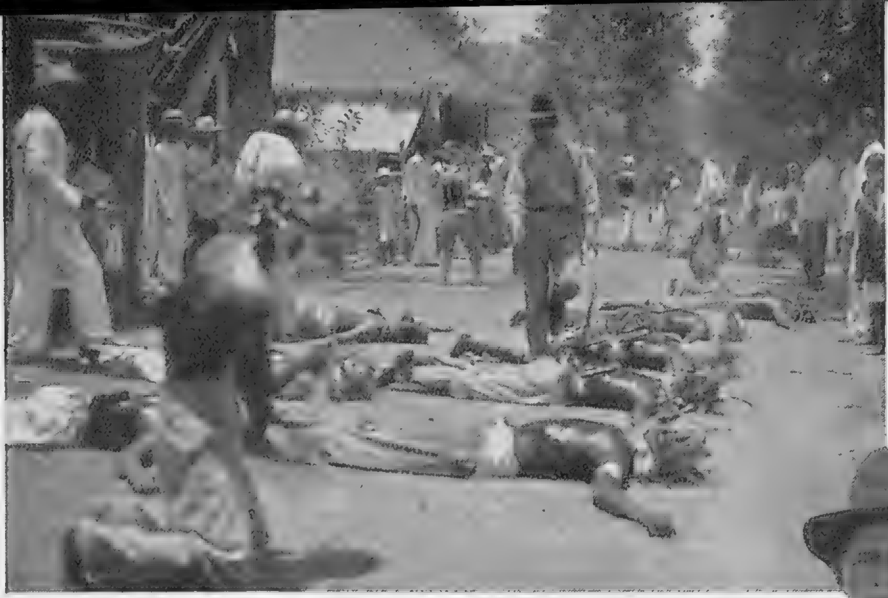
For some reason or other I thought the atmosphere was eerie and spooky. Leaves of bamboos and palms rustled above me—and then the light disappeared. It could not be far away; some obstruction prevented me from seeing it.

Suddenly I heard a human voice. It sounded like a chant, and rose in strength as I came closer. Crickets began to chirp in the trees, and then simultaneously the chant ceased. I stood still, listening. Then the light again appeared. It came from the window of a bamboo shack—not a hundred and fifty yards away. Just as I was about to enter the house the chant began again. It was a man's voice. If it was a wake I did not want to intrude, not on a spooky night like this. Realising however, that I had to find assistance to get my marooned car out of the mud, I climbed the stairs of the shack. The chant ceased, and a woman's voice asked in Tagalog:—

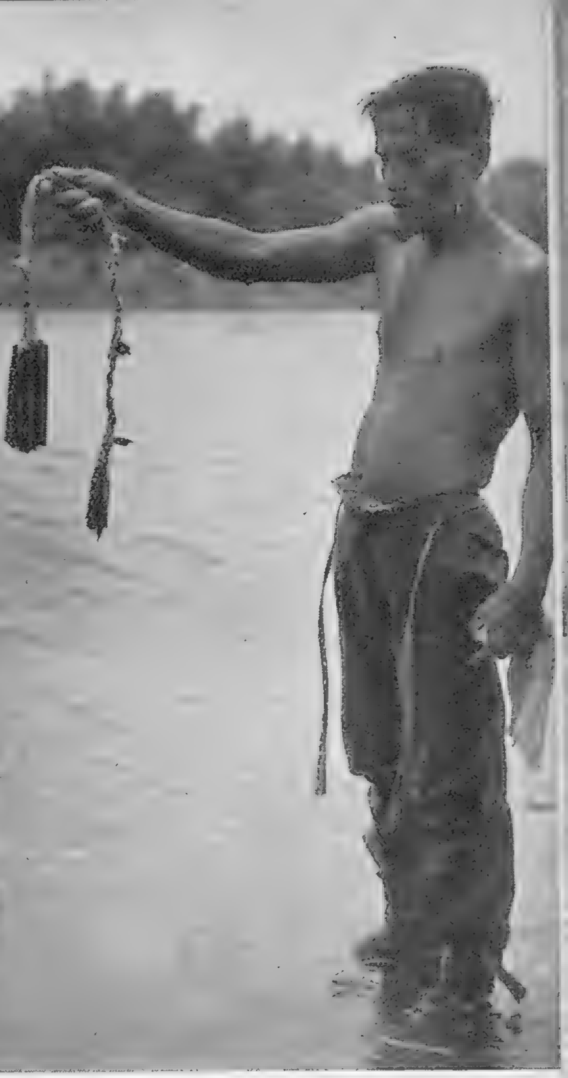
"*Sino kayo?*" ("Who is it?")

I don't speak the native language, so I answered in English. As a rule the younger generation of the Filipinos understand English.

The door opened and I entered. In the dim light of a petrol lamp I saw that I was in a large room with a bamboo floor. In the middle of it stood a table, and around it sat a dozen men, from eighteen



THEY prostrate themselves outside the church, their backs caked with blood and dust



(Above)
THE handle of the whip is made of rope and the lash is composed of a number of bamboo strips, from eight to ten inches in length. These strips are always of an odd number

(Left)
THE guide arrives with the rope and a whip. His part in the ceremony is to beat with the rope any penitent who falls down

Tormentors

to fifty-five years old. One of them had apparently been reading aloud from a book. The woman asked what I wanted. The men around the table took no notice; they continued to sit still, their hands clasped in front of them, their eyes staring vacantly into space. Unconcerned, the reader again resumed his chant.

" I will take you to a house, sir, where you can find people to help you," said the woman.

" Thank you," I replied. " But, say, what is this ? Who are those. . . ."

She hurriedly fetched a lamp and stepping through the door, motioned to me to follow. It was only a short walk. We entered a nearby house aroused the people, and a pleasant-looking young Filipino asked me to step inside. He, too, spoke fair English. The woman, her mission of bringing me here being over, announced her intention to go—and left.

I explained my troubles to my host. To my disappointment, he shook his head in answer to my request for help.

" Why not ? " I asked.

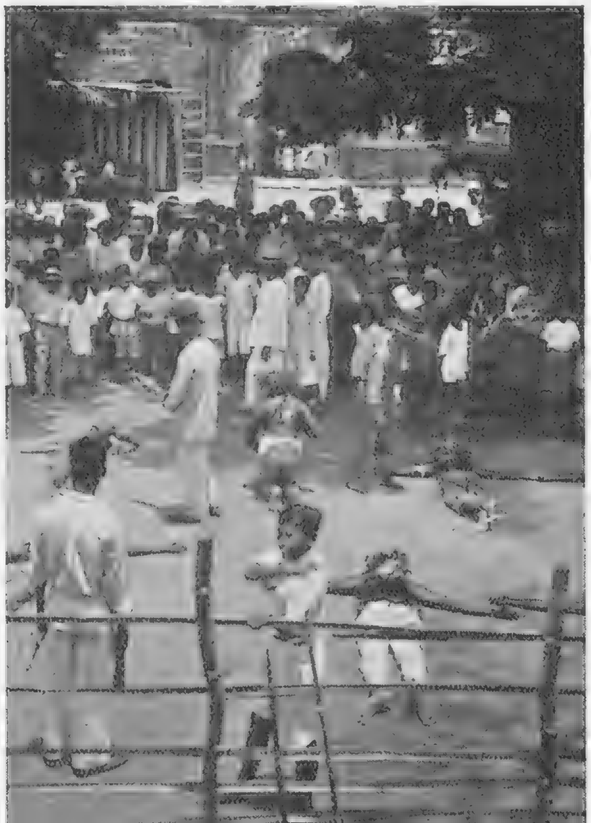
" It is Holy Week, and most of our people are Flagellantes."

" Flagellantes ? "

I had heard of the existence in the Philippines of a sect of Flagellantes, but I had never dreamt of stumbling across a whole village of them. Instantly I forgot all about my car and subjected my host to a barrage of questions. At first he seemed puzzled, almost suspicious at my cross-examination. Why did I want to know all about this ? I told him that I was a wandering journalist looking for the unusual. He smiled and said :

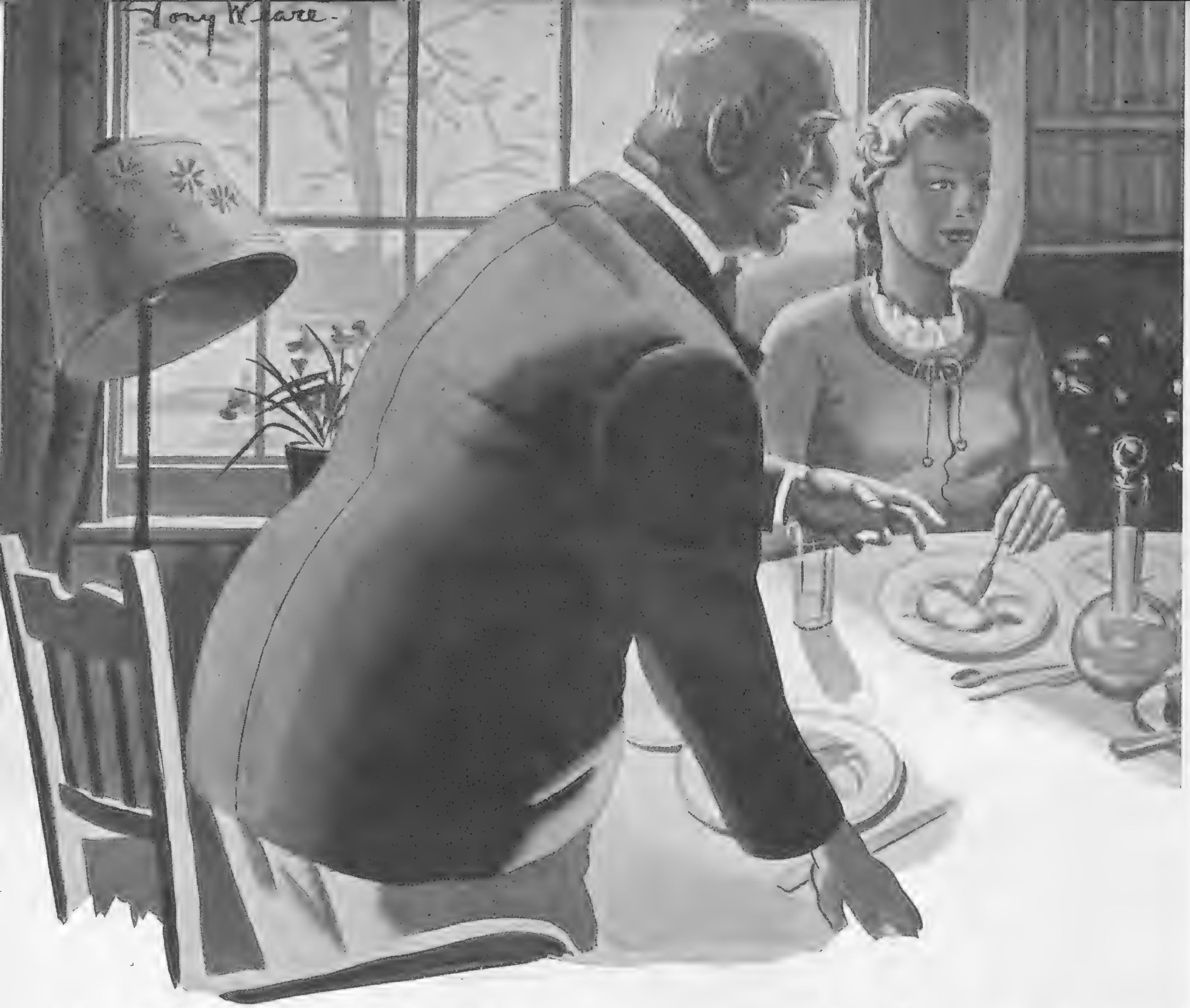
" Well, sir, you certainly are in the midst of it."

(*Continued on page* 148)



(Left)
THE villagers watching the flagellantes lying prostrate outside the church

AFTER the ceremony they take off their hoods and plunge into the nearby river



The Vicar's Under

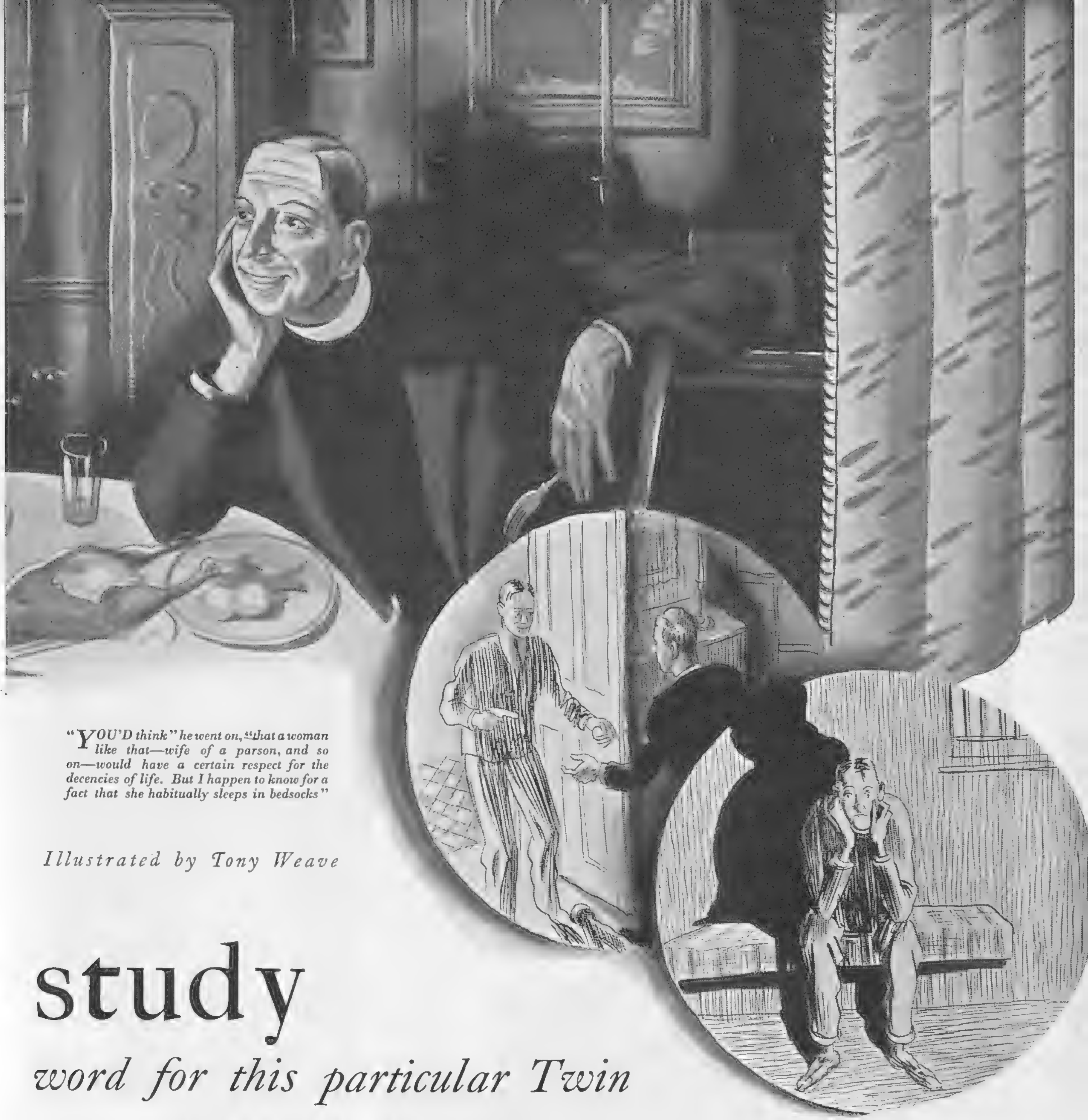
“Heavenly” wasn't the right

THE Reverend Sebastian Crake, Vicar of Upper Screaming, sat at his study desk and wrinkled his brow over the notes for an exhortation to be delivered to his flock at Matins on the following day. From where he sat it was possible, by looking out of the wide bay window, to command a superb view of the rolling Berkshire downland, but the Vicar's eyes were riveted on the sheet of paper before him, and his mind was troubled. “My text is taken,” he wrote, “from the seventeenth verse of the seventeenth chapter of the Book of Proverbs. ‘A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.’ ” Then he paused, and looked up at the ceiling, tapping his teeth with the silver-mounted pencil presented to him last Christmas by the members of the Upper Screaming Women's Sewing Guild.

Not even his close friend and neighbour Brigadier-General Pennyfather-Owen, of Upper Screaming Lodge, was aware that the Reverend Sebastian was the unhappy possessor of a twin brother, Mordred Crake, for the latter's mental equipment was of so unstable a nature that it was thought desirable that he should reside permanently in a comfortable home-from-home near Wallingford, visiting nobody and visited by none, a fact which Sebastian, fearing the tongues of uncharitable gossip-mongers, had been careful to keep under his hat.

Only that morning the Vicar had received from the institution which sheltered his brother a monthly statement of account, and it was this that troubled him now, for the amount demanded had seemed to him excessive. He had arranged with the authorities at the home that Mordred should be allowed, within reason, such little extra luxuries as he might ask for from time to time, but he could not help feeling that an item of £17 4s. 3d. for champagne was coming it a bit strong, and that instruction in roller-skating at the rate of three guineas a week was one of those luxuries which his brother might very well have gone without.

The sound of the study door opening behind him caused him to swing round in his chair, a sharp reproof ready on his tongue. His wife was away, staying with relatives in Penge, and he had given instructions to the servants that he was on no account to be disturbed until



"*YOU'D think" he went on, "that a woman like that—wife of a parson, and so on—would have a certain respect for the decencies of life. But I happen to know for a fact that she habitually sleeps in bedsocks*"

Illustrated by Tony Weave

study

word for this particular Twin

By H. M. Raleigh

lunch-time. Next moment he had staggered to his feet, clutching at the desk to save himself from falling, as his twin brother Mordred stepped jauntily into the room.

"What ho, Sebastian, old scourge of Satan," said the newcomer, who was dressed in a rather shabby suit of grey tweed, and dangled a Browning automatic nonchalantly by the trigger-guard. "Roughing out a few notes for the confirmation class, I see. No, don't trouble to ring the bell; I stopped for a small snort at the 'Bear' in Wantage, where I also bought this gun. Pretty little toy, isn't it? Do you mind if I lock the door? We've so much to say to each other after all these years, and it would be a pity if we were disturbed."

And stepping across to the door, he locked it and put the key in his pocket.

"How did you get here?" asked the Vicar in a voice he hardly recognised as his own.

"Got a lift on a lorry as far as Didcot, and padded the hoof from there. Had the deuce of a job getting out of that place, you know. Tore my trousers climbing over the wall. They oughtn't to put broken glass along the top; I wish you'd speak to them about it when next you write, Sebastian."

"What do you want?"

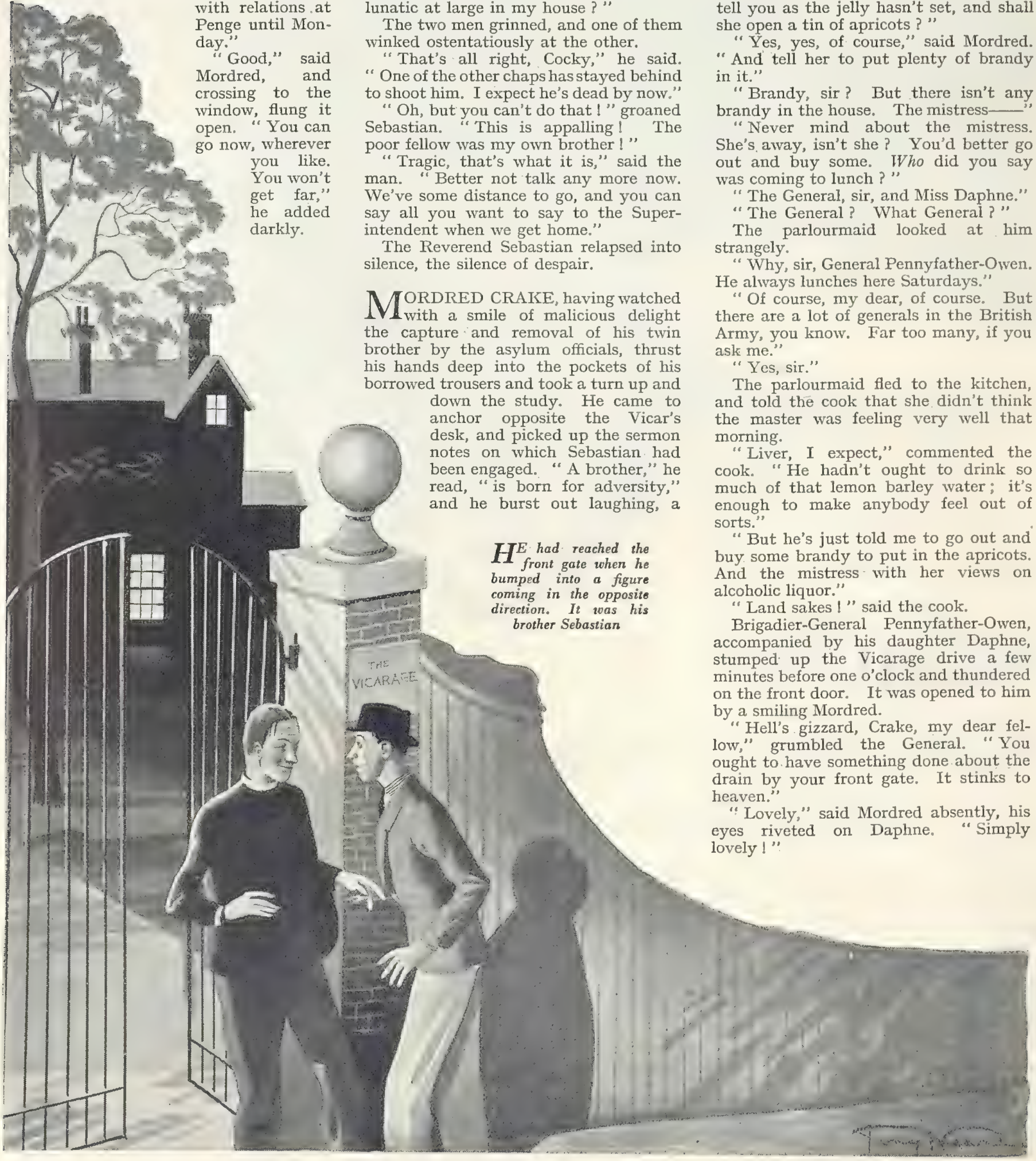
"Well, now, old boy, I hardly know. I suddenly got a craving to see your ugly mug once more; though why I can't tell you, seeing that it's the dead spit of my own. We always were as like as two peas, weren't we? Then the brilliant idea came to me that I might change places with you. I've never been a parson and you've never been an inmate of a loony-bin, so it would be a refreshing change for us both. All we have to do is change clothes, and nobody will know anything about it. Come on, you old devil-dodger, off with the dog-collar and hand it over."

The unhappy Vicar did as he was told. Lunatics, so he had been given to understand, must be humoured; moreover, there was the unanswerable argument of the Browning automatic. The Reverend Sebastian was no coward, but it would be a terrible thing, he reflected, if his brother were to stand in the dock on a charge of murder. Five minutes later, attired in the shabby suit of grey tweed, he stood and stared with feelings of horror and dismay at Mordred Crake, who wore the sombre trappings of a clergyman of the Church of England.

" Splendid," exclaimed that ingenious opportunist. " I defy anyone to spot the deception. What a vista of possibilities this opens up! While I think of it, is your wife at home? I don't want to be forced to carry this business to extremes."

" No, Mordred," stammered the Vicar. " She is staying with relations at Penge until Monday."

" Good," said Mordred, and crossing to the window, flung it open. " You can go now, wherever you like. You won't get far," he added darkly.



HE had reached the front gate when he bumped into a figure coming in the opposite direction. It was his brother Sebastian

The Reverend Sebastian scrambled out of the window, lost his footing, and fell flat on his face in a bed of antirrhinums. When he picked himself up he was seized by two powerful-looking strangers, bundled unceremoniously out through his own front gate and into a waiting car.

" Thought we should find you here," said one of his captors, as the car moved off down the road. " We phoned the police in Wantage, and they picked up your trail at the 'Bear.' Dare say you'll be glad enough to get home, after this little jaunt."

" Where are you taking me, you scoundrels? " demanded the Vicar. " Do you realise that I am the Vicar of Upper Screaming, and that there is a dangerous lunatic at large in my house? "

The two men grinned, and one of them winked ostentatiously at the other.

" That's all right, Cocky," he said. " One of the other chaps has stayed behind to shoot him. I expect he's dead by now."

" Oh, but you can't do that! " groaned Sebastian. " This is appalling! The poor fellow was my own brother! "

" Tragic, that's what it is," said the man. " Better not talk any more now. We've some distance to go, and you can say all you want to say to the Superintendent when we get home."

The Reverend Sebastian relapsed into silence, the silence of despair.

MORDRED CRAKE, having watched with a smile of malicious delight the capture and removal of his twin brother by the asylum officials, thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his borrowed trousers and took a turn up and down the study. He came to anchor opposite the Vicar's desk, and picked up the sermon notes on which Sebastian had been engaged. " A brother," he read, " is born for adversity," and he burst out laughing, a gentle crooning laugh. There came a knocking at the door, and somebody tried the handle. Mordred hurriedly examined his reflection in the mirror over the mantelpiece, laughed again, and unlocked the door, to admit a pleasant-faced parlourmaid. Without a moment's hesitation he chucked her under the chin.

" Come in, my dear," he said cheerfully. " You're looking very bonny this morning."

The parlourmaid, to whom such a thing had never happened in her life before, shied like a startled elk.

" Er—thank you, sir," she stammered. " I just came to ask did you remember the General and Miss Daphne were coming to lunch to-day. Cook says to tell you as the jelly hasn't set, and shall she open a tin of apricots? "

" Yes, yes, of course," said Mordred. " And tell her to put plenty of brandy in it."

" Brandy, sir? But there isn't any brandy in the house. The mistress——"

" Never mind about the mistress. She's away, isn't she? You'd better go out and buy some. *Who* did you say was coming to lunch? "

" The General, sir, and Miss Daphne."

" The General? What General? "

The parlourmaid looked at him strangely.

" Why, sir, General Pennyfather-Owen. He always lunches here Saturdays."

" Of course, my dear, of course. But there are a lot of generals in the British Army, you know. Far too many, if you ask me."

" Yes, sir."

The parlourmaid fled to the kitchen, and told the cook that she didn't think the master was feeling very well that morning.

" Liver, I expect," commented the cook. " He hadn't ought to drink so much of that lemon barley water; it's enough to make anybody feel out of sorts."

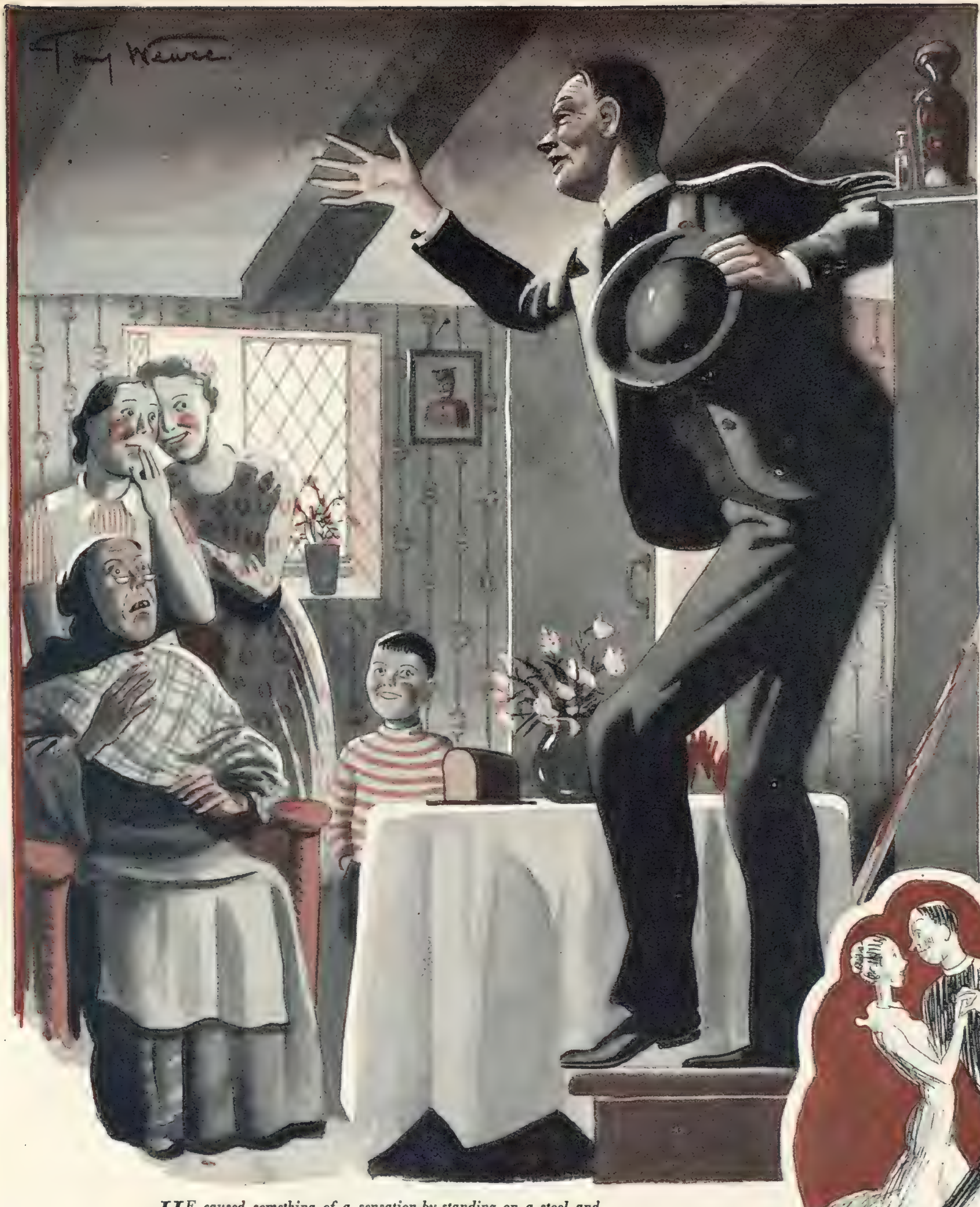
" But he's just told me to go out and buy some brandy to put in the apricots. And the mistress with her views on alcoholic liquor."

" Land sakes! " said the cook.

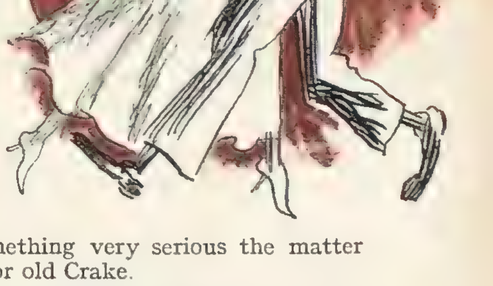
Brigadier-General Pennyfather-Owen, accompanied by his daughter Daphne, stumped up the Vicarage drive a few minutes before one o'clock and thundered on the front door. It was opened to him by a smiling Mordred.

" Hell's gizzard, Crake, my dear fellow," grumbled the General. " You ought to have something done about the drain by your front gate. It stinks to heaven."

" Lovely," said Mordred absently, his eyes riveted on Daphne. " Simply lovely! "



HE caused something of a sensation by standing on a stool and reciting the whole of "The Wreck of the Hesperus," following it up with a spirited rendering of "Albert and the Lion"



"Er ? What's that you say ? Dammit, Crake, I was talkin' about your drains."

"And I was talking about your daughter. Come in, both of you, do. My wife's away, at Penge, visiting relations. And serve her damn well right."

The General looked at him with an odd expression.

"I say, Crake, my dear fellow," he said. "I suppose you're feelin' all right, what ?"

"Not too good, old warrior," replied the pseudo-Vicar, showing his guests into the dining-room. "Either it's my durned liver, or else I'm sickening for rabies. I shan't be in church to-morrow ; got to take it easy."

"Quite, quite," said the General nervously. "Dashed sensible of you. I suppose you've fixed up for a locum ; someone to take the services."

"What's that ?" said Mordred. "Oh yes, of course. The Archbishop of Canterbury's coming. I got him on the phone just before you arrived"

General Pennyfather-Owen exchanged glances with his daughter. Clearly, there was something very serious the matter with poor old Crake.

"Don't you think," suggested Daphne tactfully, "it would be a good plan if I were to telephone to your wife and ask her to come back ?"

Her host started violently, and shot the roast chicken he was carving into his lap.

(Continued on page 108)

Cameras in Camp

Film Locations are in Fashion once more: How Cameras and Players are taken to Camp

JAN KIEPURA and Gladys Swarthout, singing stars of the Paramount musical "Give Us This Night," discussing a scene with Alexander Hall, the Director, during the making of the film at Three Arch Bay, near Laguna, California

AN open-air beauty parlour. Jeanette MacDonald, under the shadow of a gigantic Totem pole, receives attention from her hairdresser whilst an obliging "script girl" holds the mirror, during the filming of "Rose Marie" up in the High Sierras

HOLLYWOOD is taking its cameras to camp once more. Locations are in vogue; stars are packing their grips and making preparations to rough it in comfort for several weeks at a stretch. Extras and the cowboy contingent are smiling broadly, looking forward to regular meals, and plenty of them, good beds to sleep on, a certain amount of fun, and a salary cheque every Saturday. Which is more than they get in the ordinary course of their patchy lives.

One peculiarity of a film location is that stars, who grumble heartily before they start, end by enjoying their

"NEXT, PLEASE!" William Wellman, who directed the filming of "Robin Hood of El Dorado," getting a trim up. The picture was made in a lonely stretch of the mountains in California

PHILIP READ and Mae West in a scene from "Klondike Lou." Some of the scenes for this picture were taken at Lake Truckee, and it was the first time this famous actress went on location

camp or shipboard life thoroughly. Extras and cowboys, who start full of joyful anticipation, end by detesting the whole thing, growling at the length of time they are kept away from their favourite haunts, and condemning those regular, satisfying meals as "lousy." But that is all part of the battle which must be fought and won by a production manager, when he sends a couple of hundred people into a camp in the mountains, or plants them on a ship for twenty days.

In the good old days of silent films, locations were as common as beggars on Hollywood Boulevard. Wild West dramas, terrific sagas of the ocean, the mountains and the desert jumped to every screen. Apart from the trouble and expense of building a big camp, fitting it with electric light and water, and feeding anything from a hundred to five hundred people for two or three weeks, the actual work of making the picture was simple. You just set up your cameras, told your actors what to do, your horsemen where to ride, and the thing was finished.

NO hot and cold here. Warner Baxter having his early morning wash during the filming of "Robin Hood of El Dorado," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's spectacular picture of the life of Joaquin Murrieta

By Margaret Chute

DURING the first three years I spent in Hollywood I went on more than one thrilling location. Samuel Goldwyn himself presented me with his own luxurious tent in the Mojave Desert, so that I might watch Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky at work on "The Winning of Barbara Worth." I went to sea for days while Frank Lloyd made "The Divine Lady," a picture that had Corinne Griffith as an exquisite Lady Hamilton, Marie Dressler in a small rôle, and the Hungarian Victor Varconi as Lord Nelson. I lived in a log cabin 9,000 ft. above sea-level, at Bryce Canyon, while Gary Cooper, William Powell, and beautiful, tragic Thelma Todd emoted or performed various villainies for "Nevada."

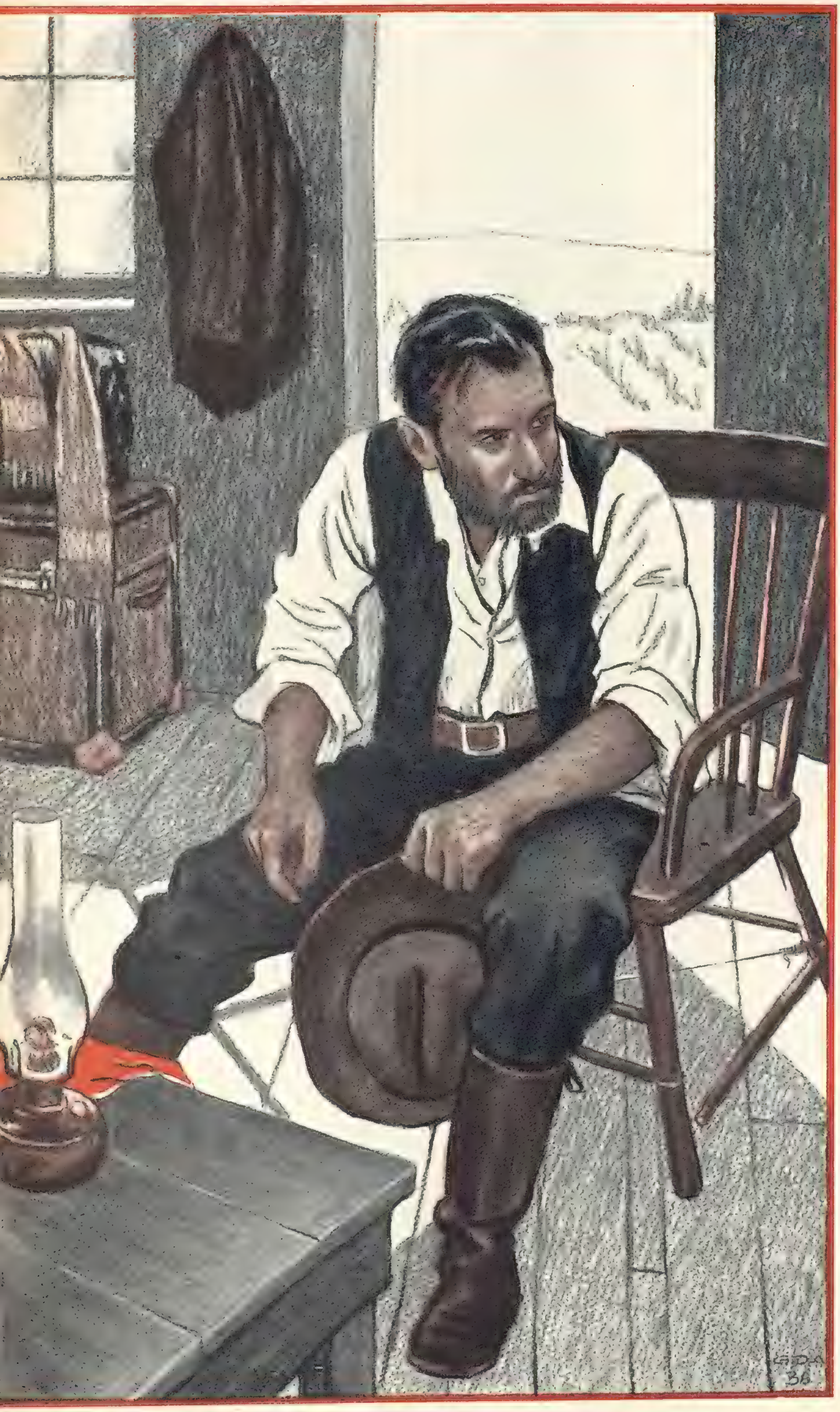
"Beau Geste" took five hundred men into the heart of the Arizona Desert for seven weeks; "Old Ironsides" kept an enormous film unit hard at work on the coast near Santa Barbara and on ships off Catalina Island and turned the unknown Charles Farrell into a star. Warner Brothers produced "Noah's Ark" on a very tremendous scale; "The Big Parade" necessitated a camp, front-line trenches, mud, rain, misery, with John Gilbert emerging at the top of the heap, to score a triumph.

And then the whole location film business arrived at an abrupt stop. Talking films came in; and anything that meant taking cameras into camp went out. At first, films with speech were mainly of the drawing-room comedy or semi-musical-play type. The immobility of early talking film cameras and the rest of the mechanism required for the reproduction of voices made locations so difficult that studios abandoned any attempt at pictures that called for a desert, mountain, or sea setting. But in seven years another swing has been given to the wheel. Talking-film apparatus has improved so rapidly and so conveniently that it is now possible to take a sound-recording camera outfit anywhere in the world and get good results.

So back has come the location picture with a rush. Within the past six months there have been quite a number of films that fall under this heading: "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"; "West Point of the Air"; "Annapolis"; "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; "Flirtation Walk"; "Mutiny on the Bounty." Although the last-named has been seen in the big cities, it has yet to make its general appearance, so it belongs to the group of recent location films.

(*Continued on page 103*)

Late Harvest: The



HE slumped down in a chair that groaned rickety protest, and in the hell of bitter memories and interminable breathless heat, his sun-weary eyes found brief solace in the picture on the wall

"WHOA!"

Johnson's voice was flat and colourless, and scarcely raised above the level of ordinary conversation as he gathered the tangle of reins together and hitched them around the rusty iron hook. There was no need to telegraph the order to the leader's bit. The sixteen horses had been pricking ears for the word for more than an hour as they toiled and strained to drag the great, rusty, creaking machine at a lumbering steady pace behind them.

Since the sun was a red glow behind the flat eastern horizon they had been patiently tugging the six thousand pound conglomeration of rusty iron up and down the quarter-mile paddock. Eight rows of yellow-grey stubble fell before the waves of crumbling red earth thrown up by the shining black discs each time the team moved, and now, with the sun almost at zenith in the bleached blue blaze of the Mallee sky, they stopped almost before the man spoke, and fell into listless poses of weariness, their gleaming sides heaving and lathered where the trace-chains rubbed.

Johnson sat a moment in the iron driving stool, accepting the animal fatigue with the same dumb, unmoving fatalism as the horses.

The sun fell on sinewy forearms, burnt to mahogany, and rivulets of sweat marked their courses down his face in the caked red dust from the ploughing.

The leader moved impatiently and snorted once to blow the parching dust from mouth and nostrils, then again to attract the man's attention. The chains jingled as she strained to look around at the hunched-up figure on the plough.

"All right, old girl!" grunted Johnson, and pulled off his old leather gloves.

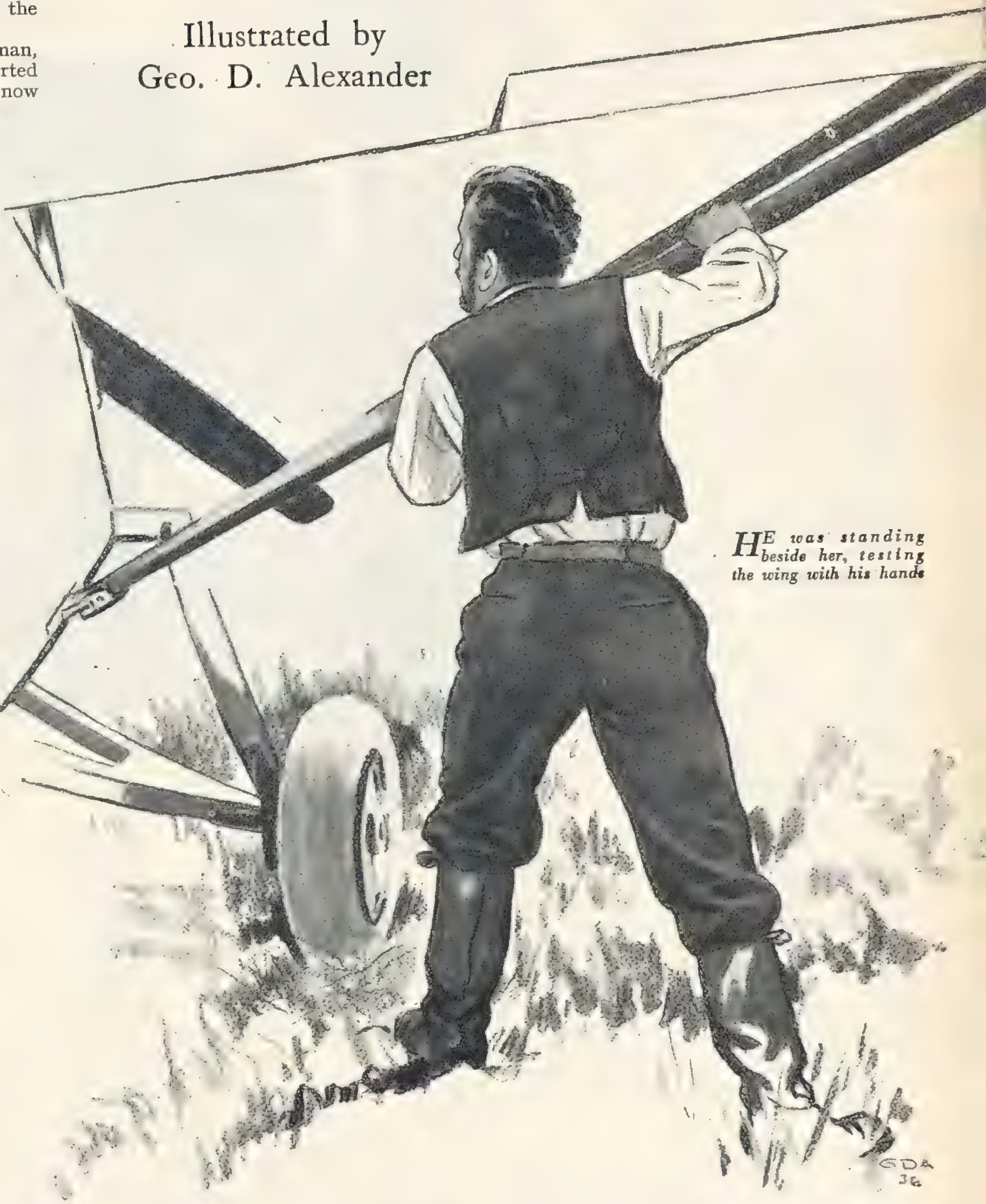
The hands that hung the gloves beside the reins looked oddly incongruous. There was a delicate steel strength to their slenderness that gave the lie to the flat stringy toiler's forearms.

The gloves, too, refused to come to terms with their surroundings. They were ragged round the wristline where the gauntlets had been roughly hacked away, and in spite of the sturdiness that had made the seams contrive to hold together through nine years of ploughing and four of harvesting, they, like the hands, still held the spirit that had engendered their purchase from a famous London military outfitter seventeen years before.

Story *of a* Defaulter's Atonement

By Alan Stranks

Illustrated by
Geo. D. Alexander



HE was standing beside her, testing the wing with his hands

The man deftly freeing the team from the traces, each horse standing patiently until a friendly slap on the flank sent it lumbering towards the little patch of dull green Mallee scrub that fringed the dam where they drank.

"Off you go, Stocky!" said the man, and the last horse stepped free and started off at a canter after the others, now straggled out across the paddock to the water hole.

Johnson unhitched the canvas water-bag from its hook on the plough, and started towards the only other little oasis in the desert of red earth and blackened stubble of the crop of two seasons back. Last year there had been no crop because there had been no rain.

"Another season like last will finish it—and me," he mused, as he trudged across the grey-black ash that had been the promise of a wheatfield two years before.

Most of his hopes were lying amid the ashes kicked up by his heavy boots. Sweat and tears weren't enough to make crops grow, and his face twitched with the remembered agony of seeing that hard-worn eight hundred acres of green shoots turn yellow and then bleach to grey-white under the pitiless glare of the Mallee sun.

Another drought like that and he'd have to face the world again and walk amongst men for three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. It had been hard enough to bear the company of good-natured harvesters for six weeks in the seasons when the crop had been worth taking off. It was difficult enough to go the twenty miles into the little one-street township twice a month.

He always knew that while the man in the store was saying, "How was that last bag of flour?" he was thinking, "That's Captain Alan Johnson—the Coward."

And when the other soldier settlers said, "Hullo Johnson—how's the ploughing coming along?" they meant "It's safer on a plough. You can't land a plough behind enemy lines just because a strut or two has gone, then squeal vital information about artillery and aerodromes and movements just because you're very young and your nerves are shattered!".

He'd always felt he was safe here—safe from the whispered talk and the furtive glances that had driven him from London to Sydney, and from Sydney to Melbourne. There was always someone who seemed to know. He tried changing his name in Melbourne, and tried drinking, too. That was all right until an acquaintance walked into the bar of the Hotel Australia with Major "Peggy" Dunn beside him.

"Hullo, Jarvis!" Want you to meet a friend of mine, Major Dunn of Austral Airways," said this unwitting tool of fate.

Dunn, lips curling back from his square animal teeth, looked at Johnson.

"His name's not Jarvis," he said. "That's Johnson, Captain Alan Johnson, coward, traitor and murderer of several fine officers and gentlemen of 'A' Flight of the R.F.C. Squadron at Fleur in 1917!"

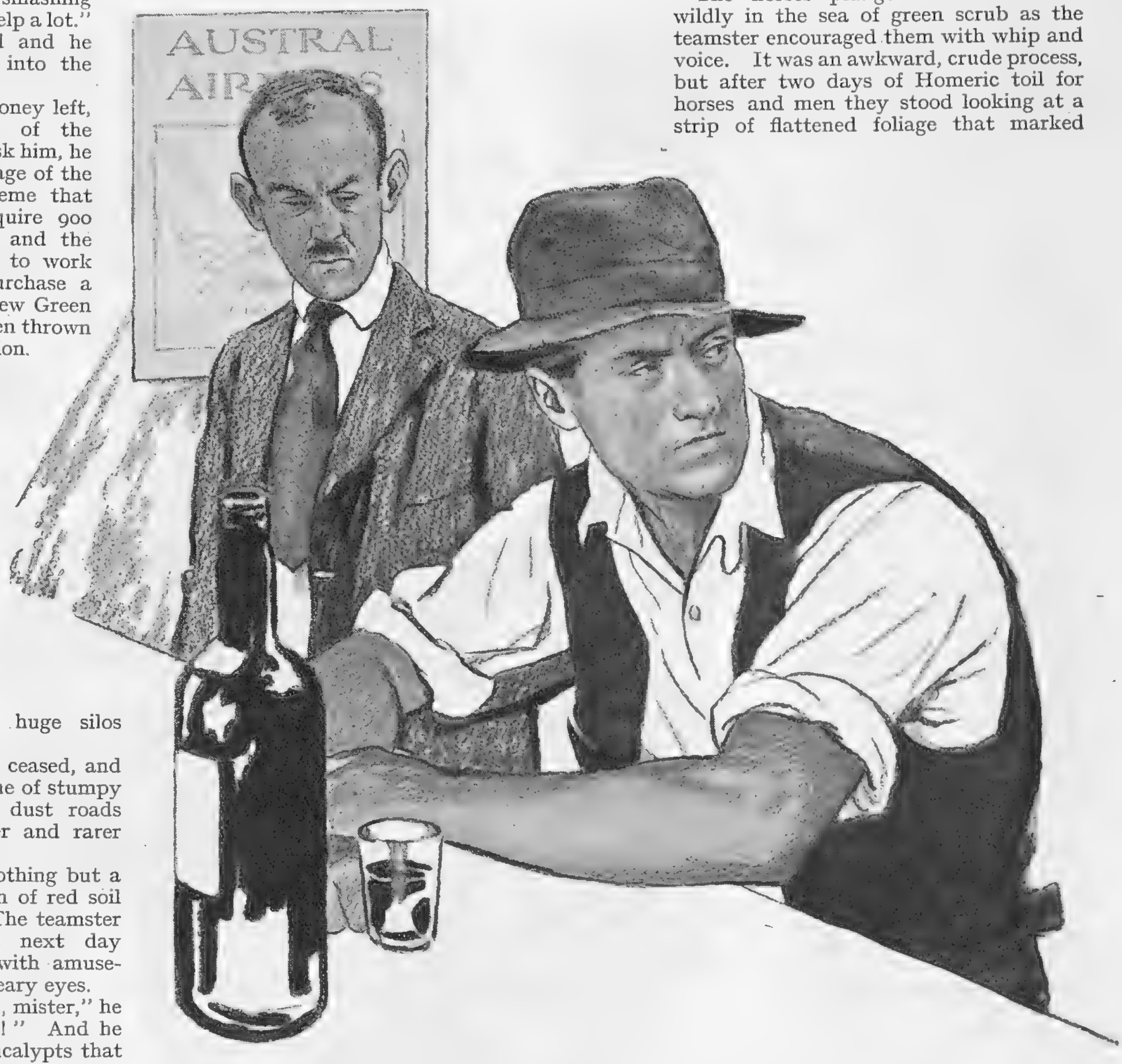
And Dunn picked up Johnson's brandy glass and threw the contents into his face.

Johnson backed up into the corner of the bar, his hands before his face, while Dunn was quieted and coaxed away.

BOOZE and conscience contrived to land him in a public hospital after that. He must have raved a good deal in his delirium, and told enough of the story for the matron to draw her own conclusions. She'd seen service, too, and, perhaps, because she was a woman, and he was still so young, she understood more than the others did.

He remembered the morning he left the hospital how she told him that work was the only anodyne for the ravages of the war.

" They schooled you to destroy things," she said. " Maybe you weren't good at it, because you weren't meant to be a destroyer. Well, that's over now. Try making something, creating something, instead of smashing it. You'll find it will help a lot."



She shook his hand and he went hopelessly back into the world.

There was a little money left, and though, because of the questions they would ask him, he dared not take advantage of the soldier settlement scheme that helped a man to acquire 900 acres of Mallee scrub and the horses and machinery to work it, he managed to purchase a block cheaply in the new Green Mallee which hadn't been thrown open for settlers' selection.

He remembered arriving at Manangatang station, forty miles from the place where he was to wrest wheat land from the stunted green bush that had given the country its name. For scores of miles the train sped through great fields of wheat and fallow stretching to the horizon. At every siding great stacks of bagged wheat stood, huge silos marked every railhead.

Then the Old Mallee ceased, and the vista changed to one of stumpy green bush with red dust roads intersecting it at rarer and rarer intervals.

Manangatang was nothing but a name, a short platform of red soil and a rickety pub. The teamster who drove him out next day squinted at Johnson with amusement in his pale sun-weary eyes.

" You'll find it tough, mister," he said. " That's Mallee ! " And he spat at the dwarfed eucalypts that grew thickly along the sides of the road. " Some say it's the only crop that'll grow here—that and kids ! The Old Mallee's all right—pretty regular rainfall in season, but no one knows what the rainfall is here. They say they're throwing it open for soldier settlement in a few months. Well," he ended lugubriously, " I wish the poor devils luck of it ! "

He left Johnson alone in the middle of this sea of scrub with a tent, an axe and a tucker-box.

THAT night Johnson lay awake looking at the brilliant stars that seemed to be two inches from his eyes one moment, and the next, a million miles aloft. He lay there tense, trembling and afraid for hours. He was afraid to move, afraid to light a fire or a cigarette. He felt caught in the centre of a great silence that held him frozen like a block of ice, and which the soft intimate sounds of the bush only magnified. He was waiting, his face pressed to the flat red earth, for a great voice to cry out of the great silence—" Captain Alan Johnson ! Coward, traitor and murderer ! "

The darkness in the shadow of the Mallee scrub was blacker, because of the hard brightness of the stars. The air was clear and cold, and only the earth held the memory of the sun's ardour of the day.

Presently, his ears became attuned to the silence, and his eyes accustomed to the dark. Two rabbits hopped into the clearing where he lay. He saw the dark furry outline of a little ring-tail possum cautiously swinging in the foliage. Tiny insect noises began to register in his ears, and no great voice came to drown them. The stars stared accusatively no longer, but seemed to wink with a confidential friendliness. A soft night wind stirred the scrub, and the smell of dry earth and eucalypt came to his nostrils like the perfume of peace. The earth seemed to soften to accept him, and the world of silence thawed. He turned his face to the ground and the tight anguish within him relaxed and flowed out in tears that the red soil drank and left no trace.

Three days later the teamster returned with the horses and the boiler. The agent who had sold Johnson the block had sold him the huge ship's boiler too, explaining to him its purpose. It was a great cylinder of rusty metal, twelve feet long and as high as the teamster. It took Johnson three weeks to fill it with stones and earth, and another month to cut notches in one side of the trunks of a belt of scrub a hundred yards wide and 300 yards long.

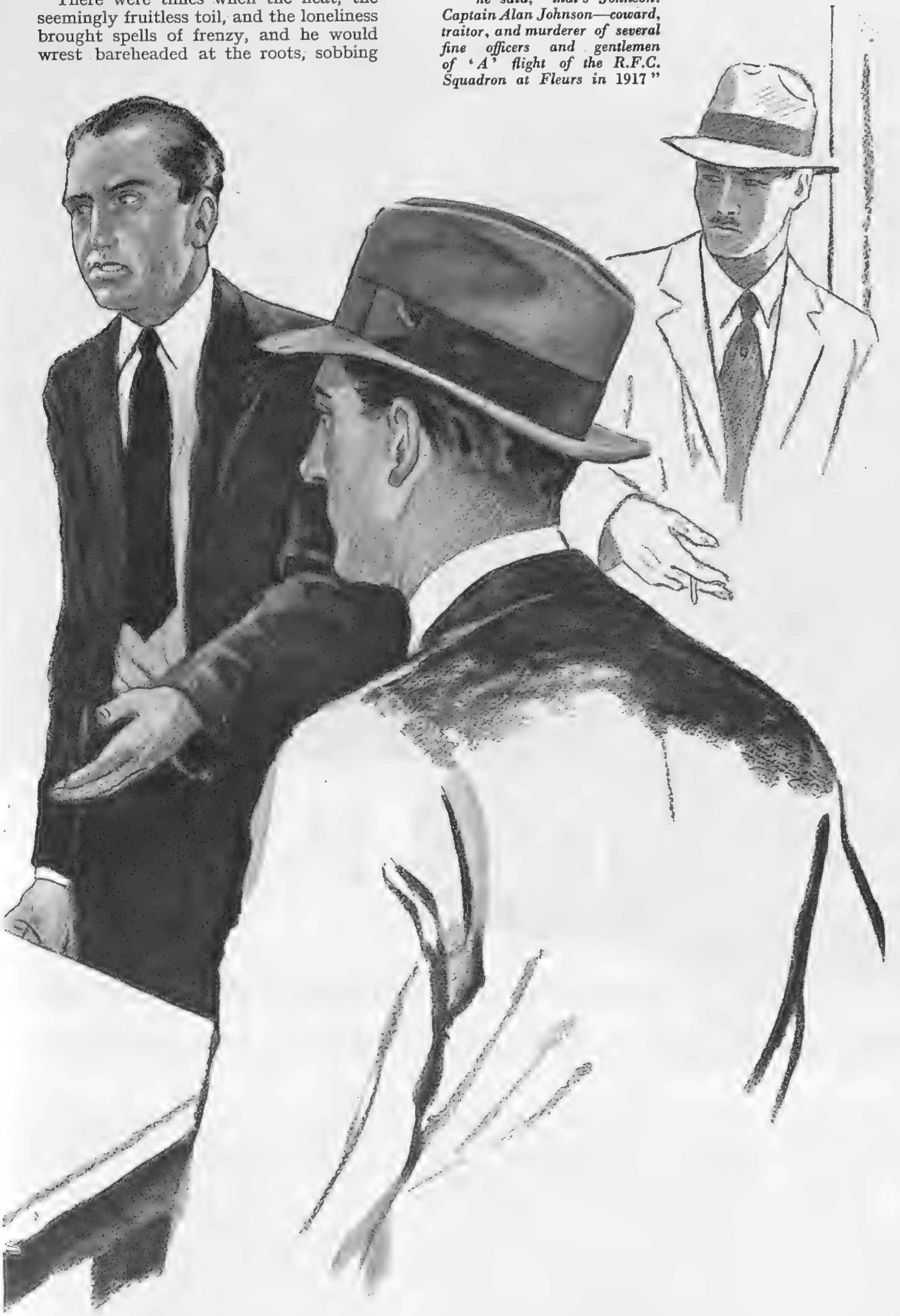
The teamster came back then for a week to teach him the art of " rolling " Mallee. From the tangle of chains and leather, the deft fingers of the teamster devised a harness that unified the plunging strength of the sixteen great horses into a single power that trundled the boiler like a juggernaut through the notched trees which cracked and snapped off like dandelions before a garden roller.

The horses plunged and floundered wildly in the sea of green scrub as the teamster encouraged them with whip and voice. It was an awkward, crude process, but after two days of Homeric toil for horses and men they stood looking at a strip of flattened foliage that marked where the boiler had followed the path of Johnson's axe.

" Well," said the teamster, " there's the start of y' farm. A month of this weather'll see that dry enough to burn off. Wait for an east wind and light her up at the top end. You ought to get a good clean burn if it don't rain—and that ain't likely." He snickered. " Meantimes, you can ring bark and roll a bit more."

Four months after the teamster left Johnson, by superhuman effort, had six acres of scrub rolled and lying flat in the sun. He was a little scared of the burn-off, and missed the right wind twice before he could bring himself to light a pile at one end of his " paddock." The flame crackled, caught and flew across the rolled area in a great roaring sheet, and for a week the stunted skeletons of the trees burnt and smouldered until only gnarled, blackened stumps were left.

All this was mere prelude to the task of clearing, which, in the nightmare of blazing days and nights when muscles ached too much for sleep, seemed to Johnson to be the literal hell into which men without courage were thrown. Every stump had to be torn from the baked red soil with a " forest devil," a complicated jack, which blistered the hands and broke the back. The roots were great knotted masses of heavily-fibred wood that lay in tons all over the block.



"HIS name's not Jarvis!" he said, "that's Johnson. Captain Alan Johnson—coward, traitor, and murderer of several fine officers and gentlemen of 'A' flight of the R.F.C. Squadron at Fleurs in 1917"

There were times when the heat, the seemingly fruitless toil, and the loneliness brought spells of frenzy, and he would wrest bareheaded at the roots, sobbing and cursing at his own futility. There were nights when he shook his blackened fists at the starlit immensity above him, and cursed the world and its Maker. But always the dawn found him back at it—straining and toiling, heaving and lifting.

Gradually, the cleared area grew, and the roots, piled with crude symmetry at the sides of the clearing, began to take the semblance of rough fences. But after ten months he had a bare twelve acres cleared, and the heart had almost gone out of him.

Then the Swedes arrived. They were great, silent, hulking fellows, who had "jumped" a wheat ship at Williamstown, and taken the road to places where there were always food and a shake-down in return for hard labour, and no immigration officers to ask awkward and unintelligible questions.

Fear clutched with cold fingers at Johnson's heart as he saw them trudging up the clearing. He knew them for strangers and the unescapable terror of identification made his hands tremble as he bent over the stump jack. He kept his head down so that his face was hidden in the shadow of his battered felt hat until they spoke. He watched the shabby boots and the frayed bottoms of their dungaree trousers in the awkward silence before one of them said in a stilted, guttural voice:

"You got work, mister?"

The relief choked him for a moment, and the other said eagerly, as if afraid of refusal:

"Strong . . . work hard for very cheap!"

Johnson slowly raised his head and looked at the steady, placid faces above him.

Two pairs of unblinking blue eyes were fixed on him, not in accusation but appeal. The great depths of chests and the sturdy columns of muscular throats reminded him of his horses. He still couldn't answer for a moment, but looked away up the clearing at the pitiful fruit of his lonely toil.

These men wanted to help him, were willing to share the back-breaking and heartrending labour that stretched before him in a seemingly endless vista. They wouldn't talk but, like his horses, would give all that muscle and sinew had to give for a few shillings, food and somewhere to "doss."

The stark red paddock swam before the sudden tears in his eyes.

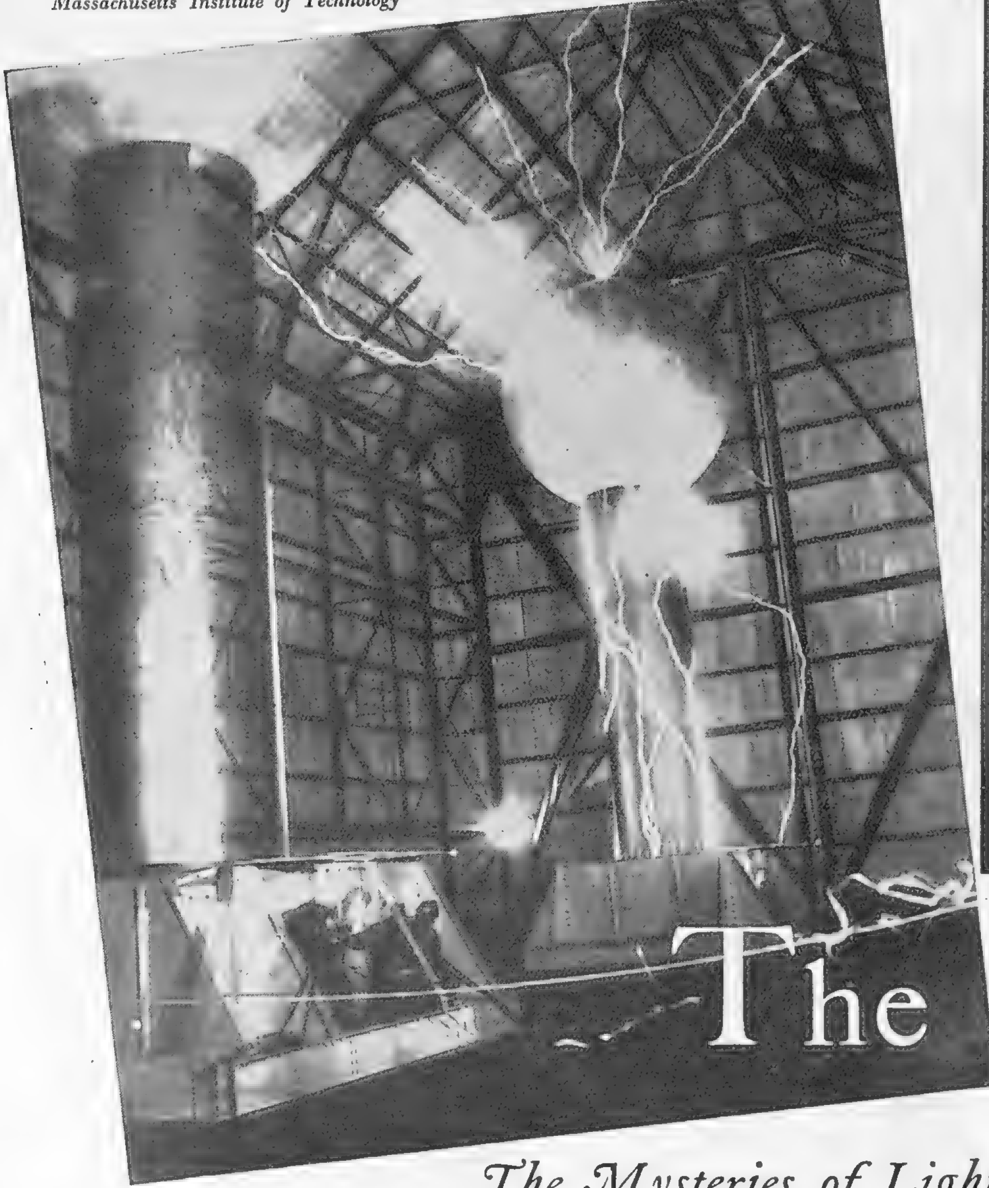
"Yes," he said, huskily. "Yes, there's plenty of work."

That night, as he lay listening to the deep, steady breathing of his two new "hands," the tragedy that had broken him seemed, for the first time, remote. In one afternoon the three of them had achieved more than Johnson could have done in a week. There had been no conversation except guttural monosyllabic phrases between the Swedes, punctuated by many minutes of toiling silence.

As he lay there he felt the scar on his soul, but it ached no more.

The Swedes stopped more than a year before the salt began to itch in their blood. Their farewell was as brief as their greeting had been, and as he watched them tramping away down the 500 acres of cleared land the great loneliness of the bush fell upon him again.

He'd ploughed (*Continued on page* 131)



HOME-MADE lightning. Discharging 7,000,000 volts direct current lightning-bolt at the first try-out of the giant electrostatic generator designed by Dr. Robert J. Van de Graf at Massachusetts Institute of Technology

AN interesting picture of lightning taken at Jersey. It is unusual, as it shows two distinct flashes on the same plate

The Private

The Mysteries of Lightning are attracting the World, and the results of their experiments have

IN shadowed decline and illumined swell the mountains spread below them. Already the first mass of cloud was lifting into view on the far horizon. They were right. Here was a storm at last.

It lay considerably to the left of their course, but deliberately the pilot turned his plane from sunshine and serenity towards the danger zone. Three thousand pounds' worth of drumming fabric and metal roared its way across the skies in direct line with that rapidly spreading cloudbank. The bright light of day gloomed, became brassy and sullen. No rain fell.

A swirling flank of cloud, monstrous and slow-moving, shouldered the hurtling plane and recoiled. Another took its place. Now the machine was half-submerged in an ocean of cloud. The first flash came three minutes later. A momentary quiet. Then the whole world was torn and traversed by flash upon flash of vivid, blue lightning. Pitchy black darkness gave place to blinding light with bewildering rapidity. Rain began to sheet down.

In the shelter of his cabin the pilot exchanged notes with the wireless operator. An odd, insulated steel rod stretched from wing to wing of their machine. Each stab of lightning leapt along that rod, rippled the wireless aerial to life, and vanished into space. Tiny lighted dials in the cabin recorded the character of each flash. The pilot committed his own comments to the pad on his knee. He was carefully watching the reactions of all his instruments and controls.

Thunder muttered in the background, gathered strength, and suddenly crashed amongst the clouds. In the plane they heard nothing. There was only the crackle of steel-blue lightning, distorting their cloud-world crazily. Outside noises were drowned in the steady roar of the engines.

The wireless operator disconnected his set. Then he began making his notes on the plane's reactions. There was an eerie grandeur in these swirling clouds, this alternation of blackness and brilliance, but Sparks did not notice it. He was used to flying through lightning.

For fifteen minutes they roared on into the teeth of the storm, periodically committing new notes to their pads. For fifteen minutes they risked sudden death from electrocution. This was no normal plane.

That odd steel rod stretching from wing to wing represented a new type of atmospheric conductor which they were testing. Scientists below had forecast with great care exactly how this simple steel

TWO flashes of lightning taken at Brockley Hill, London. This queer form of lightning occurs more often than is generally supposed

Life of Lightning

Cleverest Scientists throughout the revealed some astonishing Things

By Vincent Brome

rod should behave under the influence of lightning, but storms have a nasty habit of confounding the scientist.

Not that these two airmen were concerned. Thousands of hours of flying had taken them through the worst storms the tropics could produce, and now they sat quietly controlling their jumping plane, entirely unmoved by the tumult without.

Just two hours later they emerged again into gentle sunshine and blue skies. The plane had escaped unscathed. And on their pads and instruments they carried data which may enable aircraft to avoid the dangers of electrical disturbances in the near future.

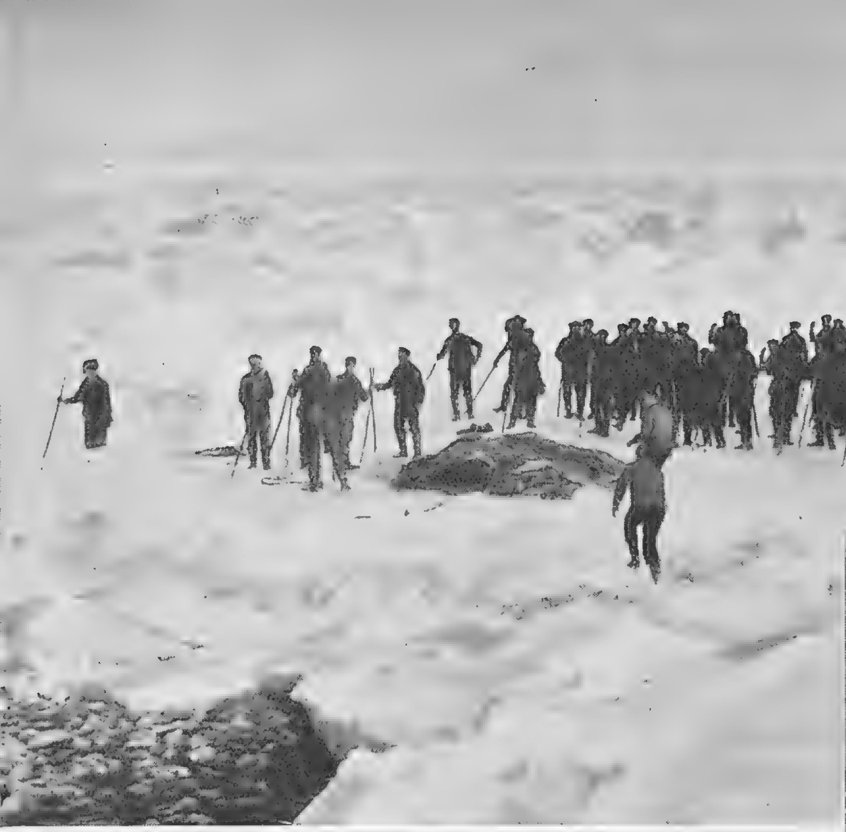
Experiments with this aeronautical atmospheric conductor are still going forward. Meanwhile the mysteries of lightning are attracting the cleverest scientists throughout the whole world. Probing its private life has revealed some astonishing things.

Actually the dangers of flying in stormy weather are grossly exaggerated. Hardly one amongst our famous flyers has been struck by lightning in the air, although most of them have flown through raging tropical storms. Disasters have been caused through lightning, but they are rare. Experts put forward the theory that the R101 was struck before she crashed, and the famous Dutch Flying Hotel suffered a similar fate.

Travelling over Alderney some years ago, Captain H. C. Biard ran into a heavy storm. He was flying a single-engined plane fitted with wireless. A flash of lightning suddenly caught the plane in mid-air. Instantly the wireless aerial was burnt off. The whole plane became magnetised and instruments fused in the cockpit. Everyone in the machine was conscious of the shock, but they did not panic. For a few minutes Captain Biard was uncertain of the extent of the damage to his plane. He tried the controls. They still responded. Shortly afterwards he landed safely at Southampton. It is very unusual for a plane to be struck in this way, but on three known occasions different machines have survived similar experiences.

Lightning does not present any great danger to aircraft. In some cases it is possible for a pilot to climb above the disturbed zone to the quiet of higher atmospheres. Again, by merely altering his course it is often possible to avoid localised disturbances, since they seldom travel at more than fifty miles an hour.

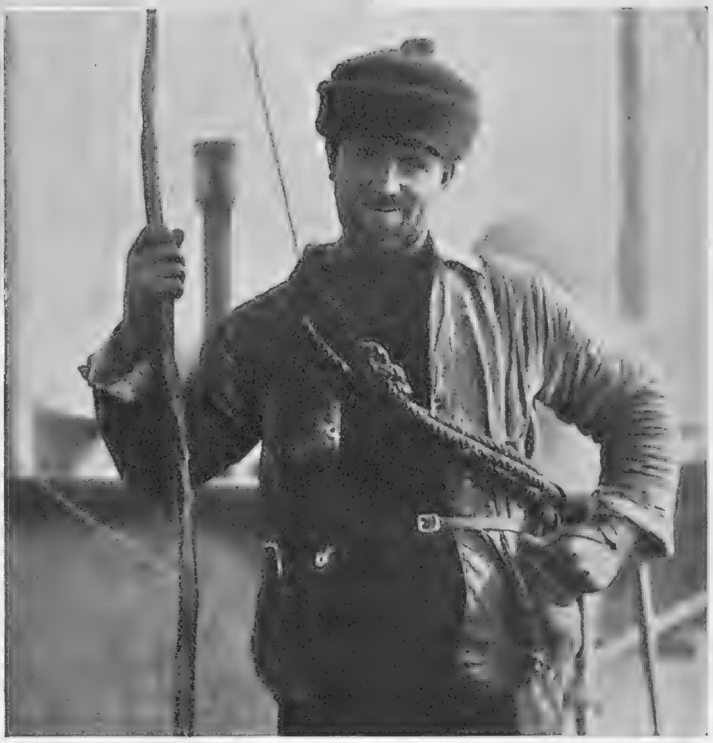
Storm areas naturally cause bad visibility. Flying mist and cloud shot athwart with dazzling flashes of lightning can so easily blot out all normal landmarks, particularly at night-time. The latest invention (*Continued on page* 98)



A PAN of seal pelts. The seal hunters from each ship convey the seal skins as they secure them to a definite spot, making what they term a "pan"

(Below)

A SEALER in working garb. He carries a ratline over his shoulder, a gaff with which he kills the seals, and sheath knife and steel. On his back he carries a supply of food and water in case he cannot get back to the ship through stress of bad weather



Hunting

NO creature has given statesmen more anxiety than the fur seal. It has on more than one occasion caused strained relations between this country and the United States, and between the latter country and Japan. It is the only wild animal to-day of which a proper yearly census is taken, and there is no creature upon which a government has spent so much money in its efforts to save it from extermination as the fur seal.

It is this creature which yields the beautiful and costly fur so highly prized for ladies' garments. Strictly speaking, it is not a true seal, but a sea bear or sea lion, being similar in form, size and general habits to the latter. It is found on the Pribyloff or Seal Islands, in Bering Strait, and also on the Copper or Roblen Islands, off the coast of Siberia.

If the seal kept to these islands its protection would be a fairly easy matter. But it doesn't; it spends about two-thirds of the year far out to sea, making a circuit of 6,000 miles in the open ocean without touching land. This is one of the wonders of seal life.

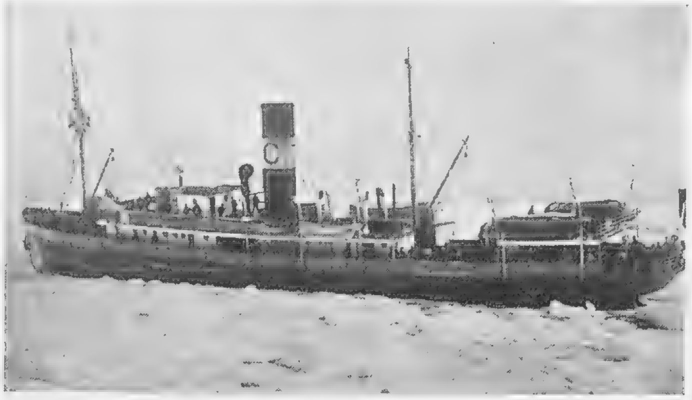
Early in May the large males, or bulls, monstrous creatures, measuring five to six feet in length and turning the scale at 400 to 500 pounds, begin to arrive at the islands. As each bull lands upon the beach he chooses out a special territory several yards square for himself, and prepares to defend it against all comers. The favourite sites are those nearest the water, and these usually fall to the largest and strongest bulls. A great deal of fighting goes on, and no bull leaves his territory for a moment, so that for many weeks they neither eat nor drink, and they get very little chance to sleep!

The females, or cows, are much smaller than the males, measuring about three to four feet in length, and weighing no more than forty to sixty pounds. They arrive at the breeding grounds a month later. They get a rather rough welcome, for each bull wants to get as many cows for himself as he can, and though he proceeds by coaxing and enticing, there is such constant quarrelling with other males that the females do not have a very peaceful time either. Even when one has quietly settled down, a neighbouring bull may seize her and carry her off by the scruff of the neck to his own ground, while her original lord and master is engaged in trying to coax another newcomer to join his household.

Shortly after landing the young are born, the seals remaining on the islands for about four months. As soon as the calves appear the cows go regularly to the water to fish, and as the fishes they like become scarce about the coasts they have to make longer and longer excursions. The young seals, too, go down to the sea in swarms to play and to learn to swim and catch fish, but each mother can invariably pick out her own calf from many hundreds, and she repulses all others.

In September the great colony begins to break up, the big bulls being the first to go. As it is only during the three or four weeks just before leaving, if even then, that they have had any food or rest, they are thin, exhausted and not nearly so pugnacious as when they arrived. But they soon pick up again in the quieter conditions and with the abundant food of the open sea.

When the United States purchased Alaska from Russia in 1867 it is estimated that be-



A TYPICAL Newfoundland sealing steamer. These vessels are very strongly constructed to withstand the bad weather and the pressure of the ice

A FUR seal nursery among the rocks of Pribyloff Islands, Alaska. They remain on these islands for about four months and the young seals are taught to swim and catch fish

THE seals are killed by a tap over the nose with a gaff. This is a baby harp, the darling of the seal-hunter, as he is easy to catch and skin. The layer of fat under his white coat yields the best seal oil

the Seal

The Romantic Story of the Fur Seal and the perilous vocation of Seal-hunting off the Labrador Coast

By Harold J. Shepstone

tween five and six million seals resorted to the Pribyloff Islands. At that time the fur of this seal was almost unknown to fashion, and outside Russia was neither used nor particularly desired. Later, when the fur became fashionable, the islands were leased to a commercial company who were granted permission to kill 100,000 young male seals annually.

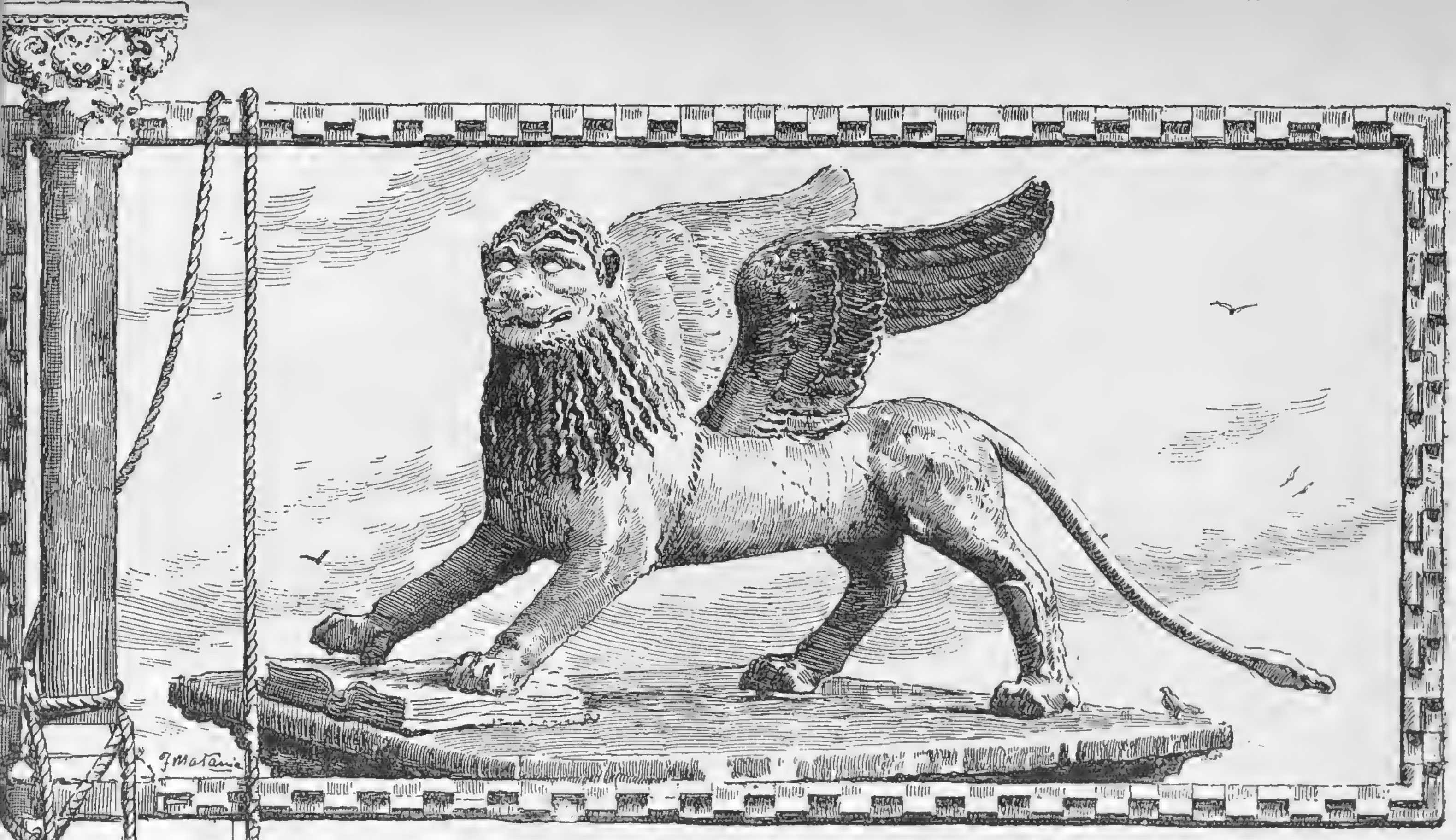
As the demand for the pelt of this creature increased the colonies that inhabited the few islands outside of the Pribyloffs were quickly wiped out. Naturally no one could land and take the seal from the Pribyloffs, as they were private territory. True, Japanese fishermen and others would make an occasional raid upon the islands, and the keepers had to resort to the use of firearms to keep the marauders at a distance.

It led to pelagic sealing, the killing of the creatures in the open sea by means of guns and spears. This was exceedingly wasteful and destructive, for it meant that for every male taken at least five or six females were killed, leaving their calves on the shore to die of starvation. Very soon, at the end of the breeding season, the shores of the islands would be covered with twenty thousand and more dead calves. Whereas in 1873 the islands were visited by four million seals, by 1897, a period of only twenty-four years, the herd had been reduced to just over three hundred thousand. By 1903 the number had been reduced to under two hundred thousand, and it was clear that unless some practical steps could be taken the animal was doomed to extinction.

After many conferences to find some way by which the valuable herd could be preserved, the taking of seals was prohibited within a radius of sixty miles of the islands, and the entire ocean closed to sealing from May to September. Then, when the war broke out, Britain,

(*Continued on page* 93)

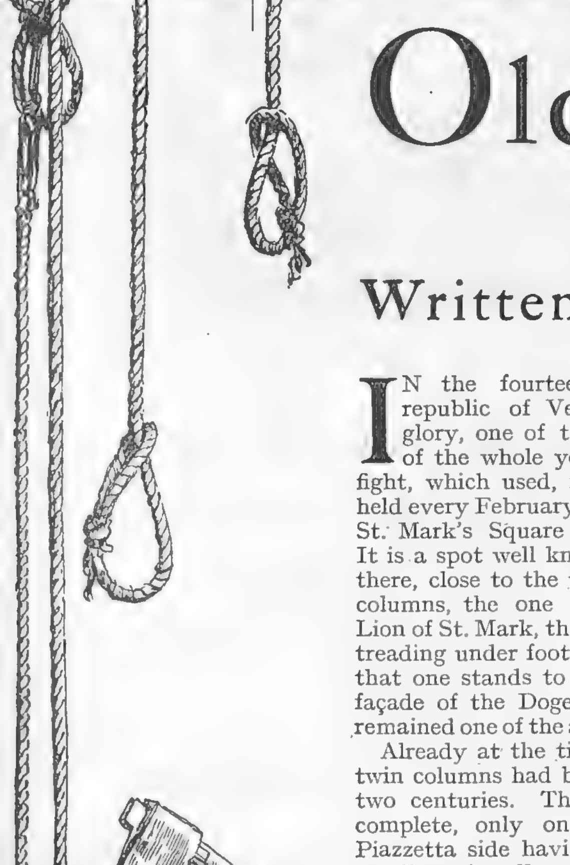
THE day's bag. Hundreds of pelts ready to be hauled aboard the ship. If seals are plentiful a good sealer can kill and skin a hundred seals a day



Old Tales Re-told

A Plot that went Awry

Written and Illustrated *by* F. Matania, R.I.



IN the fourteenth century, when the island republic of Venice was at the summit of its glory, one of the most important civic festivals of the whole year was a kind of bloodless bullfight, which used, following an old tradition, to be held every February in the Piazzetta that lies between St. Mark's Square and the Riva degli Schiavoni. It is a spot well known to every modern visitor, for there, close to the water's edge, are those two great columns, the one surmounted by a carving of the Lion of St. Mark, the other by a statue of St. Theodore treading under foot a crocodile. And it is there also that one stands to survey the marvellous rose-pink façade of the Doge's palace, which to this day has remained one of the architectural wonders of the world.

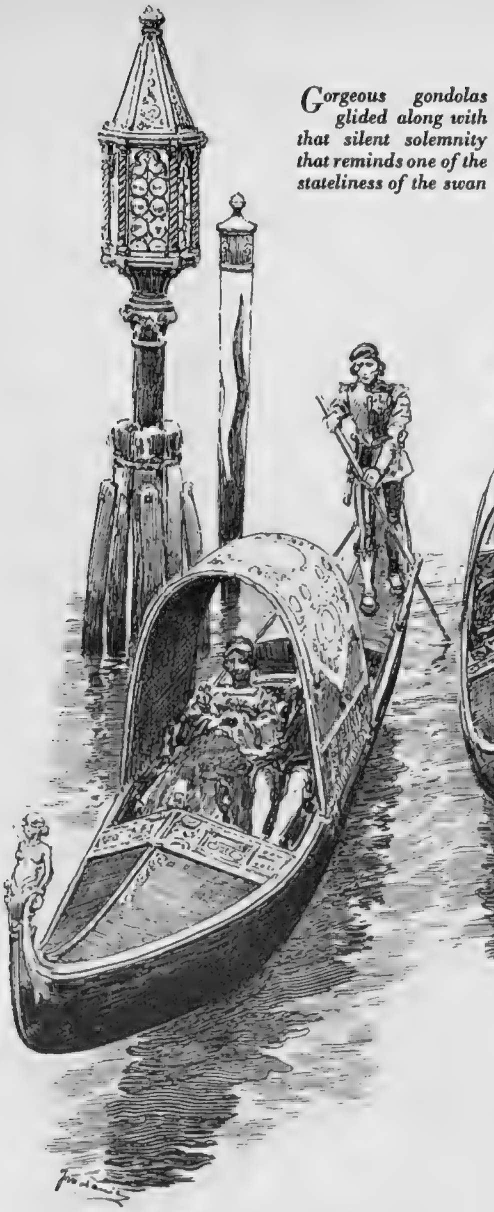
Already at the time of which we are writing, the twin columns had been in their place for upwards of two centuries. The palace, however, was not yet complete, only one-third of the elevation on the Piazzetta side having been built. In the year 1335 the Doge in office was Marino Faliero, and as dusk began to gather on the February afternoon of the annual "bullfight," the Venetian populace, their appetites only whetted by the spectacle they had already witnessed, now crowded round the approach to the palace to watch the arrival of the guests whom he had invited to a banquet in honour of the occasion.

What a scene it must have been that the setting sun lit up! The burghers, men and women alike, gaily clad in all manner of bright clothing, jostling one another for a glimpse of those gorgeous figures who moved, one by one, through the crowd as a space was cleared for them, with the grace and assurance of creatures from another world. These were the Republic's proudest sons and daughters, and all the wealth of Venice was symbolised in their shimmering silks and gleaming jewels. As each fresh gondola drew up alongside the steps and its occupants got out, gasps of admiration escaped the people. And yet, though everybody knew that here were the loveliest women of Venice passing before their eyes, they knew, too, that the loveliest one of all was already within the palace—Angeolina, Marino Faliero's wife.

If it is true to say that the Venetians had never had a ruler whom they respected more, it is also true to say that never had a ruler's wife been better fitted by Nature's gifts to fill her brilliant position with distinction. When for a few moments she appeared on the balcony, attended by her maids of honour, a voice in the crowd was heard to cry out that she looked like a Madonna amongst the angels . . . . already the Italian conception of the Madonna had lost its primitive simplicity, and they thought of her rather as the Queen of Heaven decked out in silks and brocades and precious stones like some earthly queen.

She came of the princely family of Loredano, and it was in obedience to the death-bed wish of her father that she had been married, although only in her early twenties, to a man about three times her age. Yet there had sprung up an extraordinary tenderness between the two, and although it was a period when Venice was a hotbed of calumny and venomous intrigue, no one had ever dared to breathe a word, to make the slightest insinuation against the lovely Dogaressa.

Rapidly the great hall was filling up, the guests being shown to their places by elegantly dressed pages, and before long every vacant seat was filled. Then the trumpets sounded to proclaim the entry of the Doge and Dogaressa, and the whole assembly



Gorgeous gondolas glided along with that silent solemnity that reminds one of the stateliness of the swan

rose and greeted them with a sweeping reverence. They were a magnificent pair. Faliero, despite his age, had lost not an atom of his manly appearance. His broad shoulders were still square and straight, and the splendid head above them proved him at a glance to be a born leader of men. He had the poise, the quiet strength of a seasoned warrior, the proud, piercing glance that one would imagine of a Norse god. And beside him stepped his young wife, lovely as a flower, her skin delicate and transparent as a flower's petals.

FALIERO had been elected to his high office at a time when Venetian morals were at a very low ebb. The Republic's many conquests had brought wealth to the island city, and with wealth, inevitably, had come a slackening of the moral law. Every honest institution of civil life, marriage included, was mocked and belittled. The festivities and masked balls which followed one another in seemingly endless rotation cloaked all manner of vice and intrigue, and it was at this banquet, the first which he had given, that the new Doge's determined stand against impropriety and loose living forged the initial link in the chain of his undoing.

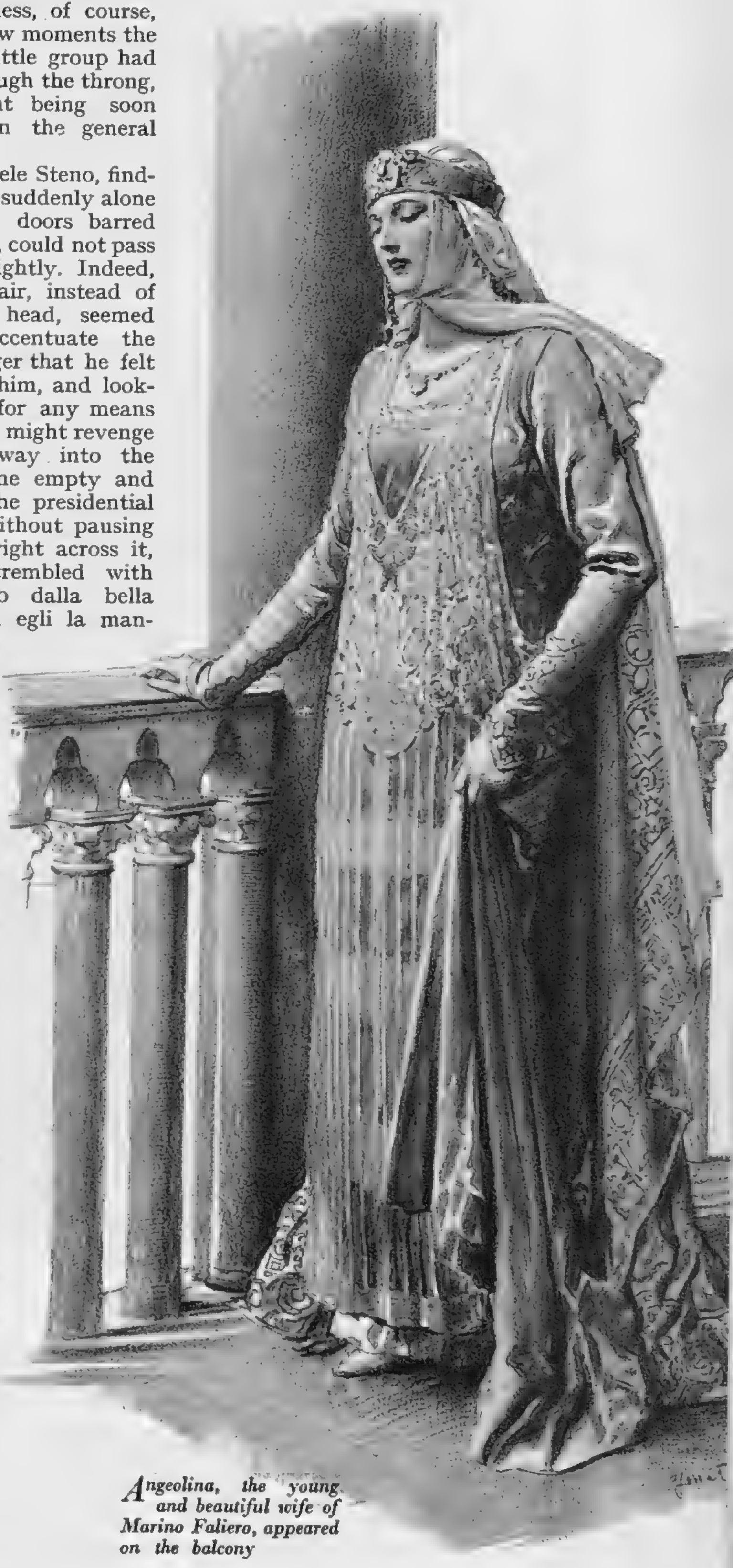
The banquet was a brilliant success, marred only by a single incident which, at the time, seemed of little significance, and of which many people present did not even become aware. The host and hostess moved graciously among their guests, passing from one group to another, until, at a particular moment, Faliero noticed a certain young man forcing his unwelcome attentions on one of the Dogaressa's maids-of-honour. The serenity of his brow was suddenly clouded. He would not tolerate any such example being set under his own roof, and, learning that the young man was a person of obscure origin and limited means, whose general character was not very well spoken of, he ordered him instantly to be ejected. There was a scene. Michele Steno—for so the culprit was called—grew pale with rage at this indignity which was offered him in the presence of his sweetheart, and struggled violently with the guards. It was useless, of course, and in a few moments the turbulent little group had passed through the throng, the incident being soon forgotten in the general merriment.

But Michele Steno, finding himself suddenly alone outside, the doors barred against him, could not pass it over so lightly. Indeed, the night air, instead of cooling his head, seemed only to accentuate the burning anger that he felt consuming him, and looking round for any means by which he might revenge himself, he forced his way into the Council Hall, at that time empty and silent. He approached the presidential chair of the Doge, and without pausing for an instant, scrawled right across it, in a hand that still trembled with passion: "Marin Faliero dalla bella moglie; altri la gode, ad egli la mantiene"; which means, "Marino Faliero with his lovely wife. Others enjoy her, but it 's he who keeps her."

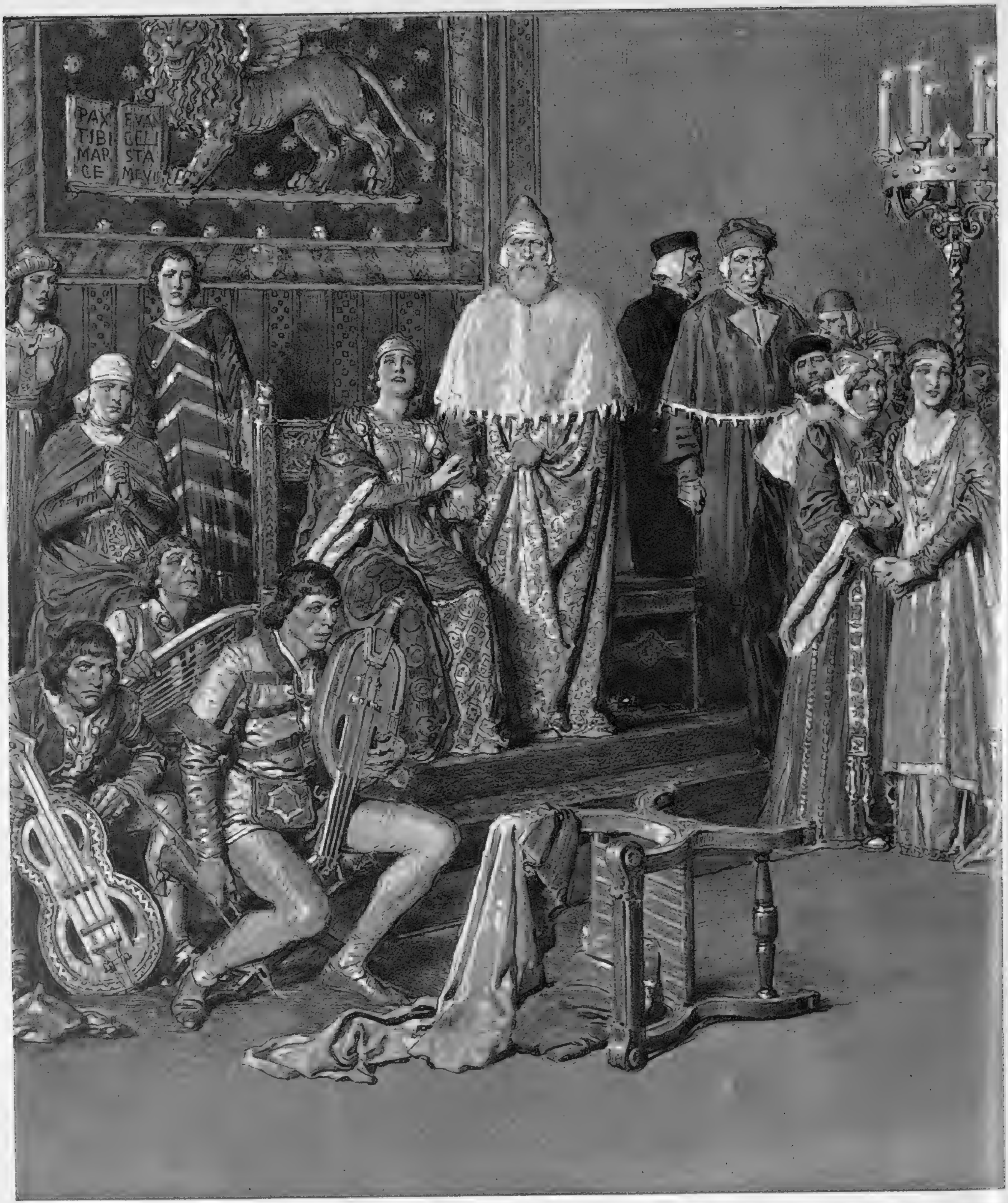
It was, of course, an unheard-of insult, and as Fate would have it, the Doge himself was the first to see the words when next day he went to take his place in Council. With all the fire of his impetuous nature, he took up the cowardly anonymous challenge to his honour, and to the honour of the person who was dearest to him in the world, demanding an immediate and intensive search to be made for the criminal so that he could be brought to justice. The Senate, as an earnest of their support, also offered a handsome reward to anyone whose information should help to clear the matter up.

It was not long before suspicion lighted on Steno; and when he was arrested the outlook for him seemed black indeed. The scandal had become the one topic of conversation throughout Venice—the nobility, in their sumptuous palaces, the idlers of the Piazza San Marco, the merchants hurrying about their business through tortuous side streets, even the gondoliers, as they paused for a few moments on their silent ways—no one spoke of anything else, and no one doubted the fate in store for the culprit. On the day of his trial every approach to the palace was crowded, and people were already reserving places in the Piazzetta "for the execution," which they assumed would soon be taking place on the traditional spot between the two famous pillars.

What, then, was the general astonishment when it became known that Michele Steno, after a full confession of guilt, had been sentenced only to one month's imprisonment and one year of banishment from Venice. Never before had the



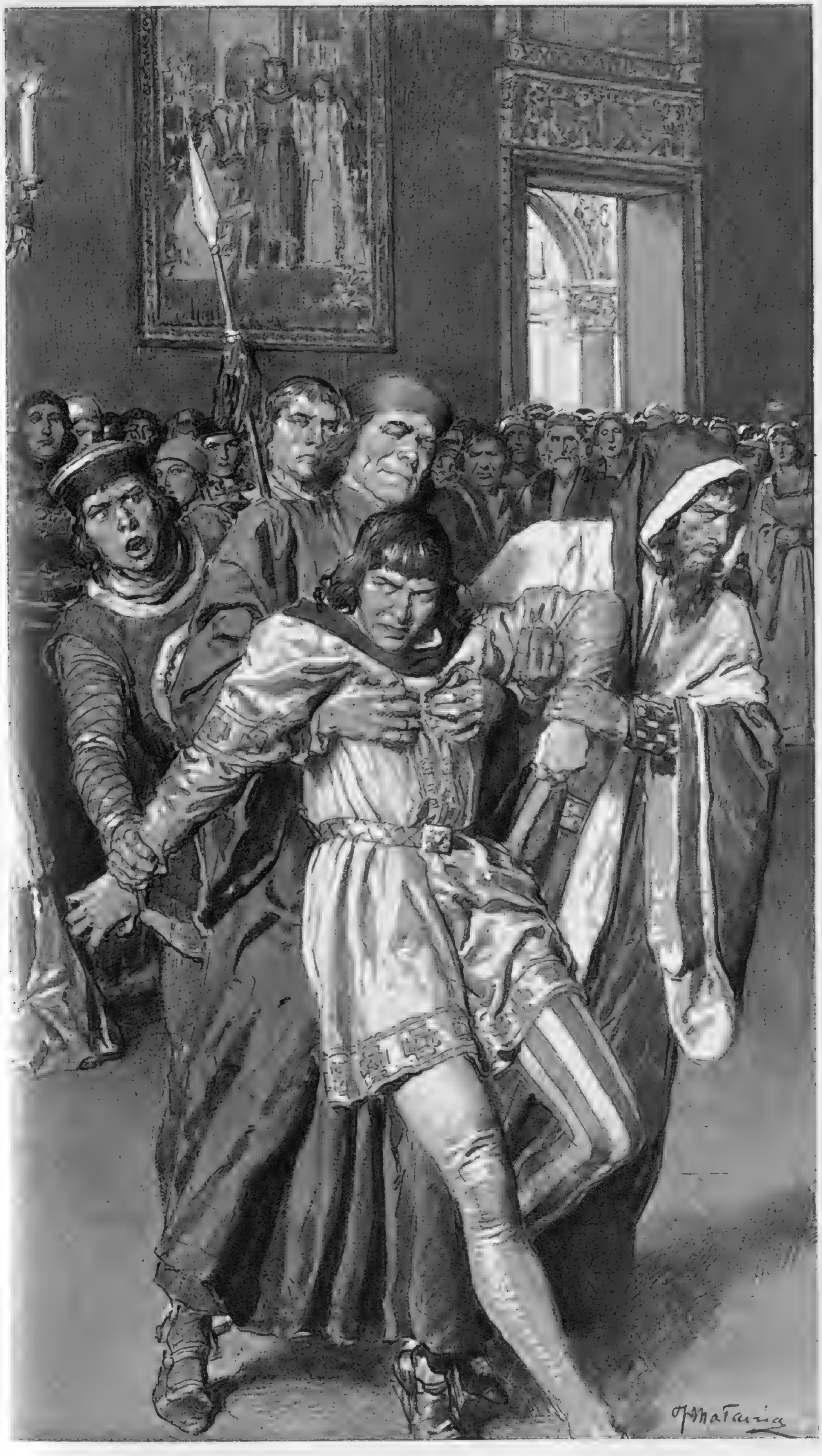
Angeolina, the young and beautiful wife of Marino Faliero, appeared on the balcony



Michele Steno—for so the culprit was called—grew pale
which was offered him in the presence of his sweetheart,

Avogadori given proof of such extraordinary mildness, and the inevitable conclusion that the Venetians, with their naturally volatile temperament, drew from it was that anyone who happened to have a grudge against the Doge could insult him to their heart's content if they had only got to face such a complacent court of justice at the end of it.

So much for the feelings of the general public. Marino Faliero's own feelings, when he heard the sentence, are almost beyond description. He felt it as an act of ingratitude that stabbed him through the heart. To be treated thus after all he had done for Venice! After all his ancestors had done! Nothing would calm him—not even the tender and soothing words of his beloved Angeolina could stem the rising tide of his anger. "Was it or was it not a Faliero who crushed Roberto Guircando and brought Dalmatia and Croatia under the Venetian flag?" he cried in a voice that hitherto had been accustomed only to command. "Who was it founded the Celebration of St. Mark two and a half centuries ago? Who won for Venice unrivalled privileges even in the Holy Land? Who raised a



with rage at this indignity and struggled with the guards

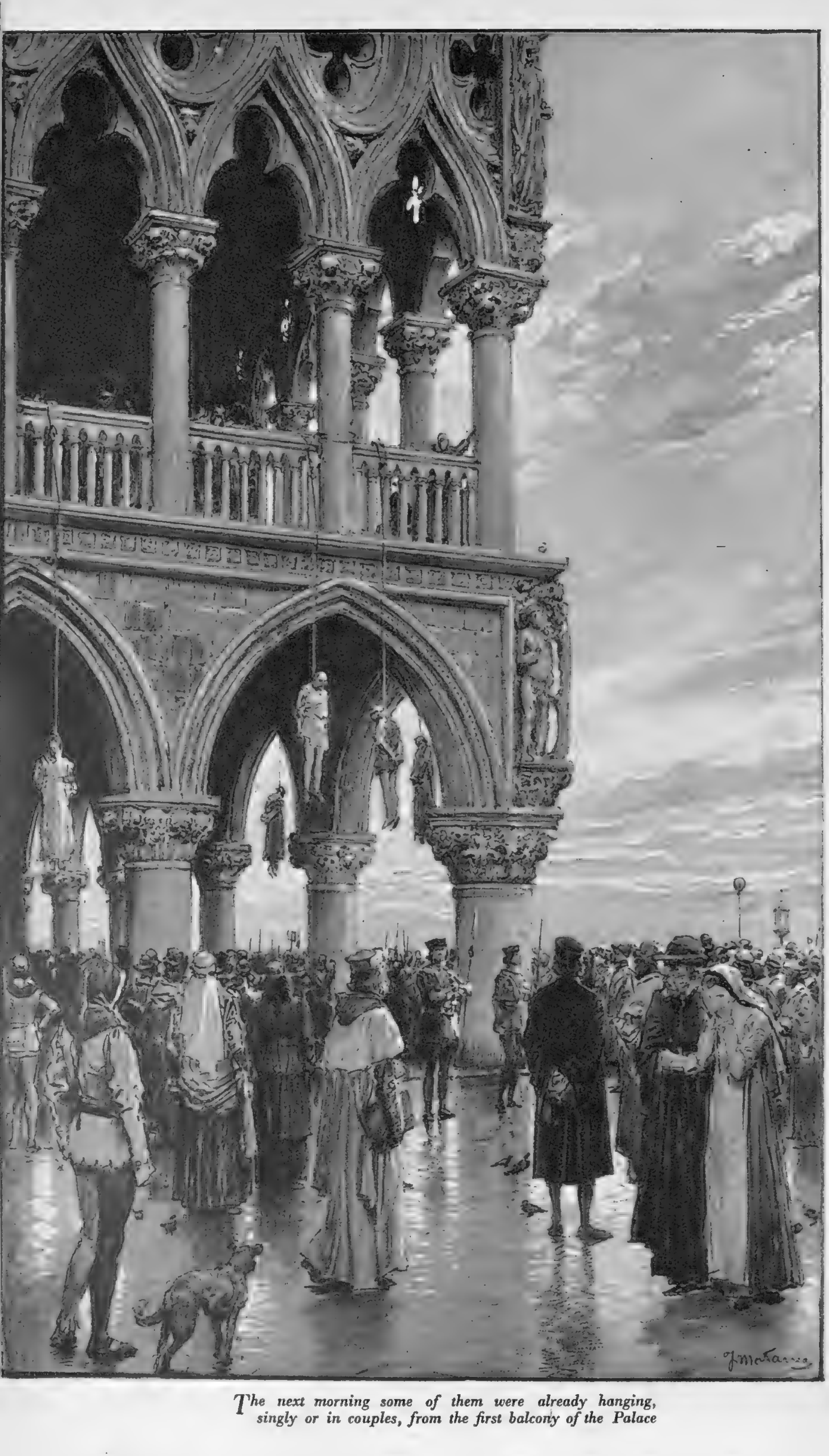
new Venice out of the ashes of the old? Who snatched Zara from Hungarian hands—Zara, the brightest jewel of the Venetian diadem? Faliero, Faliero, always a Faliero!" His voice rose to a practically uncontrollable pitch. Then he was silent, pacing up and down with bent head. But after a few moments he started again, this time on a low note, as if talking to himself. "Who has bled and sweated for his country on every battlefield, in every sea engagement? Who has gained the indulgence and pardon of the Pope for a people steeped in vice? Who has put a stop to the Genoese aggression that threatened to overwhelm our Republic?" Again his voice rose: "Faliero, always a Faliero!", then, throwing his head back, and in ringing, incisive tones as if he were speaking for the whole world to hear, he went on: "I have not given you the romance of youth. I have not stooped to the frivolities of your green age. But at least I had thought to symbolise in my person the glory of our past, the honour of our traditions. What is it worth, though? What is the value of the name I have dedicated to the service of Venice? What is the use of my own life, spent in that service, when the very body that should sustain, uphold and protect my honour only tramples on it?"

A man of Faliero's fiery temperament could not accept the situation in which he found himself without doing something about it. For twenty-four hours he was like a wounded lion, raging at the wrong which had been done him by the Senate. He thought no more of Michele Steno—that puny figure had been swept aside by the flood of greater events which he had let loose. And during those same twenty-four hours, in quite a different part of Venice, among quite other people, was being forged the second link in the terrible chain of the Doge's undoing.

The scene was the Venice dockside, where ships from every corner of the Mediterranean lay at anchor. What actually happened cannot be better described than in the words of the ancient chronicler who records it: "It therefore came to pass," he writes, "that on the very day after sentence had been pronounced on Ser Michele Steno, being the first day of Lent, a gentleman of the house of Barbaro, a choleric gentlemen, went to the arsenal and required certain things of the master of the galleys. This he did in the presence of the Admiral of the arsenal, and he, hearing the request, answered—no, it cannot be done. High words arose between the gentleman and the Admiral, and the gentleman struck him with his fist just above the eye; and as he happened to have a ring on his finger, the ring cut the Admiral and drew blood. The Admiral, all bruised and bloody, ran straight to the Duke to complain, and with the intent of praying him to inflict some heavy punishment upon the gentleman of Cà Barbaro—'What wouldst thou have me do for thee?' answered the Duke:—'Think upon the shameful gibe which hath been written concerning me; and think on the manner in which they have punished that ribald Michele Steno, who wrote it; and see how the Council of Forty respect our person.' — Upon this the Admiral answered—'My Lord Duke, if you would wish to make yourself a prince, and to cut all those cuckoldy gentlemen to pieces, I have the heart, if you do but help me, to make you prince of all this state; and then you may punish them all.'"

Those few words were quite enough for Faliero. In a flash he had visualised the outline of a *coup* to overthrow that wretched coalition of moth-eaten aristocrats who, it seemed to him, were like birds of prey tightening their claws in the living flesh of the Republic—who now had even lost respect for the Dogal robe.

Talking in whispers, they were soon running over a list of the names of people who could be trusted, and the first one to be brought into the plot was Bertuccio Faliero, a nephew of the Doge, who inherited much of his uncle's daring and courageous nature, and who at once became an enthusiastic participant. Two others, Filippo Calendaro, the most able seaman of his generation, and Bertuccio Israello, a master of intrigue whose



The next morning some of them were already hanging, singly or in couples, from the first balcony of the Palace

equal was not to be encountered again till Machiavelli made his appearance two centuries later, were also brought into the plot from the beginning, while every subsequent evening the secret meetings at the palace saw fresh adherents taking part. They did not attempt to conceal the actual fact that they were going there a lot, but the reasons they gave were so plausible that no shadow of suspicion was aroused.

IT was arranged that on a given day seventeen leaders should take up their positions at strategical points throughout the city, each one having with him about forty armed men who knew nothing of the real work on which they were to engage. Certain groups were also to start a mock affray, to provide an excuse for the Doge to order the tolling of the great bell of St. Mark's, which was the recognised alarm signal for proclaiming a public danger. This time, however, its ringing was to serve a very different purpose. The conspirators anticipated that the sound would bring all the nobles and leading citizens of Venice hurrying to the Piazza San Marco to find out what the trouble was about. Once they were there, the seventeen leaders and their armed men would invade the Piazza simultaneously from every side, massacre everyone there, and proclaim Marino Faliero Lord of Venice.

The day appointed for the attempt was the 15th of April, and everything might have gone according to plan had it not been for a certain Beltramo Bergamasco, employed in the service of Ser Niccolò Lioni, who, having knowledge of what was to be done, warned his master not to appear in public on that day. Fear of the plotters revenging themselves on him if they found out made him reluctant to say too much. He wanted to save his master, and in exchange for that service, begged him to keep secret what he had told him. But this unwillingness to speak further only served to alarm Ser Niccolò out of all reason, and instead of showing the expected gratitude towards Beltramo, he had him seized by his other servants and incarcerated in the house.

Ser Niccolò, in his turn, had many friends whose lives he was anxious to save, in addition to feeling a great sense of responsibility as the first person in possession of so dangerous a secret. As soon as he had made sure that it was absolutely impossible for Beltramo to communicate with anybody in the outside world, he hurried off to the palace of a fellow nobleman, Messer Giovanni Gradenigo Nasoni, who at a later date himself became Doge. He told him in a few words of the grave discovery he had made, and without wasting time they both set off for the house of a third colleague, Ser Marco Coruaro, whose name was also famous in Venetian history.

They soon decided to submit Bergamasco to a further examination. They went back to Lioni's abode, and locked themselves in a room with the now-terrified servant, submitting him to what we should now call a " third degree examination," not stopping until they were certain they had squeezed the last atom of information out of him. When at length he was dragged back to his temporary prison, he sank to the floor like a bundle of clothes without any body inside.

There was no time to lose. The three men, their cloaks pulled close about their faces, and attended only by a small group of servants, proceeded to the church of San Salvatore. They commandeered the sacristy, cleared it of all encumbrances, and ordered every available chair or bench to be brought in. In the meantime, messengers were seeking out the members of the Council of Ten and of the Great Council, summoning them thither as quickly as possible. When they were all assembled and the doors had been closed, Ser Niccolò gave them a brief exposition of the whole case, outlining the terrible consequences if the conspirators' plan were to succeed.

Almost everyone present wanted to see Bergamasco for himself, so it was decided that he should be brought under a strong escort to the sacristy straight away. Soon a group of men passed arm in arm along the narrow ways that led from Ser Niccolò Lioni's house to San Salvatore. Nobody suspected that there was one in their midst almost dead of fear and exhaustion, pinioned tightly by both arms, and with a couple of daggers pricking him in the ribs. At last they reached the sacristy door and he was thrust inside. There he stood, stock still, the only sign of life in his bloodless face being the quickly shifting eyes with which he scanned his captors. Two or three preliminary questions were put to him in an encouraging tone. But he had not the strength to answer. He saw that everybody of importance in Venice was there, with the sole exception of the Doge himself. These were the highest authorities of the Republic; men whose reputation for severity inspired terror and submission. And it was on his account that they were there. How should he dare to speak? It took many promises of protection before the fear that held him paralysed relaxed sufficiently to unloose his tongue, and even then he could only just manage to confirm the statement that Niccolò Lioni repeated word by word. The ordeal over, again a group of merrymakers was to be seen going singing through the streets, and before long the wretched Beltramo was alone in his prison once more.

THE deliberations that followed were speedy and to the point. A complete plan was drawn up and orders issued to the various branches of the police to mobilise and raid the houses of all the ringleaders simultaneously. The police, as a highly organised and ruthlessly efficient body, proved a better weapon than any on which the conspirators could lay hands. The arrests were carried out in perfect order, and such was the surprise of the victims that scarcely any resistance was offered. The servants of a few, who managed to elude arrest and hurried off to warn the others, found in every case that they had come too late.

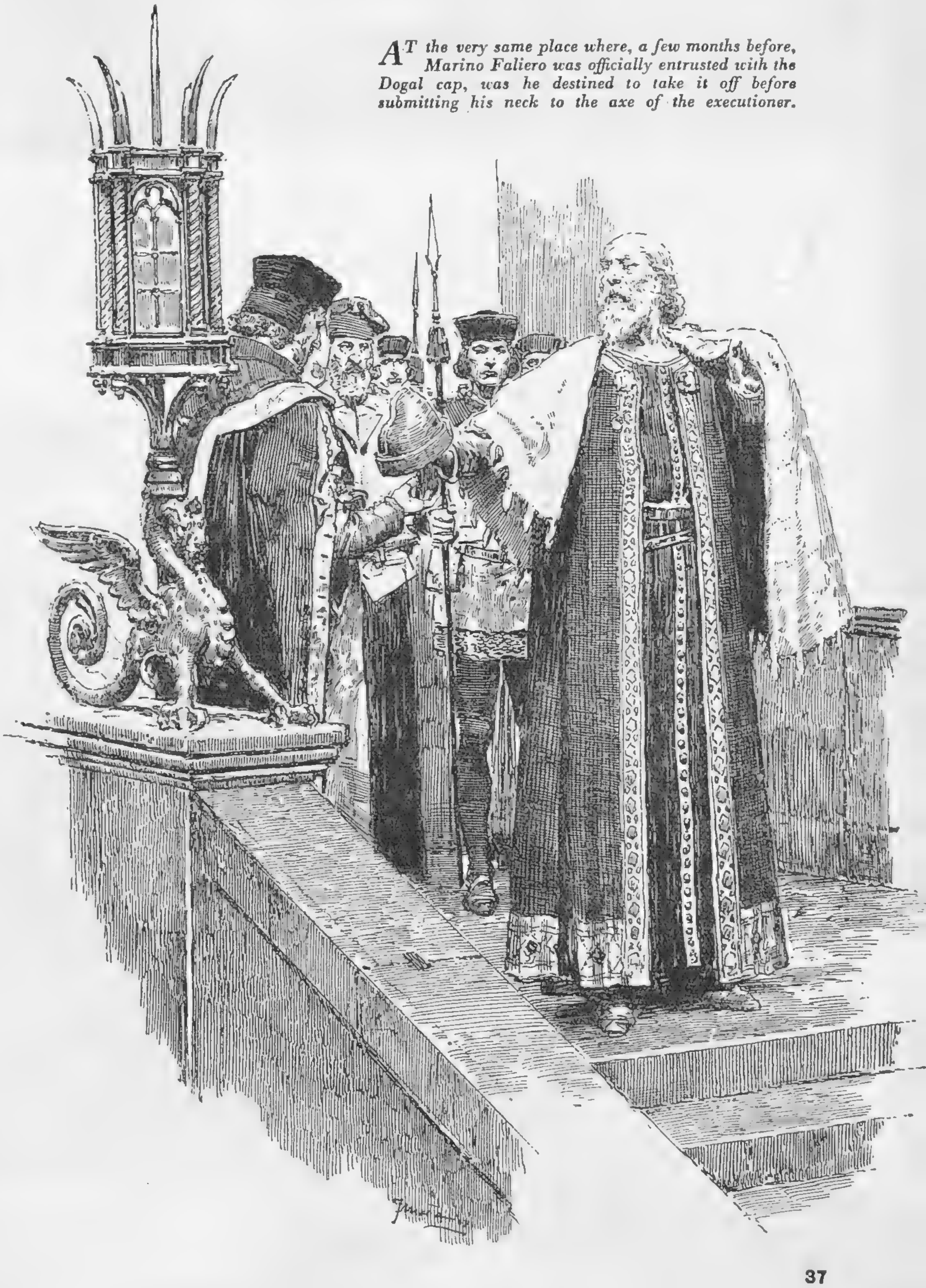
It was ordered that those who had been arrested should be brought in secrecy to the prison which was attached to the Doge's palace. The Admiral of the Arsenal was the first to arrive, his wrists chained together, but he was soon followed by Filippo Calendaro, Israello, Niccolo Faginolo, Niccolo dalle Bende and a host of others. By now only Faliero was still in ignorance of what had happened.

Then the Council met to sit in judgment, delegating the right to vote to a small minority, in order to get through the case with more dispatch. They considered the evidence of Calendaro and one or two more quite sufficient to justify summary proceedings against all the rest of the prisoners. Meanwhile, Faliero, in his own part of the palace, was privately discussing affairs of state with a group of other noblemen when a party of officials suddenly burst in and handed him a scroll from the Avogadori. It was the order for his own arrest, but, in reading it, he did not allow the slightest trace of emotion to escape him. He simply handed it back with the remark that without his own signature such an order was not valid. Then he asked the names of those present who had issued the order, and it was only when he saw how all his relatives and trusted friends were absent that he understood the full gravity of the position. This is the point at which Byron ascribes to him the following fatal words:

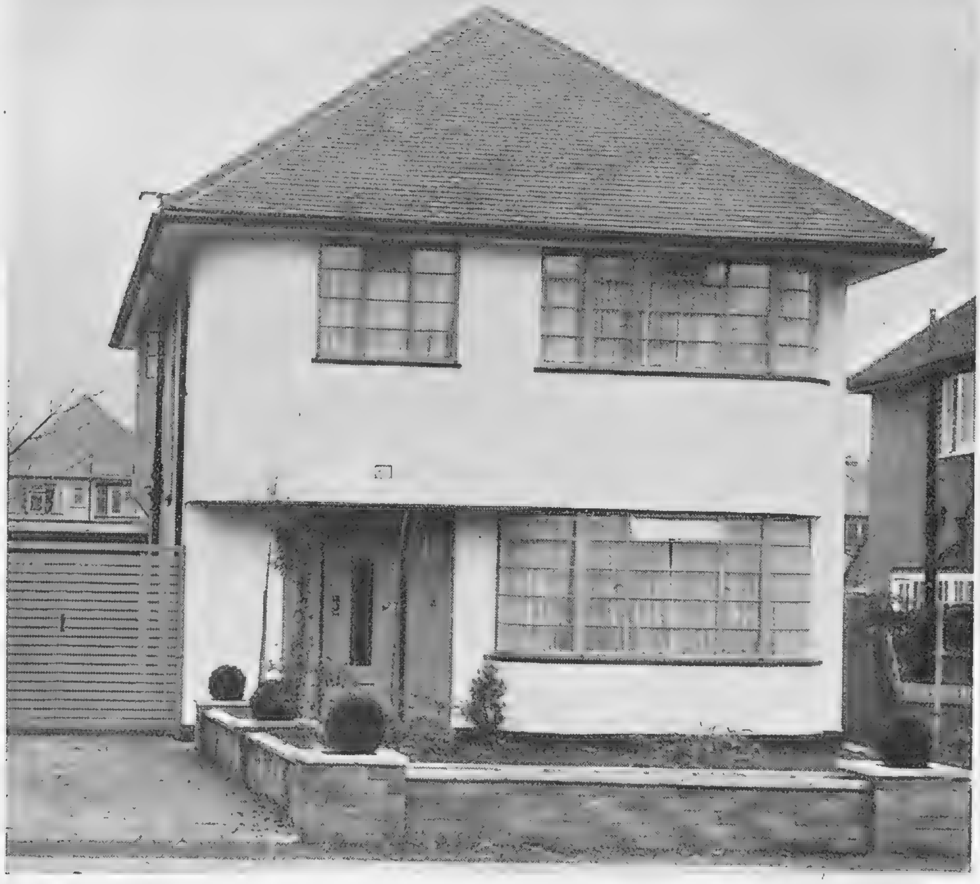
> " 'Tis but a game of mutual homicides,
> Who have cast lots for the first death,
> and they
> Have won with false dice."

On the sixteenth of April the fate of the conspirators was sealed. By the following morning some of them were already hanging, singly or in couples, their mouths tightly gagged, from the first balcony of the palace: a gruesome sight for such a lovely setting. At the same time, sentence was being pronounced on Marino Faliero. His young wife had not left him for an instant during those twenty-four hours. In ignorance of the plot, until by its failure it was made known to everyone, she seemed to realise now for the first time with what depth of passion she loved her husband. And these events had invested him with such an aura of heroism and nobility in her eyes that she is said to have made a desperate appeal for his life to the Council of Ten. Indeed, she would, for Marino Faliero was not the type of man to plead on his own behalf.

At noon the executioner was waiting for his victim, standing on that very spot, halfway up the staircase that is now known as the "Scala dei Giganti," where only a few months before Marino Faliero had been entrusted with the Dogal cap. And here, where he had placed it on his head, he was destined to take it off again before offering his neck to the axe. The palace gates had been closed to the public, and inside them everything was still. Distractedly, the Dogaressa freed herself from the sympathetic embraces of her ladies-in-waiting. She was not allowed to witness the terrible scene taking place below, but from where she stood she could see just a corner of the courtyard, and a little knot of men, their eyes all turned in one direction. She gazed at them (*Continued on page* 98)



AT the very same place where, a few months before, Marino Faliero was officially entrusted with the Dogal cap, was he destined to take it off before submitting his neck to the axe of the executioner.



An exterior view of a house on the Mowbray Estate, Edgware. The houses are faced with cream plaster, and green pantiles are used for the roofs

WHEN YOU BUY

By Winifred Lewis

CONSIDERING the number of people who buy houses it is astonishing how little the average purchaser knows of the principles of house-building and the factors which govern the quality and value of that upon which he spends his money.

Obviously one cannot be very well informed on such a large subject, but even an elementary knowledge of the principles of designing and building would enable one to effect a purchase with more discrimination.

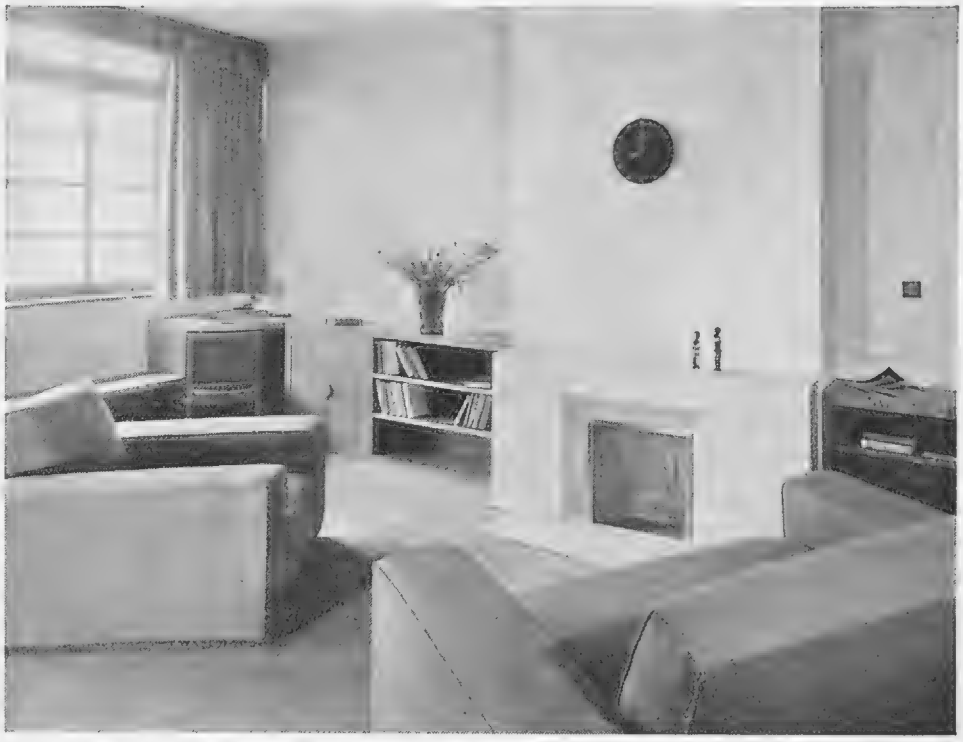
The very first, and perhaps the most important, step towards purchasing a house is to have a perfectly clear idea of what accommodation you really need, how much you can afford to spend in the actual purchase and, later, in maintenance.

It is not at all an easy matter to estimate the cost of rates and taxes in addition to repairs, upkeep of garden and general maintenance. It is important to remember, however, that after-costs can be substantially reduced by selecting a solid and sensible building in the first place.

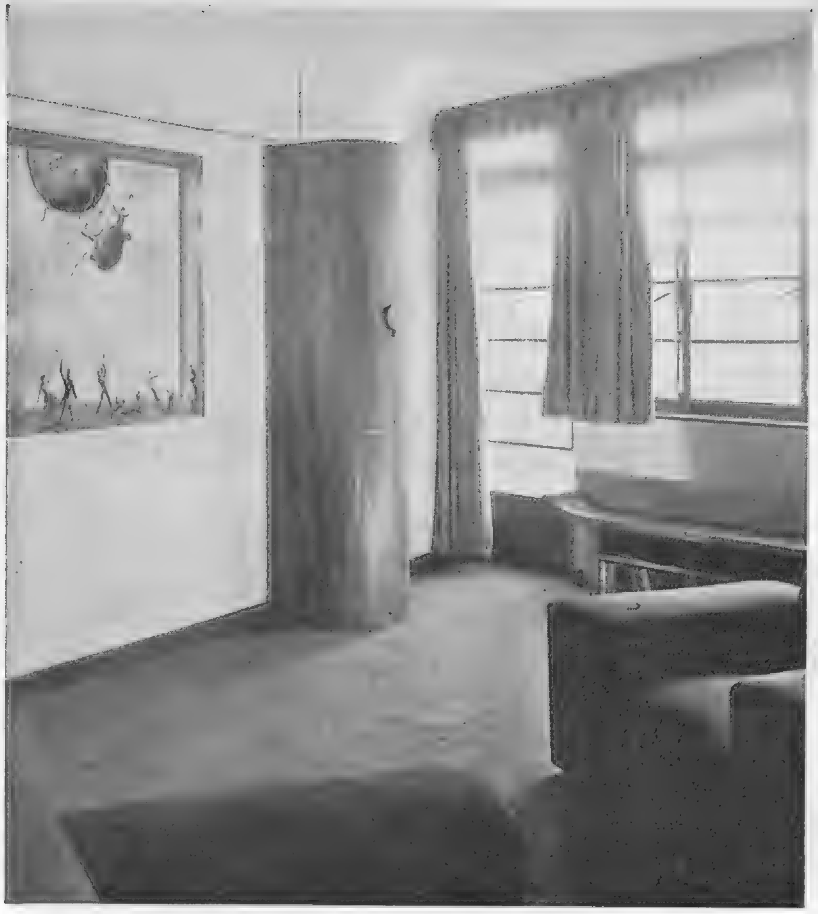
That is to say, a house that is thoroughly well designed and soundly constructed of good materials, though possibly rather more costly at the start, will prove to be less expensive in the long run, since the cost for repairs and upkeep will be reduced to a minimum.

To buy a house that is adequate for present needs without thought for future ones is a very extravagant undertaking. It is far less expensive to take a house that is too large for present needs than to commit oneself to a home that will suffice only for a year or two.

The best possible situation for a house is a high one, reasonably sheltered from prevailing winds. Trees may make an attractive picture, but they should be regarded with suspicion if they are too close to the house. In the country and the outer suburbs ditches, and even the most attractive nearby stream, are apt to



Another view of the lounge above showing the fireplace of mottled marble and the modern furnishing, which is in shades of vivid rust and dove-grey



A HOUSE . . .

prove a detriment. Many house-owners have found this to their cost during the recent heavy rains.

The question of subsoil is important—more so, of course, in country than in town. Clay and peaty land are apt to foster rheumatism and bronchitis, being damp, but gravel, chalk and sand subsoils, being dry, are healthier.

In these days of " sun consciousness " most modern houses are planned so that every room receives its quota of the life-giving light, but it is impossible to emphasise too much the advisability of choosing a house which is carefully planned to take the best advantage of the sun.

Early morning sunshine in the bedrooms is more a necessity than a luxury, and a bathroom in the same situation has the most astonishing effect upon the spirits.

The east side of the house is the correct one for kitchen and bathroom. In this way the early risers get the benefit of the early sun.

Doors should be arranged so as not to cause draughts or to clash against each other. Doors and windows situated in relation to each other so as to cause through draughts are a menace to comfort, and fireplaces located in such a way as to make comfortable grouping round the fire impracticable should be avoided like the plague.

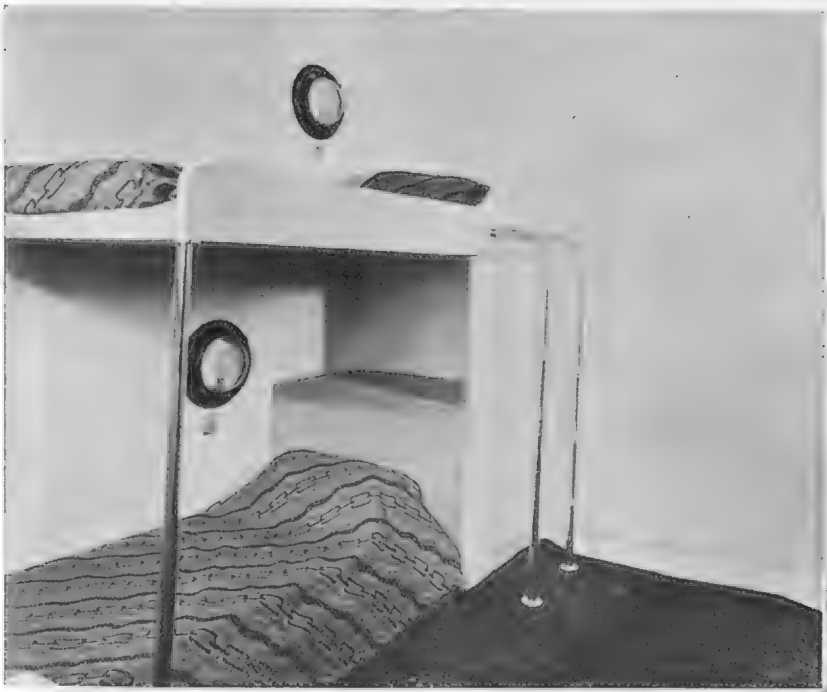
Windows are important for several reasons, ventilation, resistance to weather, cleaning, and the hanging of curtains being the most important. Sliding casements are used in the better modern houses, and prove to be a boon in every respect named above.

With regard to roofs, too many breaks caused by gables, hips, valleys and dormers, though picturesque, are not always so practicable as the roof of more simple design. Where a house is being " made to measure " the complicated roof design entails a large increase of labour and material in construction, and in all cases, through not carrying off the water so readily, is apt to lead to greater expense in future repairs.

The danger of wood splitting, shrinking and warping in the modern house is a very present one. In these days of unseasoned timber the tendency to limit the uses of wood in house construction is wise.

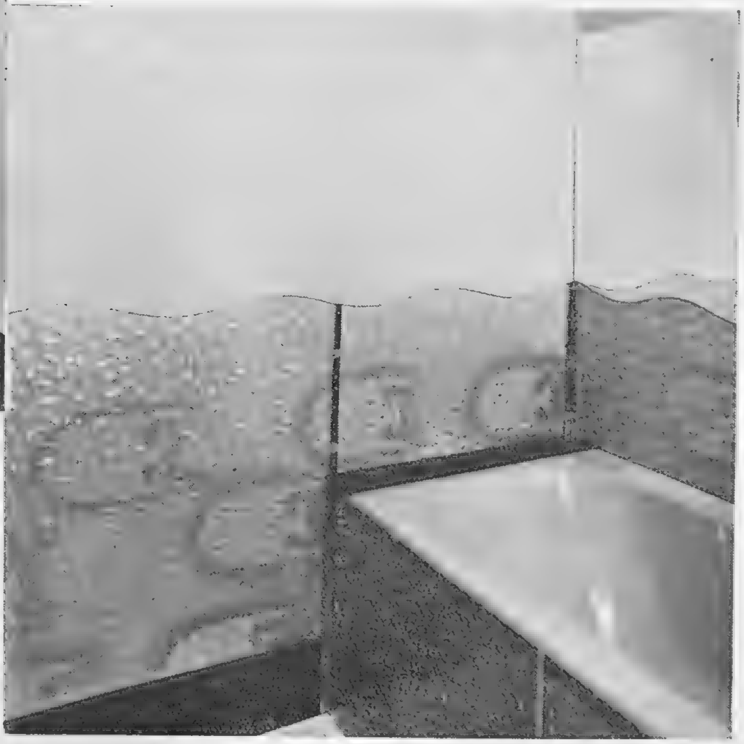
Ledges, linings, architraves and mouldings of wood are no longer thought to be a necessity in connection with doors and windows, but are, rather, regarded as a possible source of expense for painting and repair.

This view of a lounge above was taken in a new Basil Gordon house on the Mowbray Estate at Edgware. A mural decorates the wall, and an unusual cocktail cabinet in pillar form is seen on the right. The windows of this room can be folded back leaving the whole width of the room open to sun and air



One of the smaller bedrooms in the same house is treated in nautical style. A very space-saving scheme. Bunk beds are used, and excellently fitted cupboards do away with the necessity for much furniture

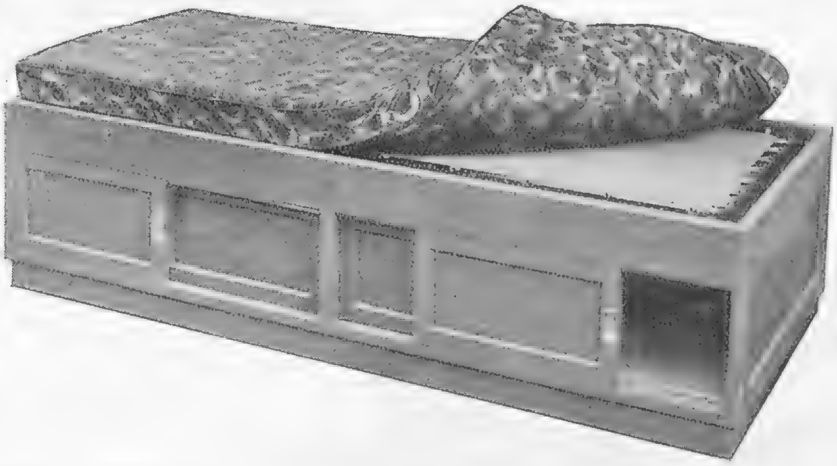
A bathroom in a house on the same estate stippled in sea green with a four-foot dado of ripple glass behind which decorative fish are stencilled



By Joan

Cupboard Cleverness

A good built-in fitment for the smallest cottage sitting-room



An alternative to the untidy under-the-bed dress boxes, and a good way of parking your out-of-season kit (Lloyd Loom)

THE clamour for cupboards and yet more cupboards has resulted in the provision by architects of cupboards wherever possible.

But, even then, before you move into your new place, or before you finally adjust matters after a renovation, or even after a spring clean, go through the extra cupboard and storage possibilities of your home.

In one small point alone it will, or it should, definitely save you money. With more storage space you can buy in bulk, store, and save the extra cost of buying in small quantities.

The result of bitter experience led me to go grimly around my own house and exploit cupboard space to the utmost. A room-to-room research was not enough. These days, even passages have to earn their keep.

Most small houses and flats have the same bedroom problems that I had. Where can you file summer kit in winter, store sports equipment, shoes ?

The question of filing your clothes seems to me vital. The mending-box, the soiled-linen equipment, and the stocking-drawer are the black spots of the busy bedroom.

A brief exploration of possibilities showed me that when you first equip your house you can install dress cabinets of a famous make; the same firm will build you in fitments with dress-filing equipment. This is worth thinking about.

To the ordinary householder wanting to spend as little as possible in tidying-up her equipment for dressing and sleeping, I would recommend the purchase of one good dress-cabinet or (cheaper) dress-chest, and the enlistment of the help of the local carpenter to install built-in cupboards for hats, shoes, medicines, cosmetics, and so on.

American whitewood is inexpensive, and the room can be lined with cupboards. Your fitted basin could be enclosed too.

Do not forget that the final touch of cupboard modernity is light. There is a utility safety holder designed for passages and lavatories by a famous firm, which can be used also in larger cupboards. It costs 5s. 6d. and takes 60-watt lamps or less and is only just over 5½ inches in projection from its ceiling.

A TALK with your electrician will probably enable you to install an automatic "on-and-off" with the opening and shutting of the cupboard doors.

There is a combined valet and soiled linen bin, not expensive, hygienic and tidy. This provides you with an alternative to just throwing your clothes aside when you change in a hurry.

Here Bowmans have designed a dining-table equipment capable of being stored (Bowmans)

Woollcombe

Solving Some of the Storage Problems of the Smaller Home

For the storage of your out-of-season clothes (which are better out of your wardrobe) there is an admirable divan with a sprung top (a Vono spring mattress, to be exact) and a Dunlopillo overlay and an enamelled wood base in the form of cupboards with sliding doors.

It is intended also for bedclothes storage, but is even more useful for the single room as a bed, made up, with clothes storage underneath.

Passages offer many cupboard possibilities. After all, you pay rent for them and, unless they are unusually narrow, they are ideal for storage, especially if your kitchen is small.

I have found, among others, two excellent passage cupboards.

The first, tall and slender, made by a famous firm of office furnishers, can be obtained in several types. It is metal, and can be painted, matt or shiny, to go with your walls.

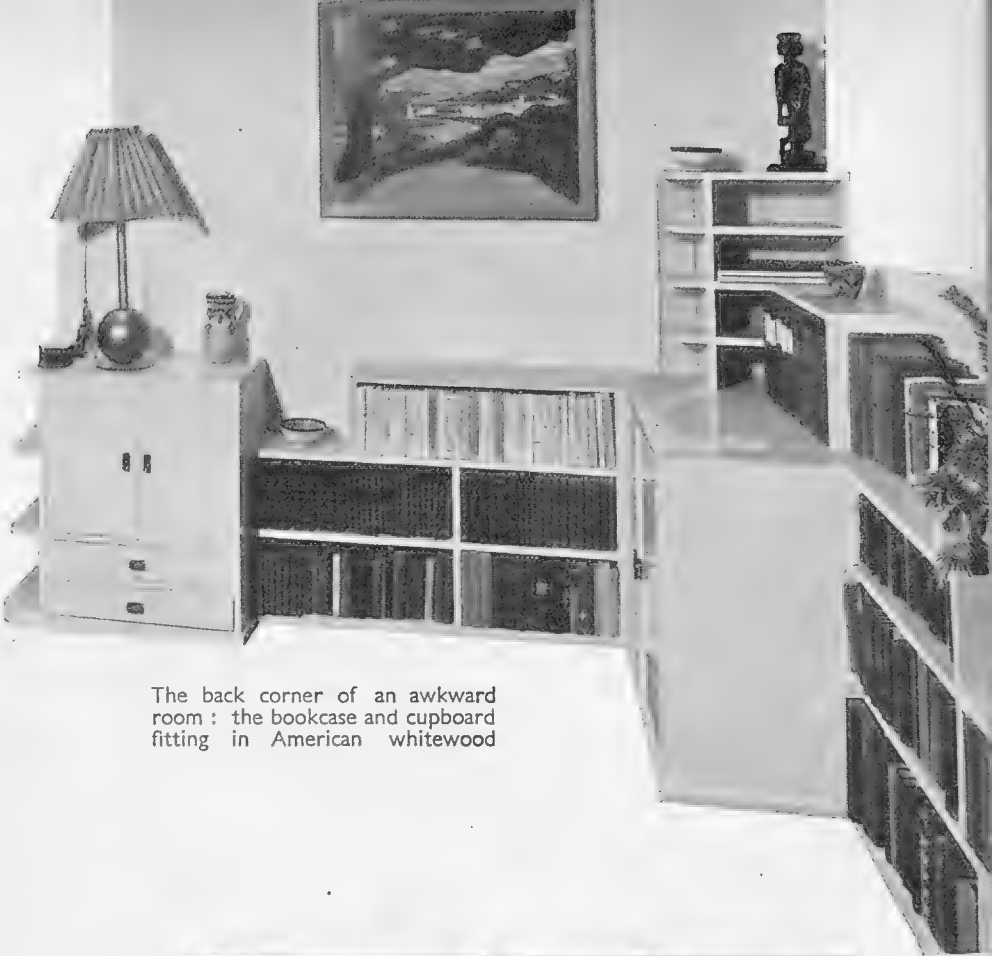
The passage where there are cupboards must be well lit. This, again, can be done by strategic placing of lights burning low-consumption bulbs, such as I have described for the bedroom.

The other type I discovered in the downstairs passages of a small house, between kitchen and back premises. It was a galvanised bin of the farm type, proof against damp, of course, about 3½ feet long and 2 feet high. It contained a carefully packed selection of dried goods bought by the prudent young woman who had studied market variations and—stored.

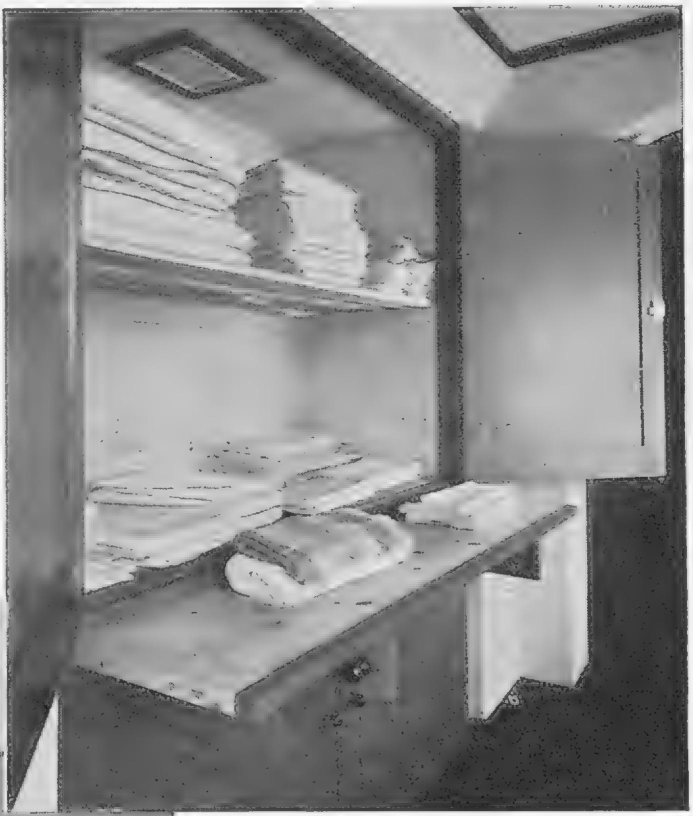
In the same house, as another solution of the storage problem, I found a fine vegetable and fruit rack, 4 feet high and some 2 feet odd broad, with 40 feet of storage space.

Here again the housewife had bought in larger quantities than usual of fruits and vegetables she could use fairly quickly for

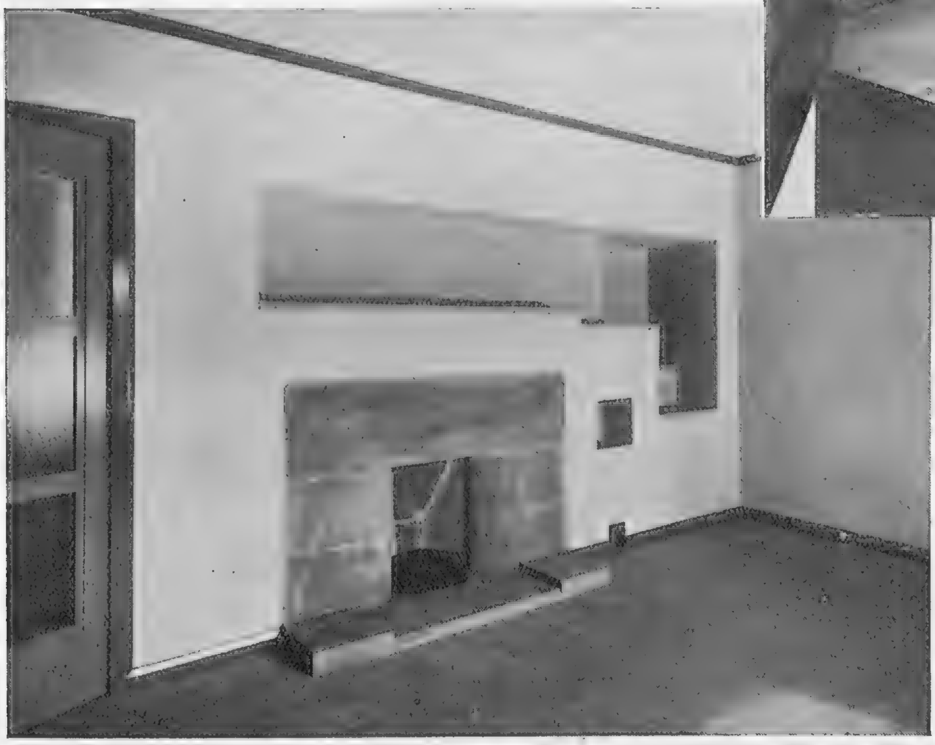
(*Continued on page* 110)



The back corner of an awkward room : the bookcase and cupboard fitting in American whitewood



This linen cupboard was built-in in the fairly narrow passage of a small flat



Here you see designed as part of the room the recesses for wireless, telephone and books (Alan G. Fortescue)

Please Pay Cash

There's one Drawback to Easy Money—it's never safe till you've got it

By

Herbert Shaw

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

WELLBY FOX didn't get about much these days.

After all, he was sixty, and rich enough to stay in bed if he liked, with that poor fool Sommeren doing everything for him, and all the work of the white house in its big desolate grounds. You didn't spend money if you stayed snug in bed, and Wellby hated spending money, though he dreamed of nobly spending money later on.

That was all planned—magnificently planned. Wellby was not a kind man, and it was one of his pleasures to taunt the pauper Sommeren with the glories of that dream.

He had found Charles Victor Sommeren on his uppers, had struck a hard bargain with him, and had joyfully sacked his housekeeper, who had a rough tongue and no fear of a mean employer. So now Sommeren cleaned the rooms and the brass curios, did the errands, and the cooking, and the garden, and odd repairs, and valeted his master, for ten shillings a week and all found. It was better than starving, but he was not too happy about it, for he had known the fun of spending money in his time.

Charles Victor Sommeren had come down in the world. If he had not known this already Wellby Fox was fond of telling him so.

Comfortably propped in bed, he manœuvred into place the fresh hot-water bottle which the baited Sommeren had just brought him, and told him so once again.

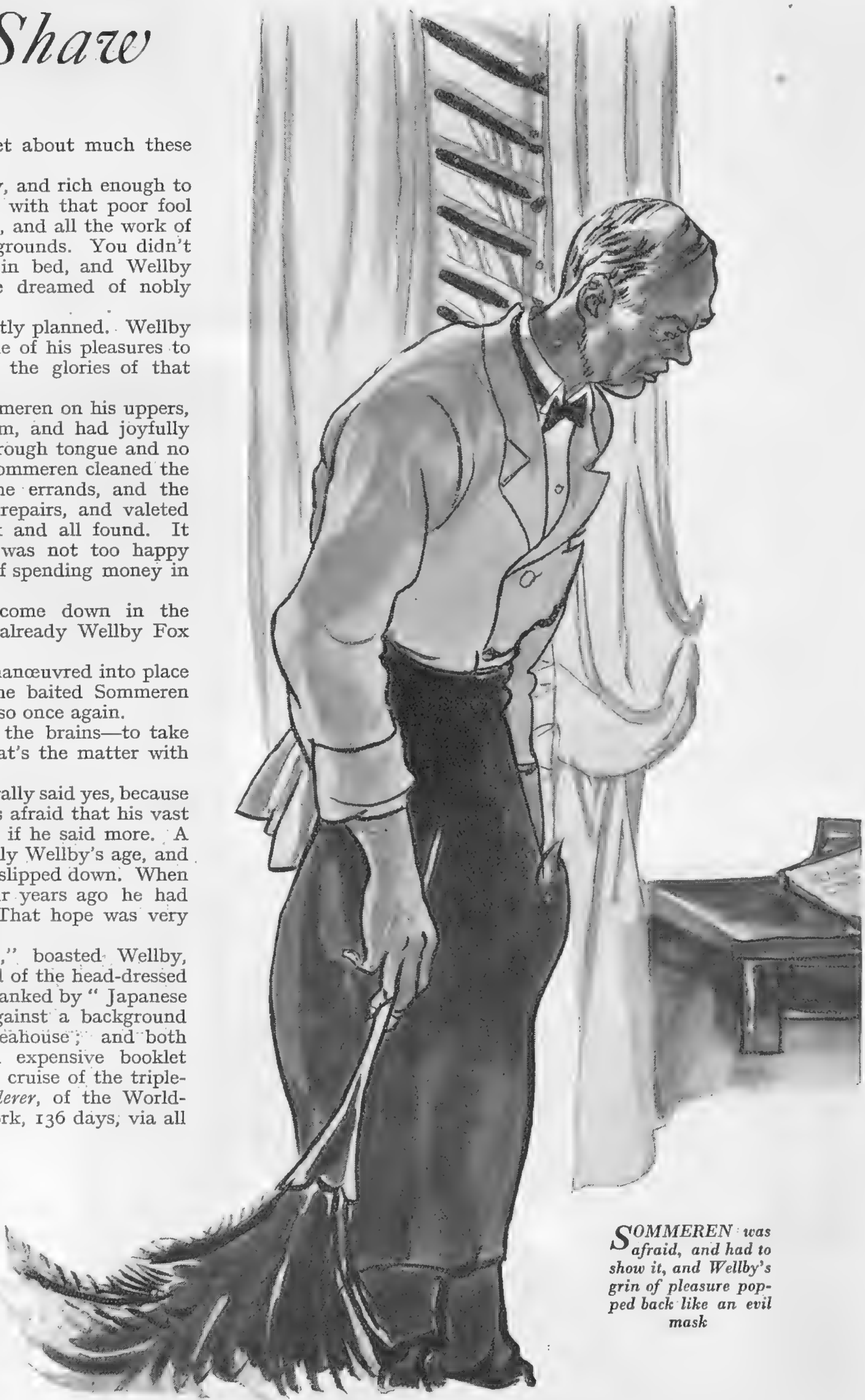
" You never had the sense—or the brains—to take precautions, Sommeren. That's what's the matter with you. Aren't I right ? "

" Yes," said Sommeren. He generally said yes, because it saved trouble, and because he was afraid that his vast hatred for his employer might show if he said more. A job was a job, and he was very nearly Wellby's age, and life was a fierce enemy once you had slipped down. When he had entered Wellby's service four years ago he had thought there might be pickings. That hope was very dim now, but it was still there.

" I've always taken precautions," boasted Wellby, and leered at the photogravure panel of the head-dressed " Girl on Bali," on the wall. It was flanked by " Japanese Idyll," which showed three girls against a background of abundant blossom and a Kobe teahouse ; and both pictures had been taken from an expensive booklet describing the itinerary of the world cruise of the triple-screw de luxe steamer *World Wanderer*, of the World-America line. New York to New York, 136 days, via all the show places of the earth.

Wellby Fox was going on that lordly trip, joining the boat at Madeira. He had booked a suite de luxe for one person—bedroom, sitting-room, bath and trunk room for six hundred and twenty pounds, and had already paid a third of the passage money according to company's regulations.

He was going to pay the balance in a few months' time, when an endowment insurance



SOMMEREN was afraid, and had to show it, and Wellby's grin of pleasure popped back like an evil mask policy, which he had kept going for twenty-five years, fell due. The policy was for two thousand pounds. Wellby's eyes glittered as he paraded this wealth before his slave for the hundredth time, and the black skull cap he wore day and night, indoors and out, seemed to sharpen the gloating malice in his look.

"You're not listening, Sommeren, and that's a pity—it's never too late to learn. Two thousand pounds is a lot of money; it'll be the best end of four hundred more than that, with the bonuses—pretty good, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Sommeren, who hadn't two thousand pence. And Sommeren would have liked to murder him in that very second, and Wellby knew that, and laughed. The sound of his laugh made Sommeren feel that his nerves were a row of spikes, but it gave Wellby pleasure. It wouldn't be possible for him to be afraid of Sommeren—that poor luckless fool. For to Wellby the master, Sommeren had nothing and was nothing except just a human joke, a joke he could enjoy again and again.

"Don't think of any dirty work about me, Sommeren. I take precautions. I do things my way. That's why I'm stopping in bed such a lot, so that I shall be fit and fresh for that holiday of mine. The day that money comes along, I'm away. Do you know I've fixed up with the branch manager of the insurance people here to pay me cash—I insisted on it, although they tried to make a fuss. I've got it in black and white. I like real money."

"You've told me before," growled Sommeren. "I hope you have a good time. But that cruise doesn't start for over six months."

"Perhaps I'll wait here till I start for Madeira to meet the *Wanderer*. It won't matter to you. All I'm telling you is that you'll be without a job."

Sommeren was afraid, and had to show it, and Wellby's grin of pleasure popped back like an evil mask.

"But you told me that I could stop in the house, and you promised to keep on my wages while you were away. You said——"

"I've changed my mind. The place is falling to pieces, and I can't trust you to look after it. You're lazy, Sommeren—that's always been your curse. Why, when I thought about having a car you were going to make the big shed into a garage, and put down a proper floor . . . there's all those bags of cement still untouched. You haven't done a thing."

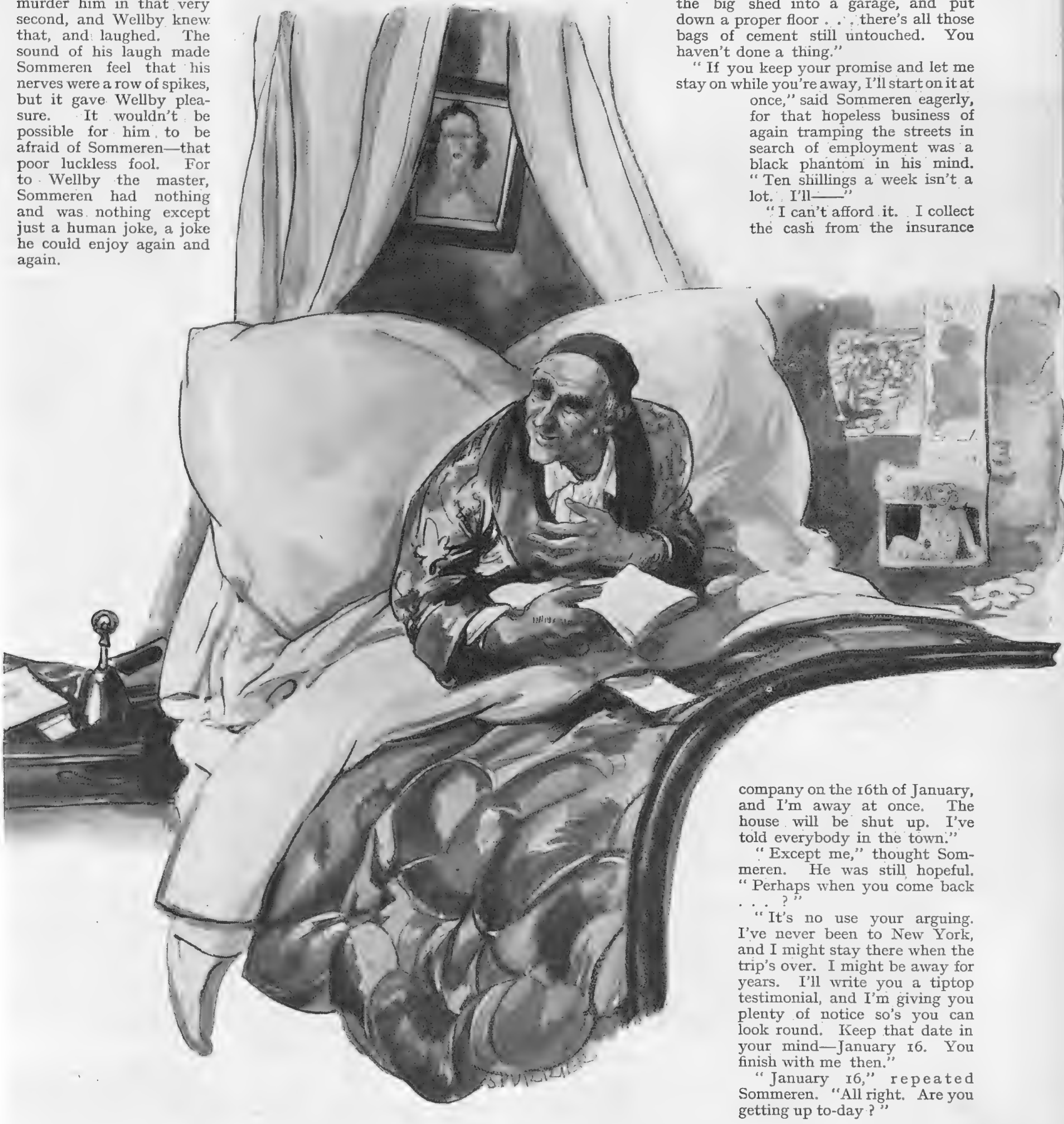
"If you keep your promise and let me stay on while you're away, I'll start on it at once," said Sommeren eagerly, for that hopeless business of again tramping the streets in search of employment was a black phantom in his mind. "Ten shillings a week isn't a lot. I'll——"

"I can't afford it. I collect the cash from the insurance company on the 16th of January, and I'm away at once. The house will be shut up. I've told everybody in the town."

"Except me," thought Sommeren. He was still hopeful. "Perhaps when you come back . . . ?"

"It's no use your arguing. I've never been to New York, and I might stay there when the trip's over. I might be away for years. I'll write you a tiptop testimonial, and I'm giving you plenty of notice so's you can look round. Keep that date in your mind—January 16. You finish with me then."

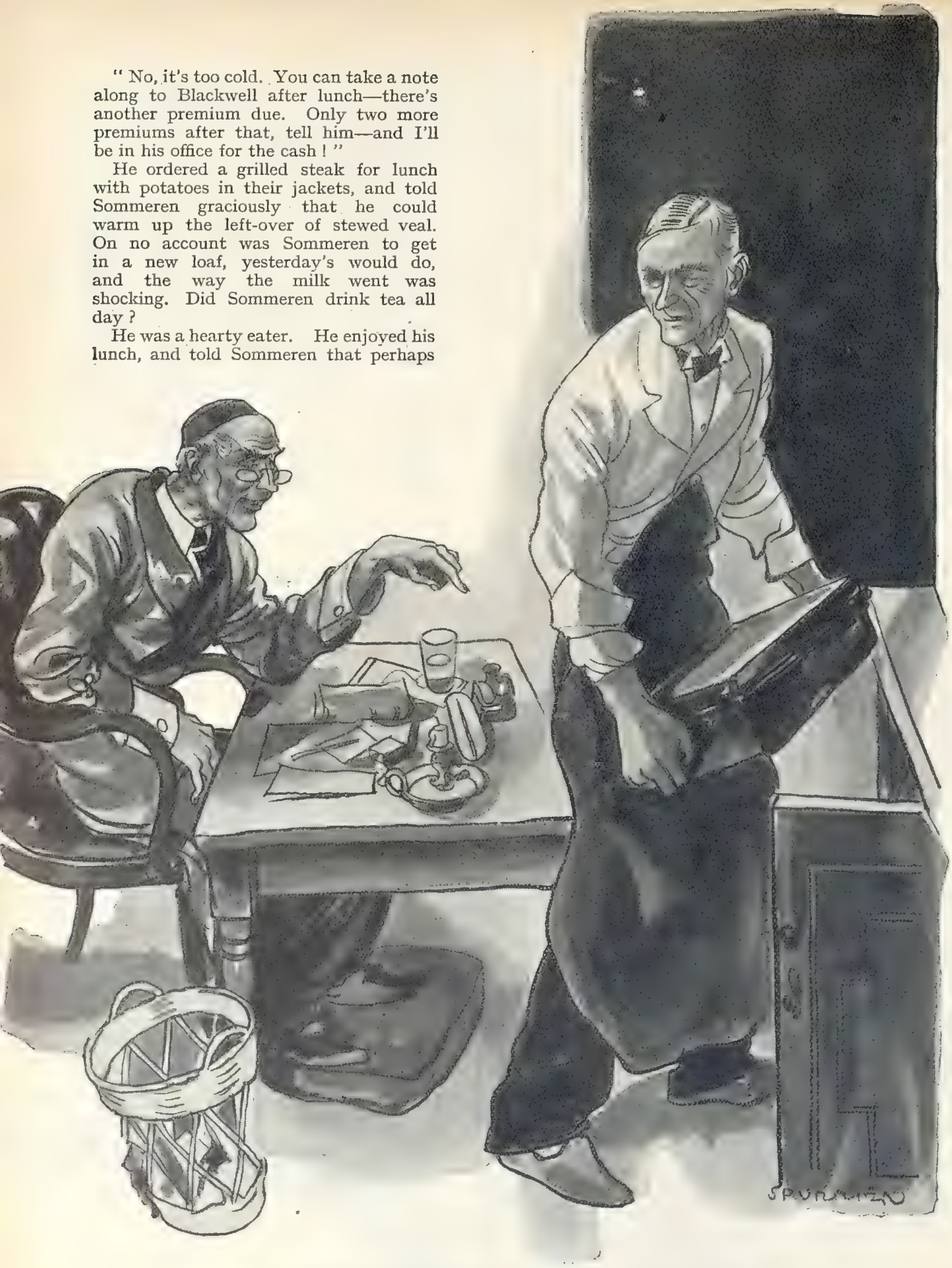
"January 16," repeated Sommeren. "All right. Are you getting up to-day?"



" No, it's too cold. You can take a note along to Blackwell after lunch—there's another premium due. Only two more premiums after that, tell him—and I'll be in his office for the cash ! "

He ordered a grilled steak for lunch with potatoes in their jackets, and told Sommeren graciously that he could warm up the left-over of stewed veal. On no account was Sommeren to get in a new loaf, yesterday's would do, and the way the milk went was shocking. Did Sommeren drink tea all day ?

He was a hearty eater. He enjoyed his lunch, and told Sommeren that perhaps he couldn't help being a fool, but he was a first-class cook.



" *Just stick it in the cupboard there—it's no use to anybody but me* "

Sommeren did not say " Thank you " for that compliment, because he wasn't listening.

There was something on his mind.

THERE was an echo in the mind of Sommeren, the patient butt and servant of Wellby Fox, that unjust and unpleasant master.

It continued to echo, with a persistence unreasonable and painful.

Wellby Fox dozed upstairs.

Sommeren washed up and made ready to go on his errand to Blackwell, the manager of the branch office of the insurance company, and puzzled all the time about the meaning of that echo.

He wished he were secure, like Wellby, with no fear of that dreadful business of looking for another job. He longed for Wellby's money. That prospect of worklessness terrified him, for he had known it before—its hunger and cold darkness and fatigue.

He was too old now for that front line of misery, for he was almost Wellby's age. So Sommeren longed to be Wellby—or to be rich like Wellby without Wellby's mean and cruel mind.

January 16.

Wellby Fox had said January 16, and Sommeren could not banish that continuing echo from his consciousness, and he passionately wanted to know why.

He went into the hall to get his coat. Wellby's grey overcoat was there, too, and one of the old velvet skull caps Wellby Fox always wore. Sommeren hated the look of it. But with an action which was almost involuntary he reached for it and put it on. And he pulled it just a little sideways, the way his master wore it, and looked into the strip of mirror let into the hallstand. In that startling second a little cry was shaken from him, for he could have believed it was the face of Wellby Fox that looked back at him from the glass.

It was an illusion, of course, but it was a fascinating illusion. Both Wellby Fox and he had commonplace features, eyes of a light colour and a small nose, and they were nearly of a height. There was nothing special in the appearance of either of them for the observer to mark and remember, except the unusual velvet cap.

So in that second it seemed to Sommeren that what he had hoped had happened. He *was* Wellby, rich and unafraid of the future. Suddenly he experienced a further shock, another revelation. The solution of the bothering echo came to him.

Wellby Fox had made a mistake.

Sommeren remembered a day when Wellby had unlocked a deed case, and had taken out the two thousand pound policy. He had flaunted it with pride, and had not even troubled to relock the case. " Just stick it in the cupboard there—it's no good to anybody but me."

The date upon which the insurance company was to pay Wellby Fox was not January 16. It was January 6.

(" And they're paying me in cash, Sommeren," the man with money had boasted to the man without any money. " I've arranged for that. I've arranged for everything. Everything ! I know where I am—I take—precautions ! ")

The man with the skull cap of his master stared at his image in the glass. Oh yes, he wasn't unlike Wellby ! But vanity is at our shoulder till the last fog comes, and so Sommeren thanked God that his nose was not so sharp as Wellby's, not so meanly pointed. Also he said to himself that fools could make money—which is a delusion common to the failures of the world—and that Wellby had made money, but Wellby didn't know how to spend it.

Sommeren did.

He had proved it more than once, before he had crashed to nothing. There was a place on the East Coast where he had lived under another name for his own good reasons. He had sailed his own little boat, gone out on the saltings with a gun, been friendly with everybody and well liked. Only pressure of business had called him back to London then, but he had promised to return some time.

That little village had never known him as Sommeren, and would give him safe hiding still.

Wellby Fox woke, and called. "Haven't you gone *yet*?"

"Just ready." Sommeren pulled off the cap and went upstairs for his instructions, and his employer growled as he gave him the note for Blackwell, the manager of the insurance office.

"Get a book from the library, and don't be gone all day. I don't know what you can be thinking of lately, you're the slowest thing that crawls."

And Sommeren crawled downstairs, moving very slowly, because a dream of having money drove his mind headlong between fear and exultation and desire. Had he the courage? It seemed so easy—was there a trap in it?

He thought very swiftly, answering problems between stair and stair, for his own action had to be settled now. It could not be postponed.

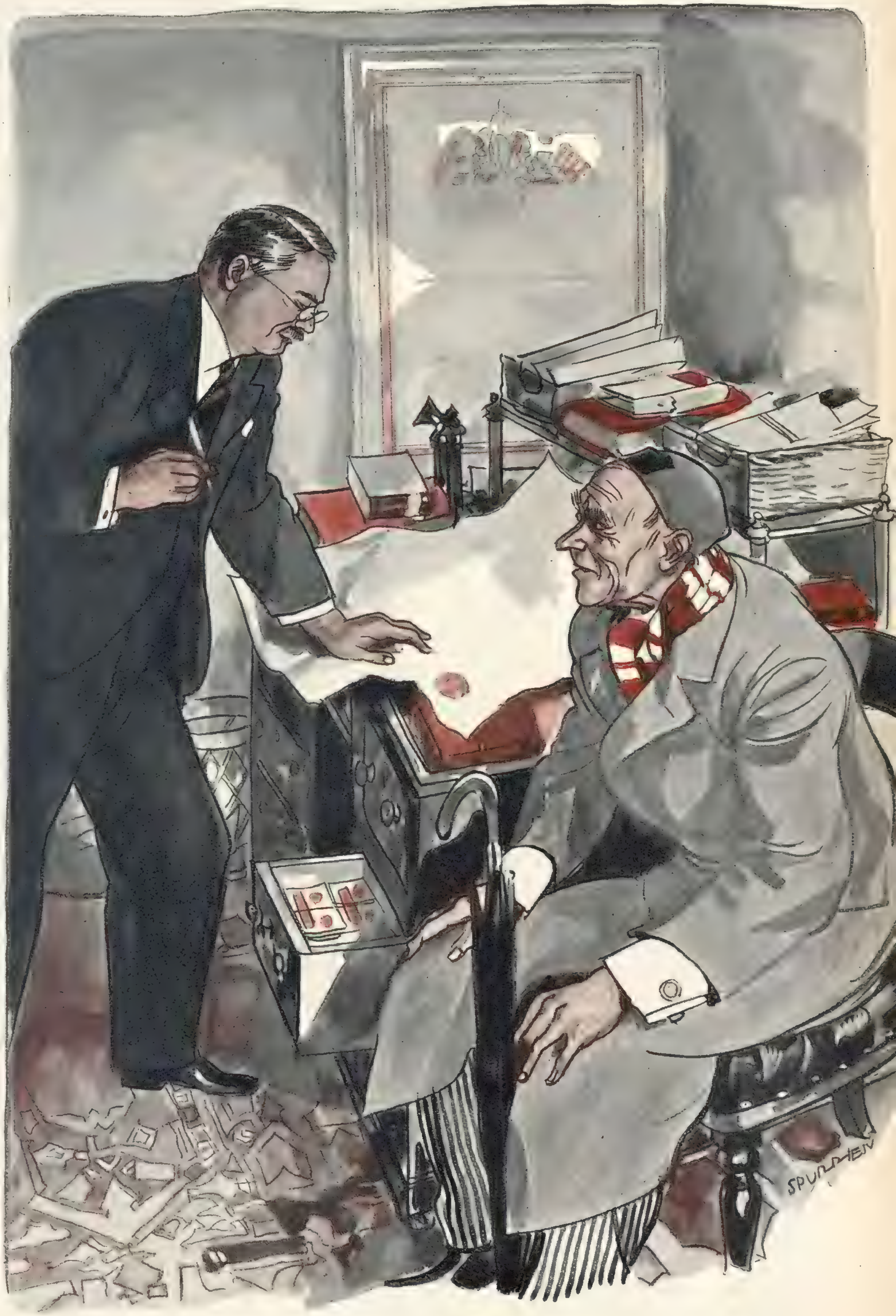
Two thousand pounds were due upon January 6. Wellby did not expect payment till the 16th.

A gap of ten good days. Why, Wellby had scarcely been out of the house at all these last months. Sommeren did all his business. People—meaning doctor and stationer and Blackwell, the insurance manager—only knew Wellby's velvet cap, that shabby grey coat, the robust walking-stick and his expressionless white face.

Sommeren had put on the old cap again now, was examining himself once more in the mirror.

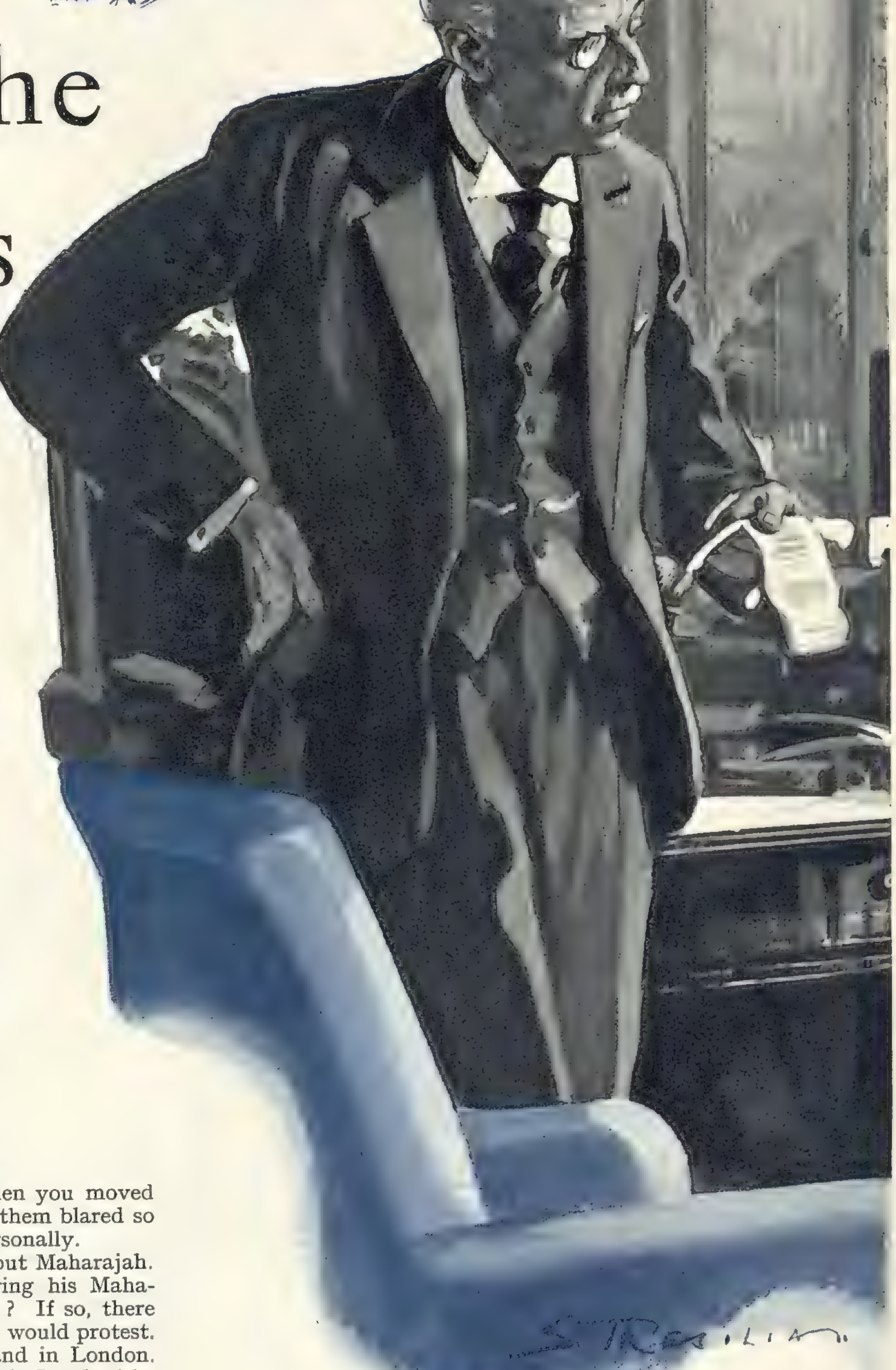
Where was there any door for failure? Supposing Wellby happened to find out his mistake about the date? No harm done, since Sommeren was sacked already, or would be sacked directly Wellby was ready. The insurance people would want a receipt for the cash, naturally. Well, there was a lot of time to make oneself perfect in the matter of Wellby's signature.

Sommeren put on the shabby grey coat, adjusted the cap, gathered the walking-stick, walked out of the house, and became Wellby Fox, Esq. As Wellby Fox, he would collect over two thousand pounds (*Continued on page* 90)



"THERE'S just one thing more, Mr. Fox—a safeguard you yourself insisted upon—but that won't take a moment"

Where the Thrushes Sing—



THERE were always some who called the Viceroy a fool. Whatever he did was wrong, anyway.

Sometimes, looking out from his window in Simla on the Himalayan snows, he often wondered what anybody else would do.

He could see, in his mind's eye, the teeming plains below with thirty millions of people, all but a million or two in poverty, all of them always either complaining or so resigned that it seemed like sullenness; 300 princes, one with a breastplate of pearls worth £4,000,000, one with 370 wives, one whose toys were every known musical instrument that the world had made, one to whom such reverence was paid that even Bikanir, personal aide-de-camp to the King, grasped his feet in reverence when they met.

Plagues had gone. Famine was forgotten. Leprosy and malaria were well under control. The work of thousands of English doctors had at last caused a new era of health to dawn.

But there were always new problems—over-population now and the ever-rising tide of Nationalism.

Whatever you did, you got the blame.

And, all the time, Whitehall pressed. Long private cables came. Sometimes you felt like a prisoner in the world's largest jail. Yet, when you moved out, armies stood at attention, the National Anthem blared so loudly that it sounded as though it meant you personally.

There was that letter yesterday about a Rajput Maharajah. The Political Agent had accused him of murdering his Maharanee. Should he threaten him with deposition? If so, there were his many political friends in Whitehall who would protest. He had dined and wined them in India, yes and in London. In India there had been tigers for them to shoot, in London the latest cabaret show, hired specially for a private party.

If he did not act, the whole of India would laugh at him. If he did—well, what would Whitehall say?

Then there was the cable from London. It was lying on his desk. It read: "Secretary of State to Viceroy. Private and Confidential. Urge you secure rupee ratio one and eightpence."

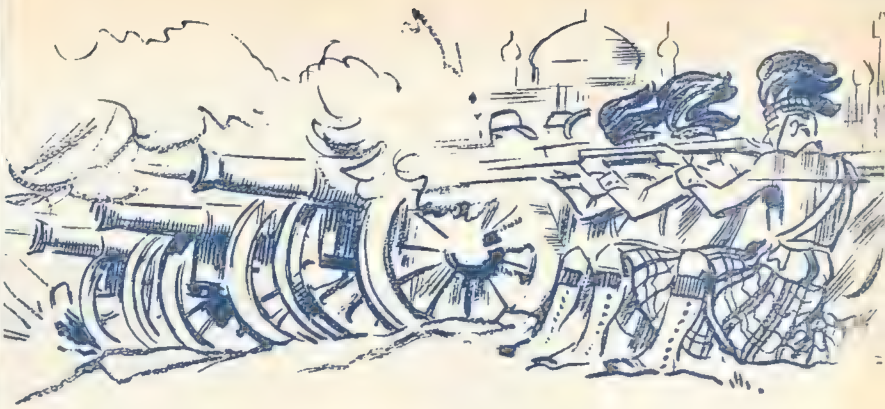
London bankers were complaining. The City wanted higher dividends.

If he agreed, the Viceroy knew that more millions would have to be squeezed out of the peasants. If he refused—well, everyone still talked of how even the mighty Curzon went. . . .

The Viceroy glanced down at the long list of political prisoners, that day's names of those pleading for mercy. If he pardoned them, fresh troubles would arise.

Two of them had been with his son at Cambridge and had been his guests. But the British Raj must be maintained.

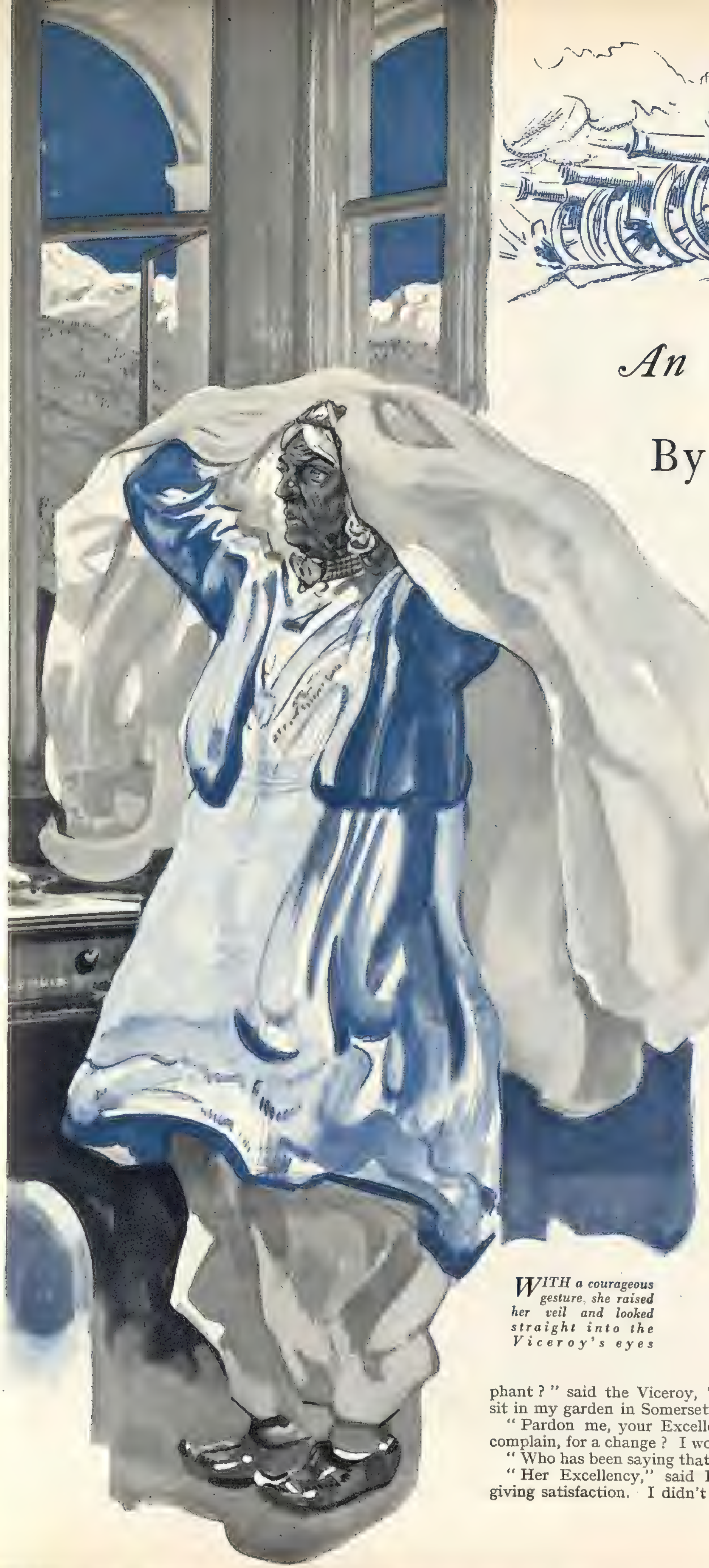
"Be harsher," Whitehall was urging. But, in both harshness and mercy, there were new problems.



An Indian Drama

By Hannen Swaffer

Illustrated by S. Tresilian



WITH a courageous gesture, she raised her veil and looked straight into the Viceroy's eyes

THEN Baby Elephant fell in. Well, he could laugh at him, anyway. They called him "Baby Elephant" from Simla to Cape Comorin, and from Calcutta to Karachi.

Even in the bazaars they jeered sometimes—but only when he had passed by, for Baby Elephant could have rolled over them like a real elephant rolling over fleas.

Baby Elephant stood at attention.

"Your appointments for the day, your Excellency," he said.

The first one, at ten, was an Indian lady. Three members of the Council had to meet his Excellency at 10.30. At 11, the Trade Commissioner was due with his annual report. At 12, a tourist with a letter of introduction from the Liberal Member for Bugswash was to call. Well, a lunch at Viceregal Lodge would satisfy him.

Then, right on till five, there were callers of all kinds—Indian politicians making complaints and seeking favours. At four, the Commander-in-Chief was to talk about the "terrible state," as he always called it, of the Army in India and to demand more money.

"Do you know, Baby Elephant?" said the Viceroy, "I often yearn for the day when I can sit in my garden in Somerset and listen to the thrushes."

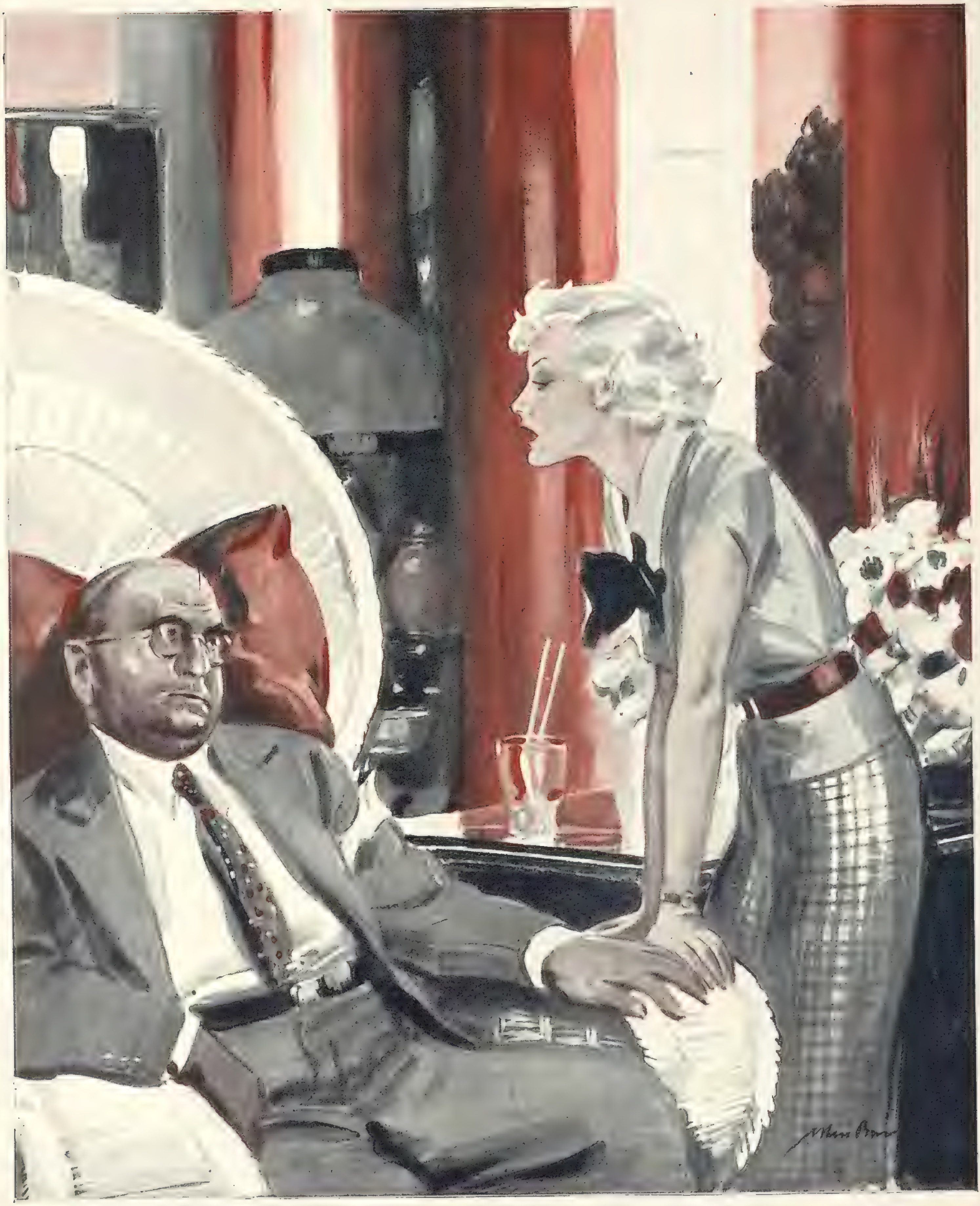
"Pardon me, your Excellency," said Baby Elephant, "but may I complain, for a change? I won't be called 'the clumsiest ass in Asia.'"

"Who has been saying that?" said the Viceroy.

"Her Excellency," said Baby Elephant. "I'm afraid I'm not giving satisfaction. I didn't want the job.

(*Continued on page 115*)

Morality Claws



"IS it my fault," wailed Mr. Graystone in mounting crescendo, "that now when you're the best bets on the screen, the pair of you all of a sudden want to go decent?" "What do you mean—decent?" Nan flung in his teeth. "We've never been anything else"

Hollywood doesn't make a Matrimonial Problem any easier to work out

By Rita Weiman

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

"THE Artist agrees to conduct himself with due regard to public conventions and morals, and agrees that he will not do or commit any act or thing that will tend to degrade him in society or bring him into public hatred, contempt, scorn, or ridicule, or that will tend to shock, insult or offend the community or ridicule public morals or decency, or prejudice the Producer or the motion picture, theatrical or radio industry in general."

Mr. Emil Graystone paused, then portentously repeated: "That will tend to degrade him in society or bring him into public hatred, contempt, scorn or ridicule."

Here he reclined in the fan-backed chair, folded plump hands across his Pickwickian girth and looked over horn-rimmed spectacles as a schoolmaster might frown reprovingly at some recalcitrant pupil.

Frowning at Nan Royce was a delicate job. Prior to the motion picture gods' decree that being the blonde type, she must have a rim of golden curls framing her heart-shaped face, Nan's hair had been unqualified red. Not mahogany, nor copper, nor the colour of autumn leaves, but rabid Irish red. Nature had seen to it that hair and eyes harmonised. At this moment, the volcanic eruption back of the dense lashes was fire behind smoke. Mr. Graystone was not unacquainted with these disturbances. When rumbles announced their imminence, he took refuge in a barricade of innocent helplessness.

"You see how it is." He laid the document conspicuously open on the table, whose only other decorations were a mint julep and an immense copper bowl of orange poppies. "You see how it is, my dear."

Nan's laugh held the same eruptive quality as her eyes. Mr. Graystone had the uncomfortable sensation that if she let it go full strength, the ceiling would crack and fall. She tossed back her short curls and sent a glance of supreme contempt down her nose until it rested on the equatorial circumference that constituted the producer's abdomen. Small as she was and large as was Mr. Graystone, she made him feel as though that shrivelling look consigned the entire motion picture industry to a thimble.

Mr. Emil Graystone's innocent gesture was frail defence. Nan pulled out the points of the Byronic white collar that spread from her full childish throat. She tugged down her green sweater with such emphatic hands that it stretched over the green and brown checked skirt like the skin of a sausage. Her legs were brown and bare above socks and flat-heeled brown oxfords. Leaning against a pillar of the Carrara marble fireplace, she appeared as tiny as a mottled green moth in the absurd vaulted proportions of her studio living-room. Yet she seemed to fill the room as with a few strides she was at the table, her fingers ripping the motion picture contract to shreds.

"That for your morality clause!" She went to the French window opening on elaborate formal gardens and the bits of paper fluttered heavenward, like a school of startled butterflies. "You think I'll let a few silly lines in a contract interfere with my happiness?"

"Did I say I don't want you to be happy?" protested the producer.

"That's just what it amounts to. You're telling me that I haven't the right to a woman's birthright"—and the heart-broken note was one that enchained Nan's public—"telling me I can't have babies——"

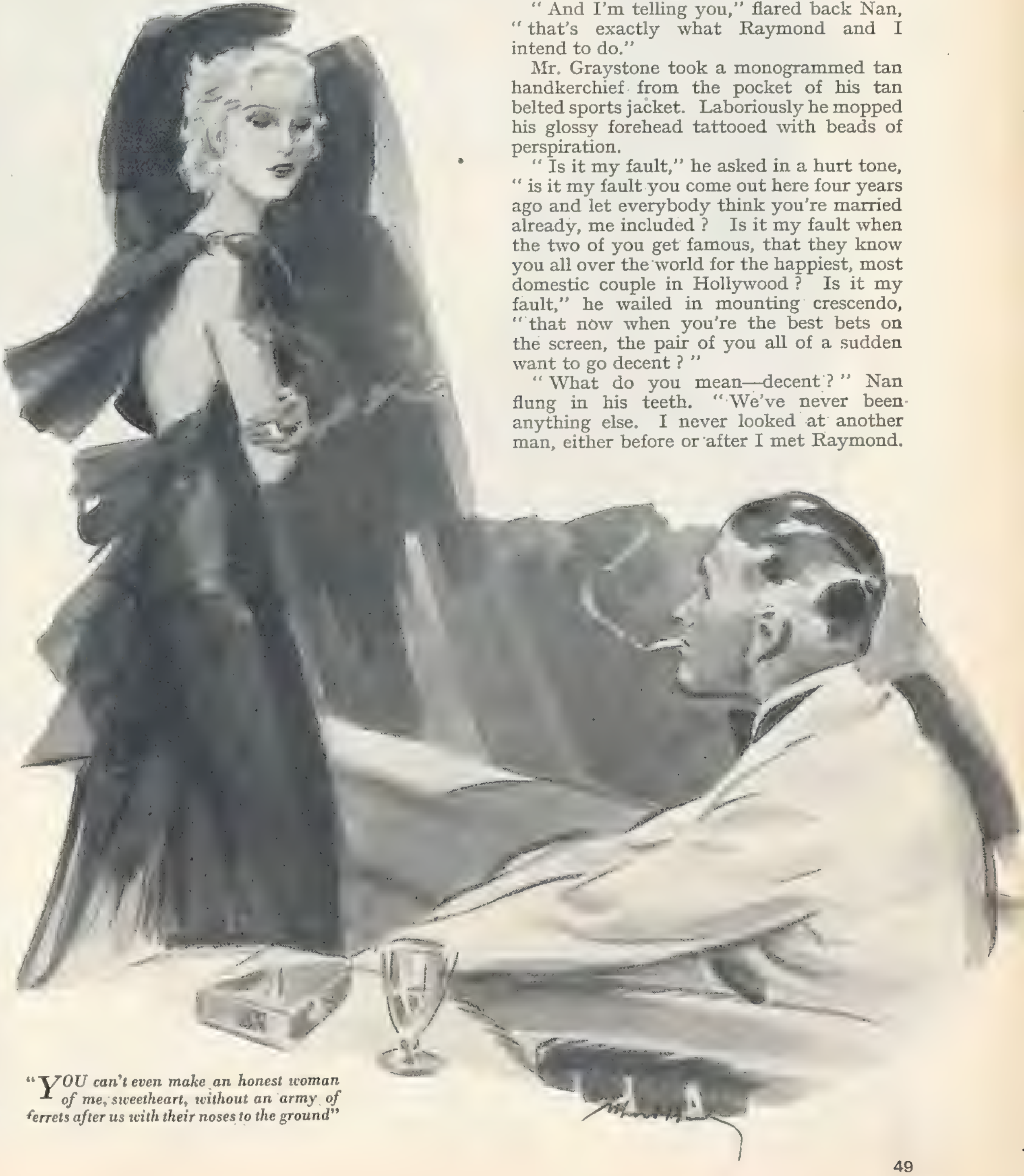
"Have as many babies as you like—within reason," amended Mr. Graystone with righteous haste. "What has that got to do with what I'm telling you? I'm only telling you"—his voice dropped as though the room bristled with unseen listeners—"you can't get *married*."

"And I'm telling you," flared back Nan, "that's exactly what Raymond and I intend to do."

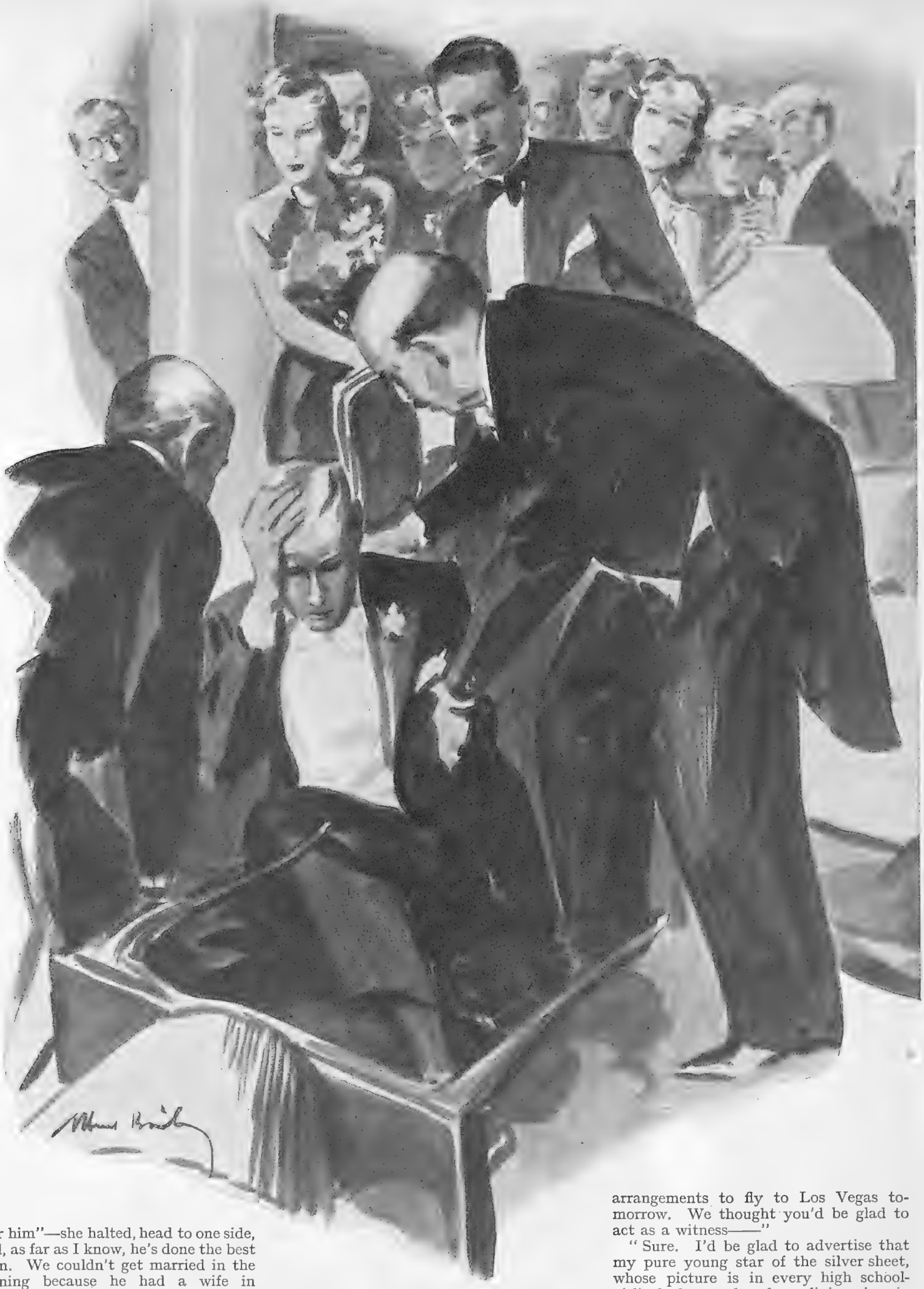
Mr. Graystone took a monogrammed tan handkerchief from the pocket of his tan belted sports jacket. Laboriously he mopped his glossy forehead tattooed with beads of perspiration.

"Is it my fault," he asked in a hurt tone, "is it my fault you come out here four years ago and let everybody think you're married already, me included? Is it my fault when the two of you get famous, that they know you all over the world for the happiest, most domestic couple in Hollywood? Is it my fault," he wailed in mounting crescendo, "that now when you're the best bets on the screen, the pair of you all of a sudden want to go decent?"

"What do you mean—decent?" Nan flung in his teeth. "We've never been anything else. I never looked at another man, either before or after I met Raymond.



"YOU can't even make an honest woman of me, sweetheart, without an army of ferrets after us with their noses to the ground"



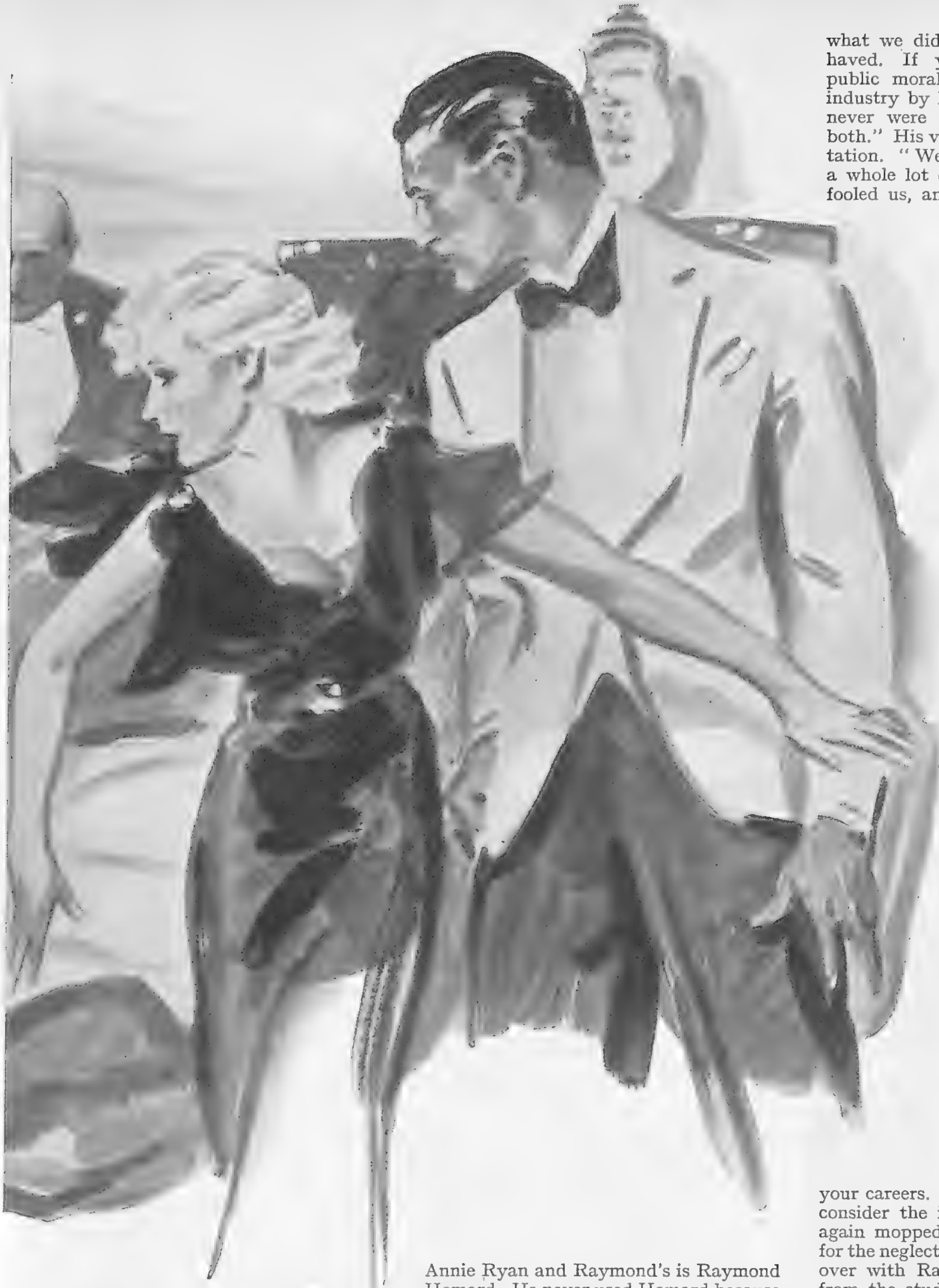
As for him"—she halted, head to one side, "well, as far as I know, he's done the best he can. We couldn't get married in the beginning because he had a wife in France. She was old enough to be his mother and he never saw her after he left Paris. But she wouldn't let him off when we fell in love. What would you have wanted him to do? Commit bigamy?"

"Listen—you think I'm criticising you? Not a bit. You were young and you were on the stage and you hadn't any money. That means you were just a pair of young jackasses. So you go to live together and say you're Mr. and Mrs. That's your business. But what you do now—that's my business."

"Try to stop us! The minute Raymond heard his wife was dead, we made arrangements to fly to Los Vegas tomorrow. We thought you'd be glad to act as a witness——"

"Sure. I'd be glad to advertise that my pure young star of the silver sheet, whose picture is in every high schoolgirl's bedroom, has been living in sin with the popular hero whose devotion to his supposed wife makes every woman in the United States believe marriage ain't so bad after all. That would be swell publicity."

"Why publicise it? We'll just sneak off——"



THE startled crowd held its breath in hushed excitement. Their host and a servant helped Clinton to his feet. Nan quickly stepped between the two men. Through the haze before his eyes, Raymond saw her face, a small white blur

"Pipe dreams. There ain't a place on God's green earth you could sneak to. They'd smell it out before the preacher got to 'Bless you, my children.' And what nuts for the chatter squirrels!"

"We won't go to Los Vegas, then. We'll find some place where they can't smell it out."

"You'd have to sign your names to the register, wouldn't you? Or did you want to be spliced under an alias?"

"That's it!" Nan jubilantly slapped her thigh. "That's the trick. We'll get married under our real names. Mine's Annie Ryan and Raymond's is Raymond Homard. He never used Homard because translated it means lobster."

"You're telling me! You think that's news? Margery Ewing had it all pat ready to print in her column the minute we starred you. Cost us a new car to shut her up. But not a soul knows you never went through a marriage ceremony. And nobody's going to. Not if I know what I'm doing."

"How do you think you can stop us?"

"Just the way you put that blank contract out of commission. Only the one I tear up has your name on it," he announced.

Nan took a deep breath. So deep that it left her momentarily without speech.

"You wouldn't dare!" she flamed at last.

"Busting the morality clause wide open is plenty of reason to dare. Look what we did to Duffy when he misbehaved. If you degrade and ridicule public morals and the motion picture industry by letting the world know you never were married, that finishes you both." His voice rose and fell as in incantation. "We'd have to let you out with a whole lot of ballyhoo about how you fooled us, and there ain't another company would sign you."

"You forget," Nan parried, "we came from the theatre. We can go back to it."

"With everybody laughing their head off at you? Not a chance!" Mr. Emil Graystone levelled himself out of the chair and squared his shoulders with a shake much as a rhino raises himself from deep water. "Now be sensible. We been arguing about this for an hour and we don't get anywhere. If I wasn't afraid even of having my own publicity man know something, I'd phone Harold to come and tell you there's nowhere to get."

"You're penalising decency this minute." Nan's voice was thick and all of a sudden she looked an unhappy child.

Mr. Graystone's indignation dissolved into sympathy.

"Now — now, listen. "I'm a married man myself. Say— wouldn't I like to see you kids do just what you want? Certainly I would. But you can't do it. You can't get away with getting married to-morrow when every picture fan in the world thinks you're married already five years. We got to consider your public and we got to consider your careers. And most of all, we got to consider the industry." Mr. Graystone again mopped his forehead and reached for the neglected mint julep. "You talk it over with Raymond when he comes in from the studio. He'll see sense. And for God's sake, don't do anything crazy." He flung out his hands. "So what? Everybody says you're Mr. and Mrs. You stay this way."

With which ultimatum, he finished the julep, patted Nan's shoulder. She shook off his hand. But before she could say another word, Mr. Graystone simultaneously took his straw hat and his departure. He did not even turn to look at the diminutive star as his car swung past the French window where she stood with brows meeting and lips like a scarlet slash in her piquant face. He kept an intent gaze on the beds of red tulips which gaily bordered the drive. If she called him back, the whole unpleasant session might have to be gone through again and again, like a story conference, far into the night.

(*Continued on page 118*)

Getting away from it all

The Clockless Day

NINETY per cent. of the nervous breakdowns among either business or professional people today are not due to their work but their Sundays.

They train or drive down miles into the country on Saturday. Join a party. Over-tennis, over-swim, over-golf, over-ride. Over-eat, naturally. Talk their heads off till the early hours of the morning. Under-sleep. Return home, utterly done in, to work on Monday.

Their idea is to crowd 36 hours of spare time with every available minute of excitement and hilarity. Good, but very tiring.

A leading Harley Street specialist told me that he would have been a wreck two years ago if he hadn't hit on a plan that saved his week-ends. Yet, he said, he had to be careful how he told his patients about it, or they would leave him, saying: "We've paid that man four guineas to tell us to sleep in a hedge."

"Whereas," he said, "although I do urge the importance of sleeping out of doors, especially in cases of anæmia and sleeplessness, it's a mere incident in my attempt to get back to the land and a primitive day. *A clockless day*, to be managed at least once a month, for convenience on a Sunday.

"You see, the only way of effecting a real change is to cut out the telephone, gramophone and wireless, every tag of civilisation. Even put your watch away. Let dawn and sunset mark the opening and close of a heavenly empty day, free from appointments, from routine or fixed hours for meals—and consequently filled with the unexpected, *for any and every person*, if they follow my way."

Here is his way.

Choose any part of the country, by hill or sea, that you have never seen before. But not more than 2 or 2½ hours away. Set out in twos or threes—more than five people will be difficult to manage—on a week-end that has, if possible, a fine-weather forecast.

Go by car or rail, and promptly, not later than by 4 p.m. on Saturday, forsake road and transport and strike across the fields with your knapsacks.

Lose yourselves. Get out of sight of habitation. Find the lee-side of some hedge on open ground, high and well-drained, with an entrancing view. Now light a fire to clear the site of flies and midges. Open the tea-flasks.

The bivouac-wise know that the quickest way to tea is to have it made at some farm and shot into a flask. A cooking-pot of some kind, however, will not come in amiss for early morning, when you need a hot drink.

That is, if you are sleeping out.

Many people still fight shy of this, convinced they will contract rheumatism, double pneumonia, or stiff aches and pains throughout the body. But a properly padded waterproof sleeping-bag that can be tightly or loosely laced about you should keep you as nicely sprung and warmer than the snuggest bed.

Sleeping on the ground—provided it is high ground—in such bags is far less likely to make you stiff than a lumpy feather mattress. Besides, so many delightful looking inns prove to be rather stuffy and damp, and nothing is so completely re-vitalising as a long rest in the open.

THERE is nothing hair-raising about spending a night in a field. The utmost that is likely to happen is that you will open your eyes in the dark to find scores of tiny lights blazing at you from the ground. As soon as you move, you hear a scamper off of rabbits. Then you turn to find the vast ceiling of stars above or a high-sailing moon.

No feeling of freedom can compare with this. And the freedom remains even if the sky is blotted out by clouds. In this case you draw the flap of your sleeping-hood a little further over your face and snuggle down tight again.

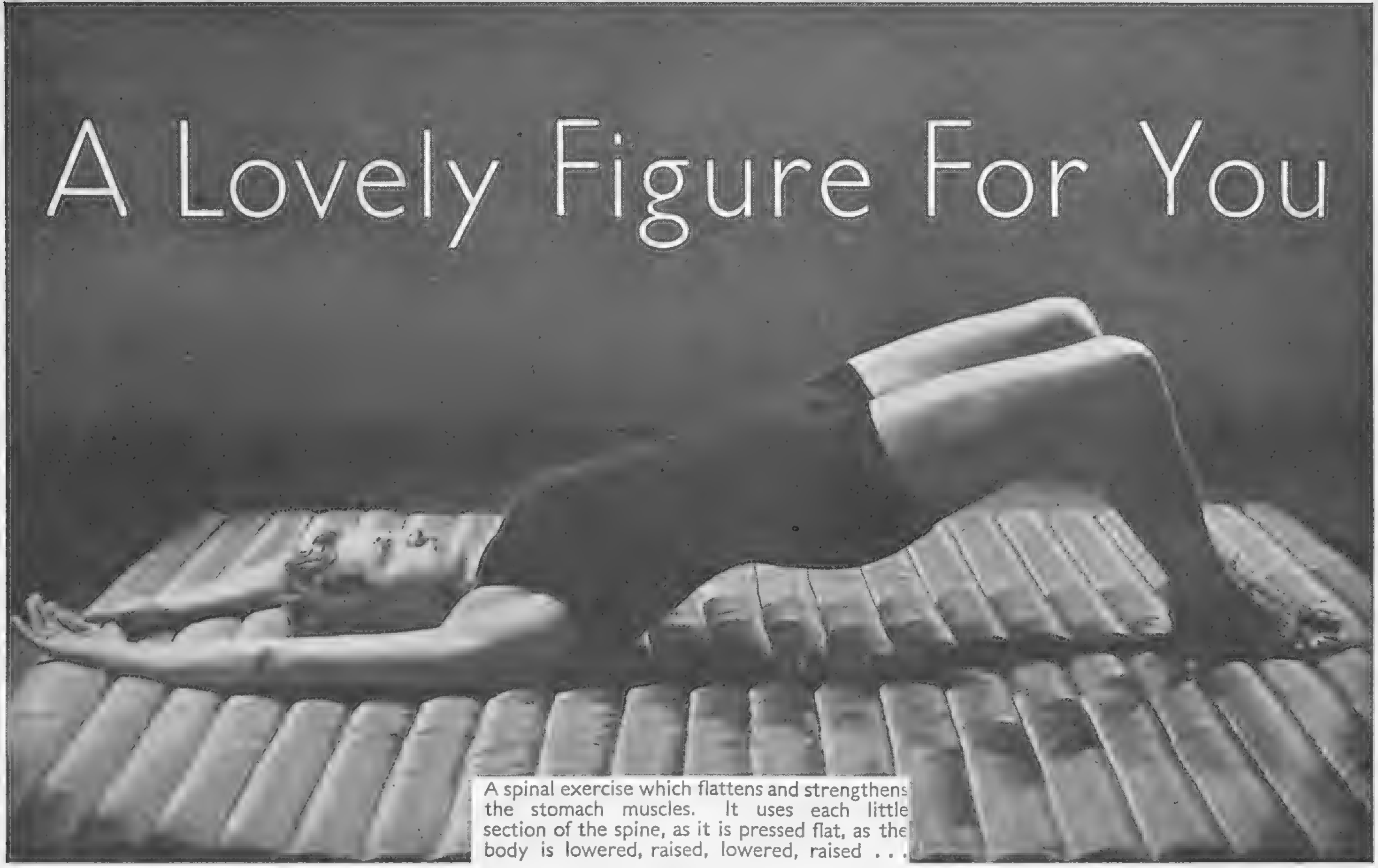
Wouldn't it be more weather-wise to go off in a caravan, or at least take a tent, you will ask. It would. But trailing a caravan and pitching a tent, ideal on a holiday, lead to more work on what is meant to be a fatigueless week-end.

However, if you shrink back and sleep at an inn, you will have the advantage of setting forth next morning well breakfast-lined, instead of having to seek water first. This is an adventure in itself; and remember here that local beer, cider, and milk are usually safer to drink than local water, unless there is a good spring.

(*Continued on page* 117)

By Chrysis

A Lovely Figure For You



A spinal exercise which flattens and strengthens the stomach muscles. It uses each little section of the spine, as it is pressed flat, as the body is lowered, raised, lowered, raised . . .

GENESIS tells us that the Lord Creator took a rib from Adam and made Eve. Since then, man has always been responsible for moulding woman.

And the dress-designer responsible for moulding some of London's loveliest women has set down the following proportions for the ideal figure of this year :—

Bust : a high, firm curve—35 in. to 37 in.

Waist—26 in. to 28 in.

Hips—34 in. to 36 in., but in all cases at least an inch less in circumference than the bust.

You will say this is just the old Garden of Eden story of breasts like pomegranates, wasp-waists and snake-hips.

Maybe. But I have discovered exercises that will make it a Garden of England story for any woman between sixteen and sixty-six who can work her muscles and knows *how to relax*.

Exercises that will ensure perfect spinal alignment, thereby imparting grace of posture, without which no figure can arrest attention, and with which even short bodies become attractive, and long, bony ones willowy.

Moreover, these are exercises that can be followed by women who have undergone severe abdominal operations, or women during and just after pregnancy who are anxious to build up their muscle framework and so regain a lissome contour rapidly.

You take them lying down—reposing on a sun-bathing mattress, in a swim-suit, with absolute peace of mind.

The last is essential.

Throw yourself on the mattress, either out of doors or before an open window, with a tremendous sigh.

Let this breath outrush be something like the noise you make when sinking into an armchair after an arduous day's shopping, or when the door has slammed on a tedious guest.

MOTHER-OF-PEARL nails will be this summer's rave. The latest nail varnishes have a pale iridescent glaze. . .

As every varnish, no matter how good, tends to dry and make the nail brittle, there is a new cuticle oil which softens and melts away rough, ragged cuticles.

A porcelain finish in make-up is youthful, fragile and cool.

It can be achieved by the use of two powders, with widely different formulas, in which the ingredients are complementary and blend.

Pat in the basic powder chosen in a shade nearest that of your skin. Then, if the dress you are to wear is black, dust on a much lighter shade of the top powder over your rouge. Leave. The effect after two minutes is astonishing. You are porcelained.

No need to prink your face again during the day.

If your dress is to be vivid, the " top powder " should be darker, to give glow to the porcelain. . . .

The same fragrance should permeate a woman through and through, from her soap to her bath-salts, setting-lotion, and handkerchief. The fragrance should be stimulating.

There's a brisk yet haunting perfume just over from America. Its subtlety is most inviting.

Write to EDITOR, Woman's Department, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, enclosing stamped envelope, if you want further particulars of the exercise salon or any of the products mentioned on this page.

Your legs should feel so heavy that they seem to be sinking through the floor ; arms and shoulders are also of lead.

Remain comatose for several minutes, then come out of your coma by a lazy but ever-tightening stretching of the legs, straight out to the tips of your toes. Then with the tips of your fingers stretch up the back of your neck, so that it lies flat on the mattress.

Make certain that you are lying out straight, and relax again. Now start :

TO FLATTEN THE STOMACH

Draw your knees up, slightly off the mattress, wide apart.

Next, make sure that the small of your back is touching the mattress, and touching it hard all the way along, instead of arching up away from it.

To make it touch the mattress will cause an " in-tipping " movement of the muscles of your lower stomach wall, as you try to push the small of your back down.

Watch the play of these muscles and see how you pull in, reduce and tighten your stomach, with ease, comfort and—as it should always be done—quite unconsciously.

Here I must insert an explanatory note.

You know that most of your vital organs below the lungs are hung in a sack called the peritoneum.

This sack is hitched to the small of your back, where there is consequently a frequent " in-curve." This " in-curve " is wrong, a weakness which causes the peritoneum sack to sag forward and resulting in dropped organs and sagging stomach muscles.

So this exercise, which strengthens and straightens the spine and abdominal walls, is very necessary to correct posture and good health, as well as to beauty of body.

TO REDUCE THE HIPS

A. Stretch out your left leg. Draw the right knee up, lying it to the side, on the mattress, till the big toe touches the left knee. Now shoot it upright and let it fall again with a resounding smack. This hits the hip—

Repeat twenty-five times, then change to the left knee. (*Continued on page* 135)

and BEAUTY

THE late R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, who died last March, at the age of 84, whilst on a visit to Buenos Aires. His latest book, "Mirages," shows the same energy and speed as the books he wrote thirty to forty years ago

L. H. MYERS, author of "Strange Glory." The scene of this novel is laid in a deep forest in Louisiana, and the author takes the opportunity for much beautiful descriptive writing

BOOKS

Reviewed by

Arnold Palmer

The Growth of Superstition

THROUGHOUT my life, already a pretty good spell, R. B. Cunninghame-Graham has been writing some of the most splendid, vigorous prose to be found in all our literature. At 84 he might have been expected to show some signs of age. Did he? He did not, at least as far as his work is concerned. New readers to-day will find him as stimulating as new readers found him thirty years ago, and those readers, now thirty years older, will find him as exciting as ever. If it were not for the tell-tale obituary notices, no one would ever dream that the ten sketches in *Mirages* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) were the work of a man past his prime. Here are the same energy, the same speed as have marked all his books, and the same southern smell, collected during long years in the Peninsula and South America, and found in the work of no other writer born in the United Kingdom. If I had the patience to hold books as an investment, I would ransack the Charing Cross Road, where early Cunninghame Grahams are still to be got for a shilling or two; for, of all authors of recent times, he is almost my first choice for immortality. But, supposing I bought them, I should never sell them, for I should never believe that the top of the market had been reached. If posterity were faced by no more difficult task than the just appreciation of this writer, the future would look bright indeed.

Mr. L. H. Myers, on the other hand, has written very little, but that little has been enthusiastically praised—especially *The Orissers* and *The Root and the Flower.* The scene of his new novel, *Strange Glory* (Putnam, 7s. 6d.), is laid in a deep forest in Louisiana, and the author is given, and takes, the opportunity for much beautiful descriptive writing. The story itself has a pronounced analytical turn. Paulina, the heroine, seems to examine the precise nature of every breath she draws. But when analysis is pushed to dissection, the object dies; and this, I think, is the fate of the questioning Paulina. As a character, she ceases to exist, and turns into something very different, a character study. If the Prince of Denmark had had nothing to do but brood upon the nature of his feeling for Laertes' sister, it seems safe to argue that *Hamlet* would not still be regarded, after 300 years, as the greatest of plays. Hamlet's imagination fastened upon him a tremendous task and unfitted him for executing it. A theme of such magnitude is capable of supporting any weight of analysis. But, unlike Hamlet, Paulina has nothing to do but sit in a forest, fall in love, and listen to a philosophical hermit. There are moments when it is a relief to leave her and wander with Mr. Myers among the trees of the forest which he has created, and spared.

At nearly the opposite extreme from

BEN BENNISON, author of "Giants on Parade"

Diversities

"Giants on Parade" *by B. Bennison*

(Rich and Cowan, 10s. 6d.)

MR. BENNISON is one of those happy people who become very quickly, and remain for ever, on terms of close friendship with those whom they meet. Having passed his life in athletic circles, he knows, and knows well, all the principal boxers, cricketers, football players, golfers, tennis players and runners; and he writes of them with a judicious blend of sympathy and frankness. Half the male population of the country will, sooner or later, get hold of this book and be deeply thrilled by it. Mr. Bennison is one of the few sporting journalists to refrain from eyewash. He is a good judge of his fellow-men, and what his shrewd eyes show him he sets down. It should perhaps be explained that he writes of athletics as a career. The games he describes are not played for fun, and it is seldom that the participants enjoy them.

"Gallipoli: the Fading Vision" *by John North*

(Faber and Faber, 15s.)

In this volume, written twenty years after the events described, Mr. North has compiled for the general reader a record of the Gallipoli campaign in the light of all the information which has accumulated. There are twenty illustrations of exceptional interest, and seven good maps.

Trip-Tyque to Spain" *by Charles Graves*

(Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 10s. 6d.)

For readers, if any, not familiar with Mr. Graves's travelling habits, it should be observed that he always follows his own inclinations rather than the wishes of Herr Baedeker. For motoring through Spain, he engaged a new car, but retained his old habits. Thus, if he has failed to see some of the most significant sights and places of the Peninsula, he yet can tell you much that is not to be found in any guide-book. But what is particularly enviable is not Mr. Graves's itinerary but his attitude to travel. He has a gift for towns as some people have a gift for languages—they fuse, so that by the time the ordinary tourist has found his way from his bedroom to the lounge, Mr. Graves has detected the best place to dine, made friends with the manager of the theatre, and been elected an honorary member of the local tennis club. If only he would tell us how he does it!

FORREST REID, whose latest book, "The Retreat," is a beautiful story of a strange, imaginative little boy living in a world of his own

Mr. Myers is Mr. F. O. Mann, for the characters in his *Blow and Clee* (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.) are simplified, rather than complicated, out of existence. His story is pleasant and easy to read, but it creates no illusion of life, and I never forgot that I was reading, or felt that I had entered someone else's life. It has a fairy-tale quality with realistic passages; the ingredients need, perhaps, a little more stirring than the author has given them.

While of Sound Mind (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) must surely be, by a good many pages, the longest novel Mr. Stephen McKenna has yet written. Speaking generally, I should be sorry to think that so intelligent a writer as Mr. McKenna has been led, by his public or his publisher, to share the current delusion that a novel of 500 pages is necessarily twice as good as one of 250. Speaking particularly, however, I must admit that there are no grounds for supposing that he is merely being fashionable. The length of his story is justified, compelled even, by its fullness. In some way the most ambitious, it is in many ways the best of his thirty-odd works of fiction. The central anecdote is a first-rate mystery, worked upon, piled up, with all the author's loving patience, and shaped by those methods, combined of ingenuity and fidelity, which Mr. McKenna has made his own.

I DO not understand why *The Amaranthers* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) is described as Mr. Jack B. Yeats's first novel, since I possess a copy of an earlier work of his called *Sailing, Sailing Swiftly*, which I could not possibly classify other than as a novel. Let us compromise by calling the new book Mr. Yeats's first long novel. Having said that, I am at a loss how to proceed, how to find words which will convey any idea of this most unusual book. The publishers call it " a satirical fantasy about an island which is sometimes recognisable as Ireland," and that is true as far as it goes. They also say that Mr. Yeats writes as he paints—brilliantly—and that is also true. But a good deal must be added if any idea is to be given of the liveliness and originality of his pages. There are times when his natural exuberance threatens to burst his art; there is never a moment of sleep or forgetting, a sign of lethargy or a hint of routine. By the end of the novel the Anglo-Saxon reader may feel a trifle stiff, bruised even; his imagination is not often called upon to go so fast or so far. But, when all is said, the comparison with the pictures is the most apt. Like them, this novel seems to have been produced at one sitting. It is hard to see the joins.

IT is a long time ago that I first heard the name of Forrest Reid. An early book of his was warmly praised by Mr. E. M. Forster, and that was good enough for me. I decided to read his works *alsbald*, and I meant " forthwith." Alas, it has become " in due course." His new novel, *The Retreat*, (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.), is the first book of his that I have read—and what a lot of pleasure I must have missed by not reading its predecessors, and what a lot of pleasure I promise myself in reading them now! Unfortunately, it is not very easy to impart, by any precise (*Continued on page* 94)

Democrats

"Questions of Our Day,"
by Havelock Ellis
(Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.)

"Running Accompaniments,"
by H. W. Nevinson
(Routledge, 10s. 6d.)

HERE are two authors who have passed the allotted span while still retaining the respect (to put it no higher) of the younger generation. If this happy state of affairs calls for any congratulations, let them be given to the younger generation, who are not, though some people will be surprised to hear it, always right.

Actually, the wisdom for which Mr. Ellis is famed shines rather fitfully in his latest volume. It is a volume of essays—little essays, a hundred of them, contributed perhaps to a newspaper, and a Sunday newspaper at that, and bearing such rather ominous titles as (number one) " The Quest of Happiness " or (number one hundred) " The Angel of Common-sense." What can profitably be said in 500 or 600 words on such themes as those? Very little, even when the writer is Havelock Ellis. It is significant that the best of these brief papers deals with single aspects of William Morris or Burne-Jones or Count Keyserling. Two pages on a woman's nose may be profound; two pages on " The Best Sort of Wife " are nothing but chat.

Mr. Nevinson has already picked over for us the memories of his long life; *Changes and Chances* and other works are the result. His new book contains reflections and observations which failed to find a place in the earlier records, or have occurred to him since. The latest garnerings of one of the most fastidious, upright, and steady minds of our time are all that they should, or might be hoped to, be. That is to say, they give us ripe experience still inspired by an indomitable spirit, a liberal (Mr. Nevinson would prefer to say Liberal) spirit very rare in an intolerant age. Mr. Nevinson has lived a brave and adventurous life, and in its less active hours he has thought fearlessly and written scrupulously. Increasing years have brought wider interests and deeper sympathies until to-day he might be considered the doyen of English journalists, if his sense of humour allowed him to countenance such a claim. It is to be feared that the wearers of different coloured shirts will not read his book. They would learn from it what a democrat is, in the best sense of the term; but probably they do not wish to be disturbed.

HAVELOCK ELLIS, author of " Questions of Our Day "

H. W. NEVINSON, whose book "Running Accompaniments" is the latest garnerings of one of the most fastidious, upright, and steady minds of our time

AT YOUR EASE

GOOD chairs, good beds and good food. Some people change the order, but most people agree that those are the three things which make a home worth while. They certainly form the basis of a comfortable existence.

Of all three, perhaps chairs are the most likely to be overlooked. One still goes into homes where the springs are dangling from under the seat of the best easy chair, and there are still plenty of people who buy an easy chair for its appearance rather than its comfort. An easy chair should look attractive and feel luxurious. Good modern chairs do both.

When you are buying chairs, first consider them in relation to the room in which they are to live. The comfort of a chair depends as much upon its ability to avoid getting in the way as upon its virtues as a resting place. A bulging easy chair will look out of place in a small room, whereas a streamline design will look attractive without offering less accommodation.

To obtain every possible advantage of comfort and decoration from the easy chairs in a room, shapes should be varied. A low-swung lounging chair will serve for the occasions when absolute rest is required. A high-backed wing chair will be more acceptable for sitting up to read or sew. Moreover, the contrasting shapes will much improve the general appearance of the room.

Of all the items of furnishing on which it is bad policy to economise very drastically, easy chairs are the most outstanding.

Frames, stuffing, upholstery, design, must all be at least of a fairly high standard to give reasonable service and comfort.

An easy chair is a good friend. It will last for years and put up as good a show towards the end of its life as at the start if the quality is good.

BUYING an easy chair is a risky matter unless one deals with an absolutely reputable maker. The things which are most important to its existence are hidden from view; and even if they were seen, the average buyer is unlikely to be a good judge of them.

Frames and stuffing are all-important. Inferior qualities are easily camouflaged by attractive coverings, and that is why one cannot do better than to buy chairs which carry the name of some well-known and reputable maker.

Minty chairs are well known for both quality and superior workmanship. Pocketed springs with a generous overlay of rubberised hair give a down-like effect to the loose cushions without the disadvantages which attach to down. Tidying up after use is never necessary with a Minty chair, as the cushions immediately resume their normal shape.

One model is made in three lengths of seat, thus ensuring perfect comfort for people of varying heights. Seats and backs are removable for purposes of cleaning, so dust-traps are practically eliminated.

THE advantages of fitting loose covers can easily be seen from this. Even the amateur sewer will find it comparatively simple to fit covers to the chair, which can be taken to pieces, as it were, and so easily reassembled.

On this page we have given an illustration of a bookcase which is made by the manufacturers of Minty chairs. These bookcases, of which there are many sizes and designs, have achieved a reputation for quality and service which is equal to that of the chairs themselves.

Unit bookcases are generally accepted as the most practicable, and the Minty designs incorporate all the very best practical features of the modern bookcase with an appearance which is positively an asset to any furnishing scheme.

At the top of the page is a Minty three-piece suite of modern design with an attractive covering. On the left, at the foot of the page, is a Minty oak bookcase designed to fill the corner of a sitting-room

THE COST OF REFRIGERATION

HOWEVER effective arguments may be in favour of refrigeration as a means of comfort and economy, it is the question, "What does it cost?" that has the greatest weight.

The benefits of refrigeration in the home are no longer disputed. We all know that it makes food more appetising and more pure. We need no further proof that a refrigerator in the kitchen lightens work all through the house, and that health and menus—and even tempers—are improved by it.

What does sometimes remain a matter of doubt, though, is the actual cost to purchase and to maintain a refrigerator. That is to say, the initial outlay; the weekly cost of maintenance and the hidden charges, if any, which may rear their ugly heads after one has completed the deal.

Obviously the initial cost of a refrigerator is dependent upon the size. You can pay less than twenty pounds (or, if you like, 10s. down and the rest by a few shillings per month), and you can pay up to fifty, seventy, even ninety, pounds if your family is enormous, which it undoubtedly isn't.

THE smaller model mentioned above (one of the very best known makes) is sufficient for the needs of a family of two or three. Moreover, the larger family will find it invaluable if the cost of a full-size model is found to be impracticable. The actual dimensions of the model referred to are 1′ 7½″ deep and 1′ 7¾″ wide.

Most makers of modern refrigerators instal the apparatus free of charge within a twenty-mile radius of London. All you have to do is to provide a power point in a situation conveniently near the refrigerator itself.

Running costs are negligible in these days of cheap electric power, and a few pence a week will meet the cost of almost any model in the domestic range.

Smaller models are reckoned to consume not more than a unit of current in twenty-four hours. So with power at less than a penny a unit the cost of maintenance is bound to be below sevenpence a week.

(*Continued on page* 114)

With a modern refrigerator innumerable attractive sweets which become daily fare. Lemon and chocolate souffles, pêche melba mousses and sundaes, iced tea and coffee—all are simple to prepare in a modern refrigerator.

Above, left, is the popular Prestcold refrigerator. No charge whatever is made for the installation of this machine, and each refrigerator carries a full twelve months' guarantee and a three months' free service after installation.

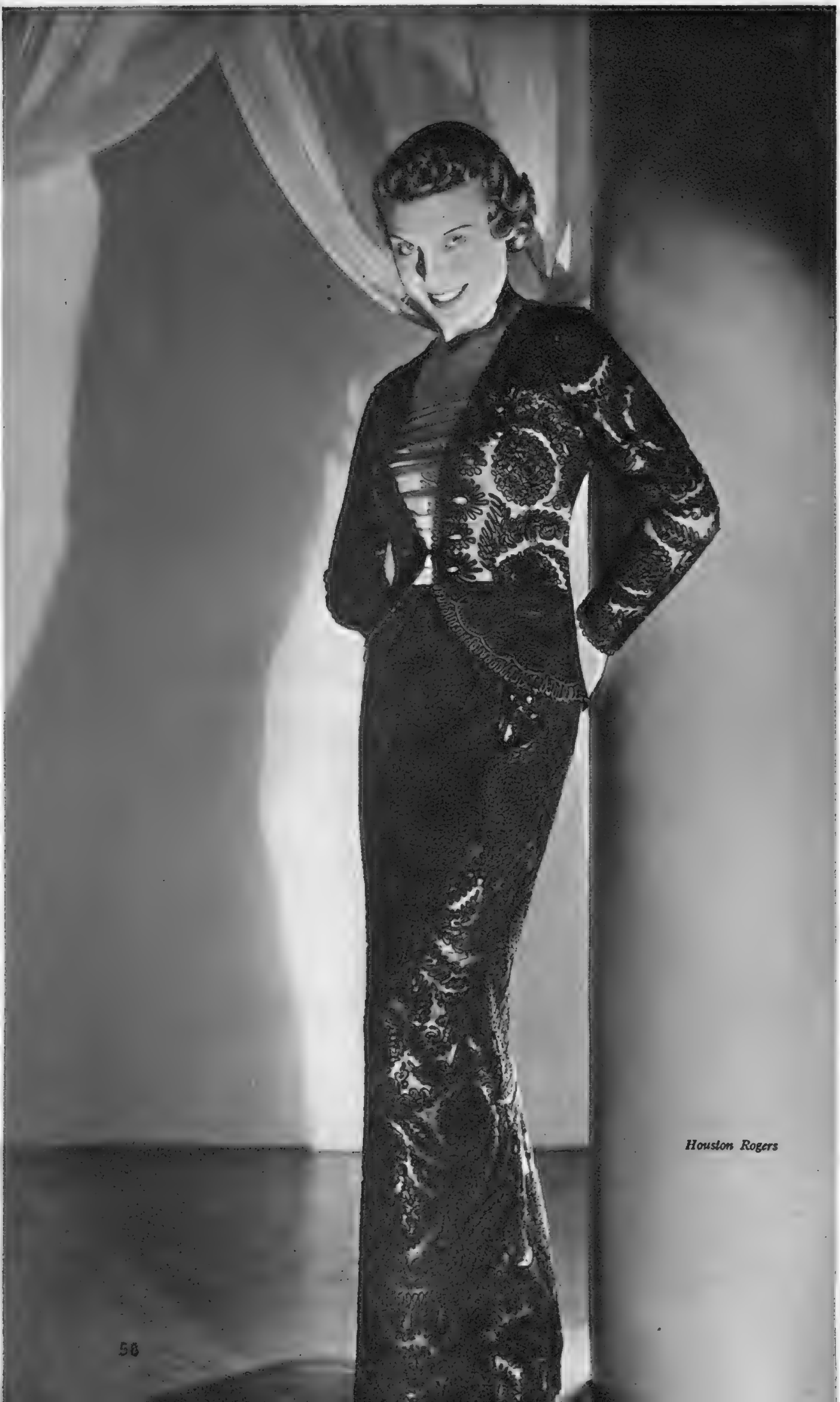
Above. Kelvinator refrigerators boast the following special features: all-porcelain cooling unit, automatic interior lighting, dry cube ice tray, dairy rack, vegetable crisper and a re-arranging shelf.

Right. The Coldspot refrigerator's graceful modern cabinet conceals a host of exclusive features. A Coldspot can be yours for sixpence a day.

FASHIONS

By Jean Burnup

Editor Woman's Department

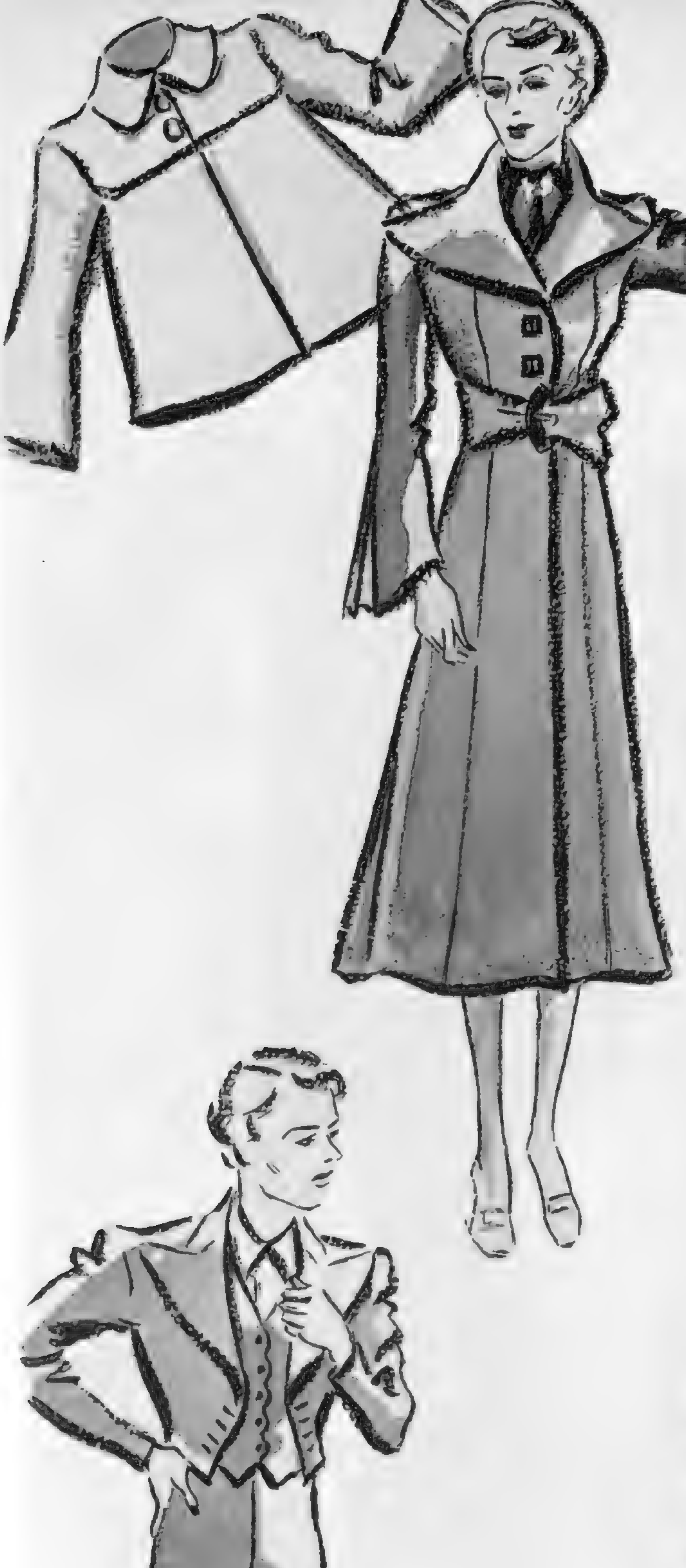


Houston Rogers

EVERY collection in Paris and London showed tailored evening suits, making us wonder how we had managed without them before, they are so practical, so becoming.

They are especially interesting when you get the piquant mixture of severe line with delicate fabric, like the one photographed here.

The straight, tight skirt, the long-sleeved, fitting coat, have the stern, uncompromising line of any tailor-made. Evening frivolity is there in the fabric, which is black soutache lace, exquisitely patterned, and a flesh-coloured tucked top, showing above the coat's link fastening as a modesty vest. Marshall and Snelgrove, Model Gowns. *Posed by Adèle Dixon.*



INTERCHANGEABLE WARDROBE

BUY thoughtfully, so that your clothes can help each other. This early summer basic outfit, for instance, consists of one long black coat, one short swagger linen coat, one waistcoated tailored suit, two dresses. Each item is good in itself, but each is chosen so that it complements and serves all the others, giving your wardrobe variety and freshness.

The outline sketches show how the white coat can go with either dress, over the waistcoat and skirt of the suit. The long coat, naturally, goes with all you've got. The suit jacket becomes a bolero over each dress. The waistcoat (which does up at the back like a man's) can be worn over shirt or sweater.

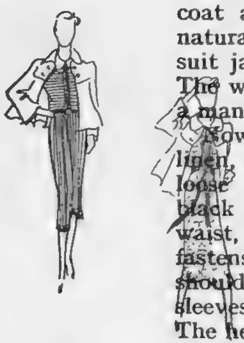
Now for details. The yoked jacket is white linen, with a turn-over collar, two buttons, a loose back. *Dorville.* The long coat, in black novelty bouclé, goes trimly into the waist, with a shaped belt and buckle, and fastens with square leather buttons. The shoulders are slightly squared, and the wide sleeves open on to inverted pleats at elbow. The hem flares. *H. J. Nicoll.*

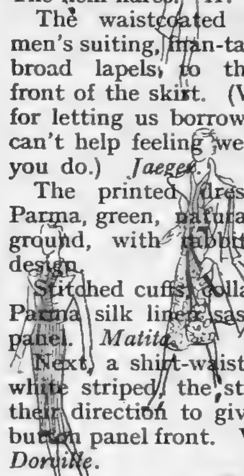
The waistcoated suit is Eton-boy style, men's suiting, man-tailored. Square shoulders, broad lapels to the jacket, inverted-pleat front of the skirt. (We thank you, gentlemen, for letting us borrow the waistcoat idea. We can't help feeling we do it as much justice as you do.) *Jaeger.*

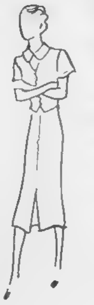
The printed dress is uncrushable linen. Parma, green, natural and beige, on a darker ground, with rabbits rampant forming the design.

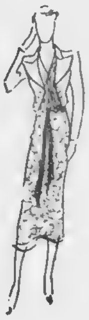
Stitched cuffs, collar and front blouse panel. Parma silk linen sash slotted through blouse panel. *Matita.*

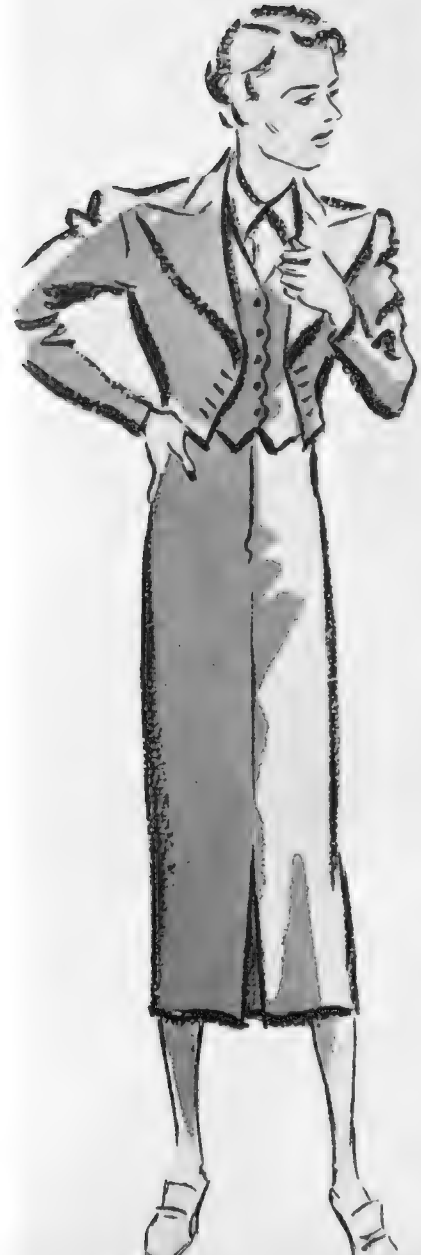
Next, a shirt-waist frock, fine black jersey, white striped, the stripes cunningly changing their direction to give line and style. Three-button panel front. White collar, short sleeves. *Dorville.*



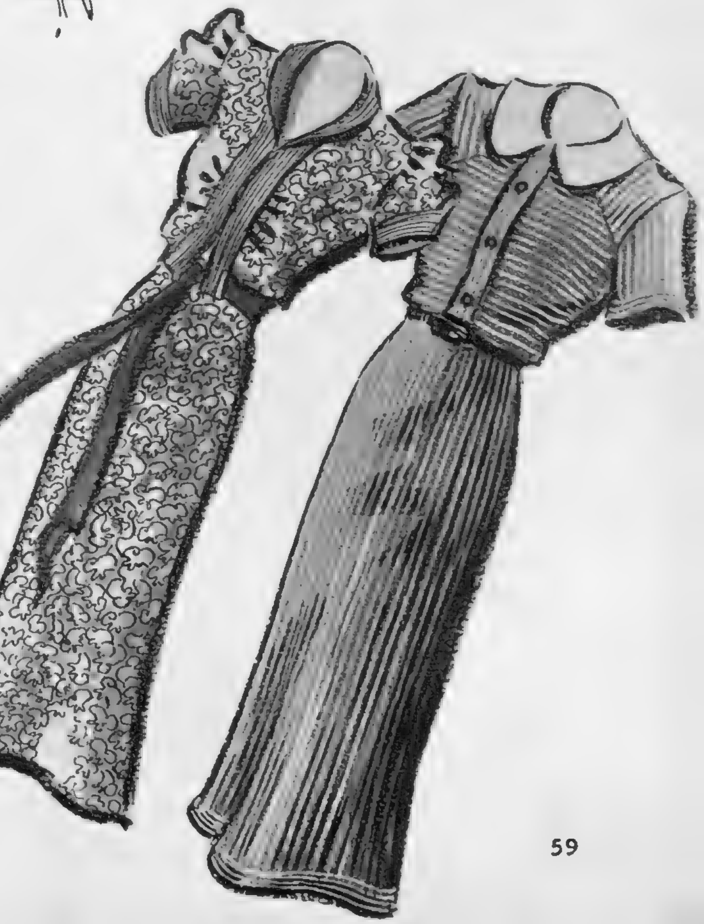


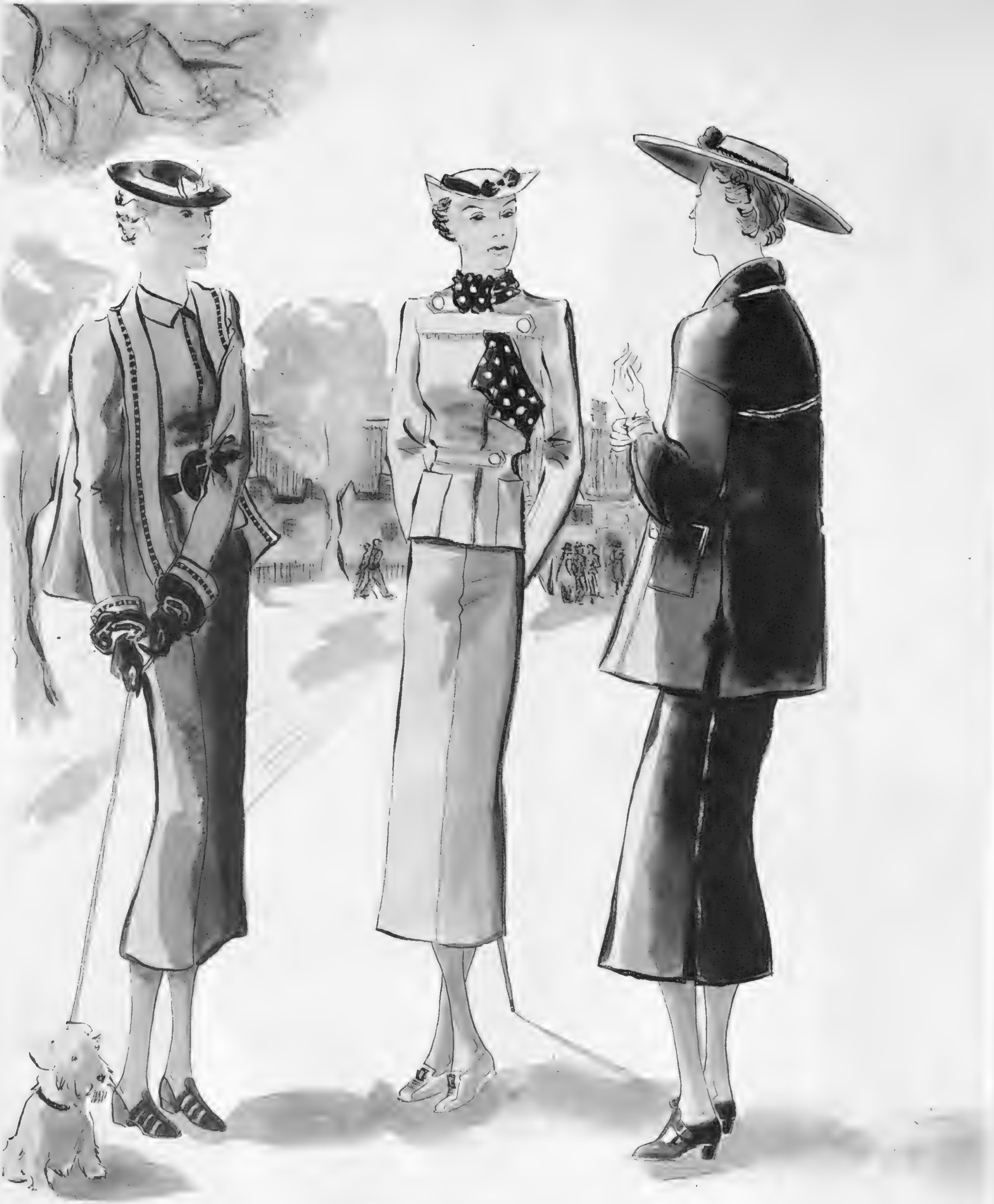






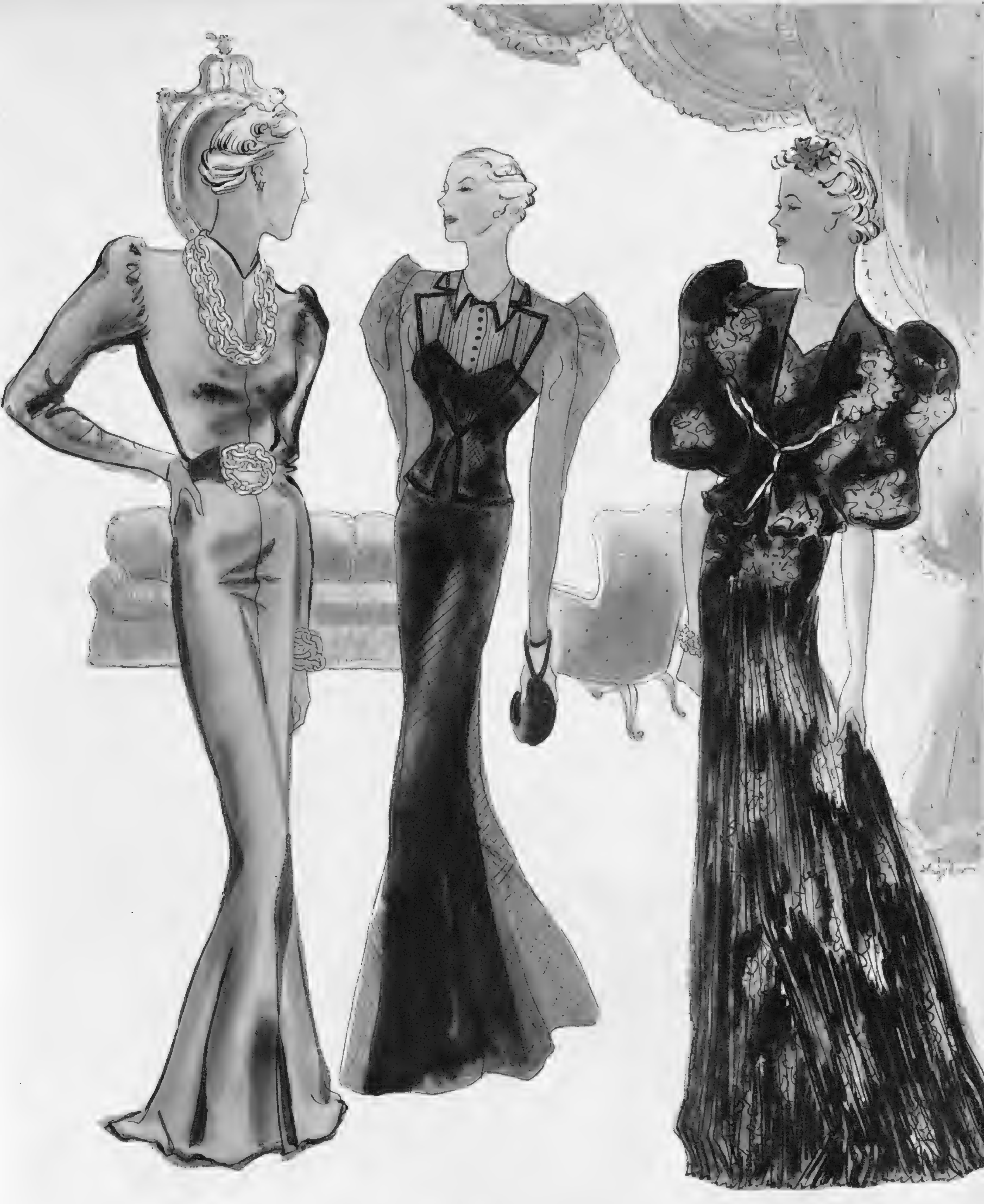
Further details on application with stamped envelope to Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.





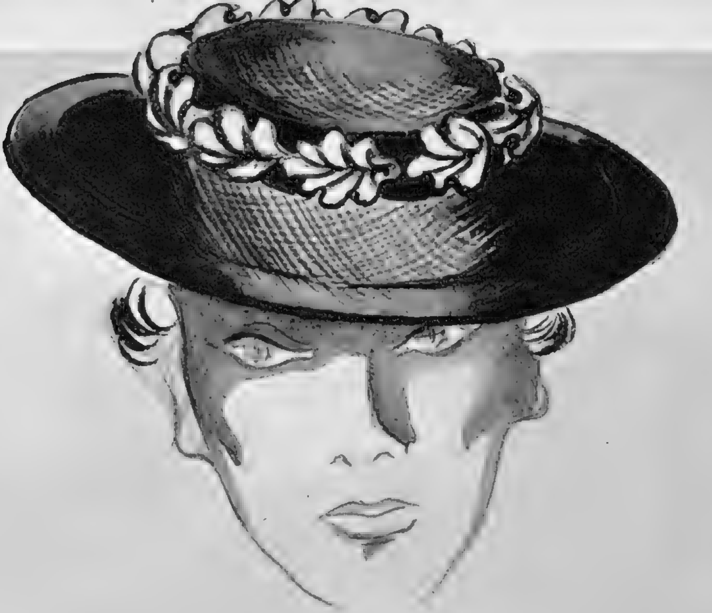
RICHARD SANDS DEBENHAM & FREEBODY RICHARD SANDS

A certain type of suit serves for town and country, too, managing to look correct against either background. Here are three versions of it. First a beige woollen short-sleeved dress and boxy coat, with black openwork trims. Black suède belt. (*Richard Sands.*) Then a white linen tweed suit, the yoked coat with a good new neckline, two large pockets, a belt, and a navy and white spotted scarf worn slotted through the yoke band. (*Debenham and Freebody.*) Third, a dress and coat in parma violet woollen. The short-sleeved dress has a little stand-up collar, three buttons at neck front, two inverted pleats each side of the skirt. The coat has a yoke, two flapped pockets, slits at sideseams, and fullish sleeves gathered into wristbands. (*Richard Sands.*)

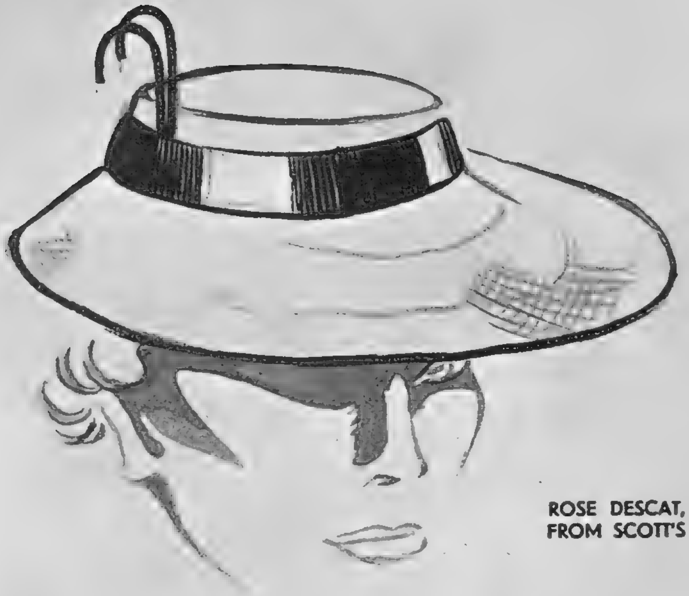


PAQUIN MARJORIE CASTLE DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

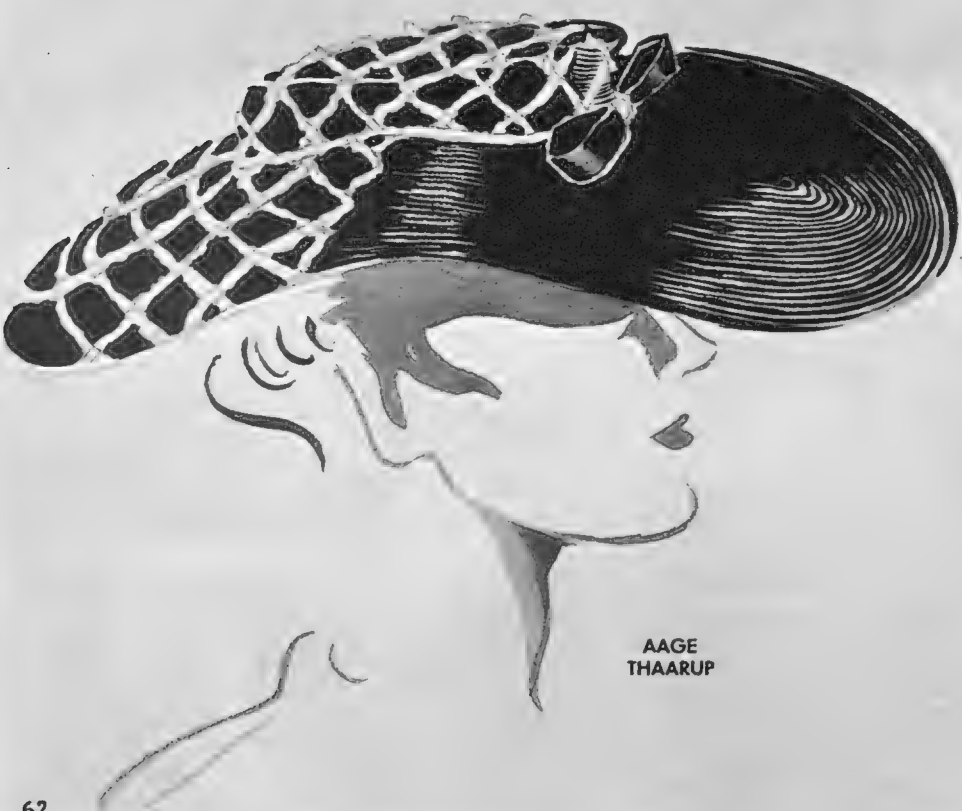
Dress for a would-be Circe, silver-green lamé, hugging the figure, with rows of silver chains at neck, wrist, and fastening the green suède belt. (*Paquin.*) Marjorie Castle's black net dress and jacket is young, exuberant. The dress, over a black slip, is short-sleeved, with a shirt top. The dear little jacket has high shoulders and edges bound with black ciré. Last, a gorgeous evening dress in black flower-patterned georgette, with a low back and short sleeves, ending in the cut-out pattern of the flowers, the skirt full-pleated from hips down. Over it a basqued jacket in black taffeta with the identical pattern of the georgette, the revers finishing in cut-out flowers, like the dress sleeves. (*Debenham and Freebody.*)



BASQUE



ROSE DESCAT, FROM SCOTT'S



AAGE THAARUP

HAT CHAT

By now Spring hat fever has subsided, and you are ready to be sensible about hats. It is the first pale sunshine that goes to your heads and makes you dash out and buy almost anything so long as it is new, chic, a little frivolous.

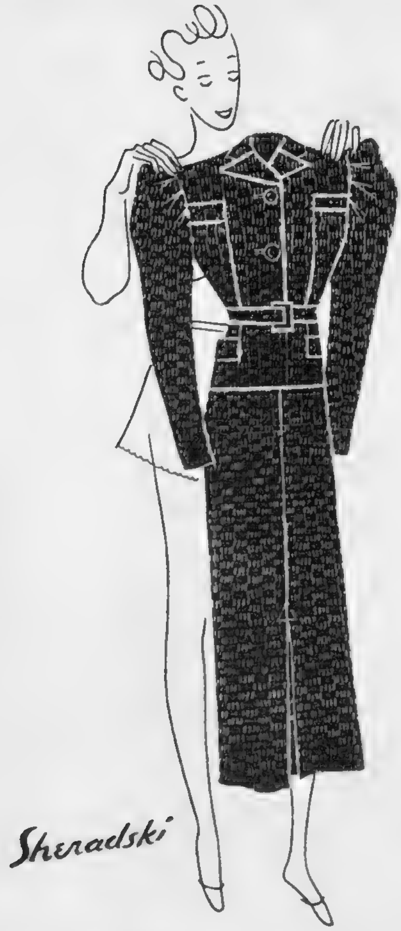
This is all very well, but remembering some of the faces seen around this last month or two under hats that were undoubtedly new, undoubtedly chic, but on them, undoubtedly ridiculous, you turn, with satisfaction to hats that are also undoubtedly new, undoubtedly chic, yet undoubtedly wearable.

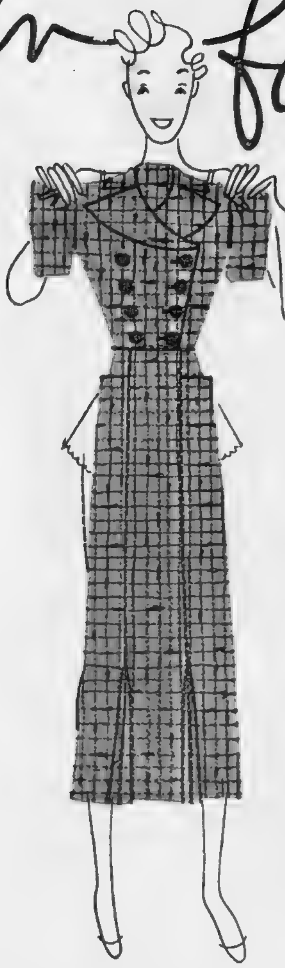
There is hardly a face that will not be improved by wearing the stern sailor above. It is a fine brown baku straw, with a double-edged brim, a squared crown. The fun here is the trimming, which is gold cardboard d'oylies, used otherwise to hold chocolates and decorate the dinner table. *Basque, Wigmore Street.*

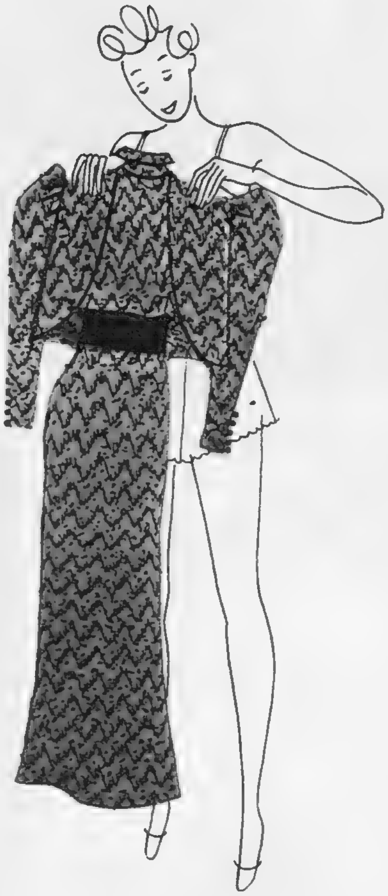
Then comes a white Panama, with a petersham ribbon and two little upstart ends of rolled petersham. Sounds simple enough, but the combination of slightly sloping crown, and gradually widening brim makes it pure gold. *Rose Descat, from Scott's.*

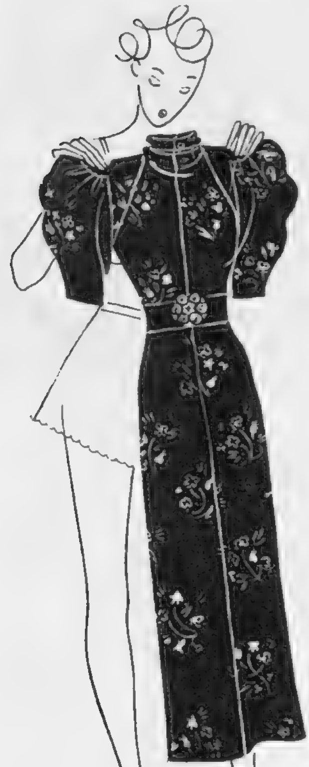
If you hanker for a big hat here is a beauty of swirly straw (if you care, it is called bali-buntal) most severely trimmed with a straw bow and a coarse crochet veil over the flat crown and each side of the brim. *Aage Thaarup.*

Fine-weather fabrics









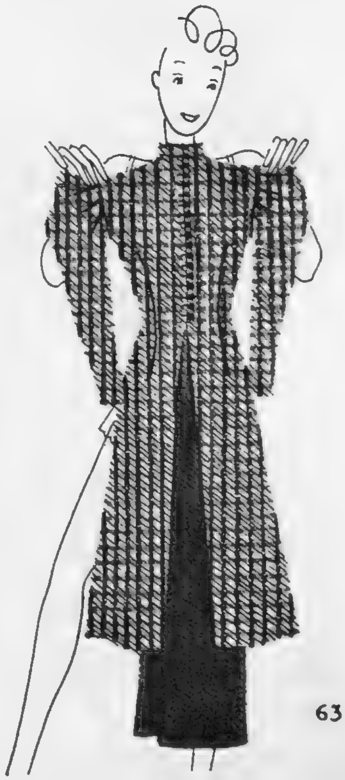
SEEMS as if some of the fabric people are turning somersaults. Those who have hitherto stuck to silks, satins, are showing us that they can make excellent rayon tweeds, woollens. The woollen people are turning their hand to cottons.

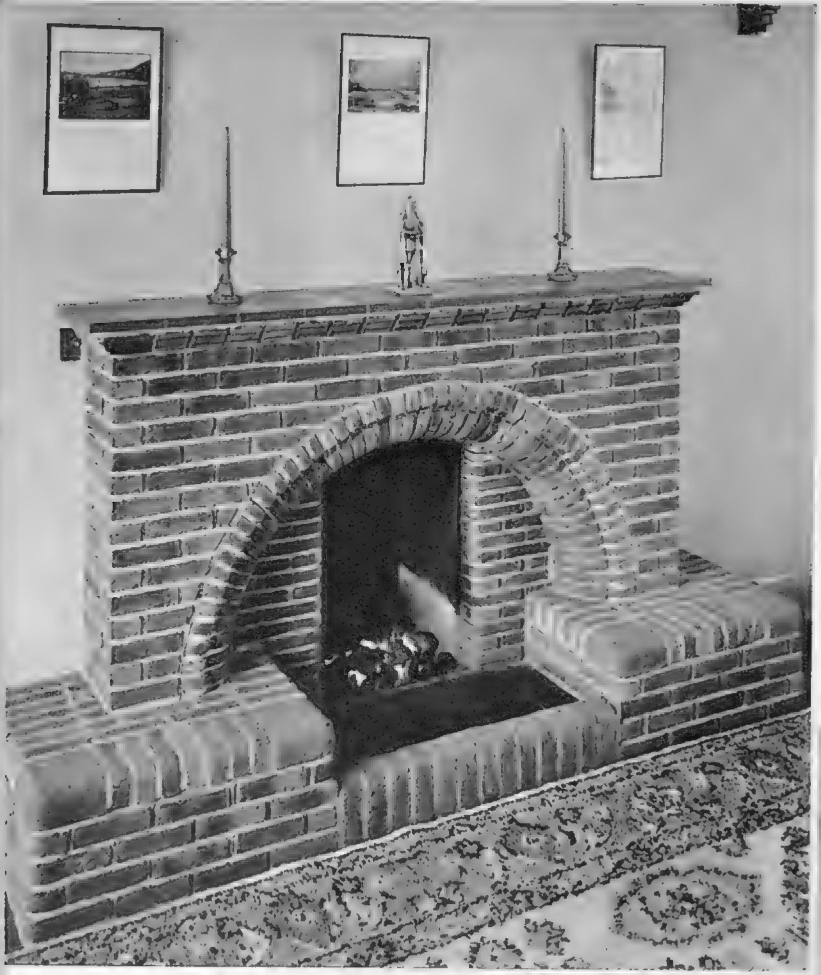
Courtauld's, for instance, have an exciting new range of rayon fabrics made of a staple fibre yarn called Fibro. This is soft and silky to touch, drapes, pleats and hangs angelically. Among the fabrics is a matt crêpe, with a basket weave (you see it above in the left-hand corner, 54 inches wide, 4s. 11d. a yard), and an overcheck rayon tweed down in the right-hand corner, made into a tunic, 36 inches wide, 4s. 11d. a yard. There are also some exquisite satins, a fine alpaca, and a sponge crêpe.

British Celanese, too, are showing wool-like fabrics, in tweed and bouclé. The bolero dress on the right, above, is made from their Celafil Tweed Suiting, in this case, light green woven with darker green to produce a wavy texture, 38 inches wide, 5s. 11d. a yard. They also have some really lovely new satins and jerseys.

Viyella, which you have always considered in terms of wool, have produced an entirely new range of cottons and cotton and art silk mixtures, gay, inexpensive, in excellent colourings. The short-sleeved, double-breasted shirt-waist dress above is made in one of them, called Viyelco Novelty Dress Fabric, 36 inches wide, 1s. 11½d. a yard. There are many lovely colours in simple check-designs.

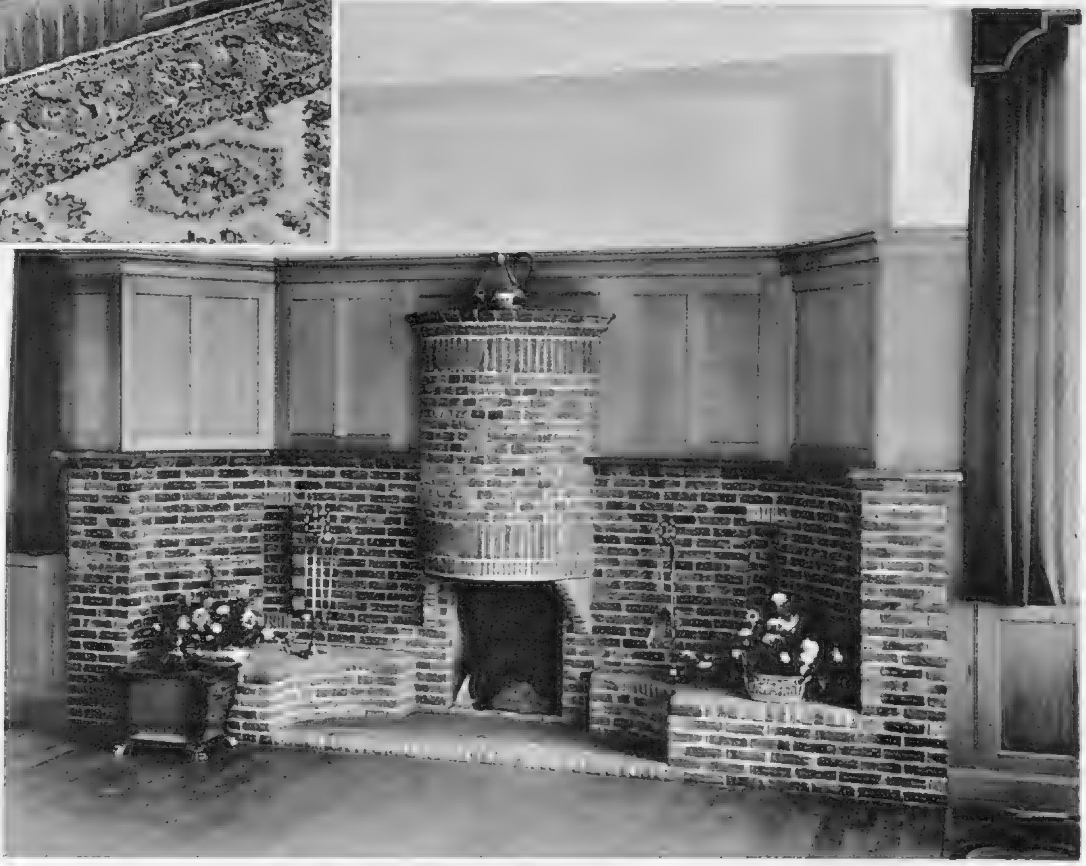
In the left-hand corner is a dress made from Wilemba Crêpe, dark ground with a widely spaced colourful flower bouquet pattern ; 36 inches wide, 2s. 11½d. a yard. The range of prints in Wilemba Crêpe, Maroc and Crepon, is something to get excited about. Colourings and designs are so unusually good for the price.





RECONSTRUCT YOUR FIREPLACE

A Claygate fireplace for a smaller room. The bricks in this case are a mellow red colouring. Claygate fireplaces range in price from three-and-a-half to thirty guineas



A Claygate brick fireplace designed for a room which is treated with natural oak panelling. The mottled bricks show colours ranging through soft pink, brown, purple and blue-grey

THIS is the busy season for gentlemen who make fireplaces.

What happens is this. All the winter you and I and some other people who know what a bit of comfort is when we see it, have been sitting round our old-fashioned fireplaces complaining, with a sad lack of originality, about the cold, and registering solemn oaths not to put up with another winter of "this," but to get a new fireplace directly it's possible to do without a fire while the reconstruction takes place.

Now the spring's here, and the annual cleaning has started us off on a wave of reckless expenditure and the gentlemen who make fireplaces are full of insidious proposals for the further abandonment of caution—and there you are.

Well, considering how much a modern fireplace can improve the appearance of a room, quite apart from the comfort it assures for next winter, perhaps the undertaking is not so extravagant after all.

Do, if you are considering replacing your out-of-date fireplace, be cautious in choosing the new one. Let its decorative advantages be well up to the standard of its practical ones.

At most times of the year, the fireplace is the focal point of the room. It should be of such design as to merge unobtrusively into the decorative ensemble, yet to retain an individuality which enhances its homely comfort.

HARDLY any kind of fireplace is more popular than the Old English design. This is partly due to the attractive mellow colouring of the bricks used, and also partly to the comfort which is associated with the open brick fireplace.

Many modern houses are fitted with fireplaces of this kind. Designs vary to such an extent that they can be adapted perfectly to every type of architecture, even the most advanced.

The two Claygate fireplaces illustrated on this page are typical of the splendid designs which are being put into modern houses by this famous firm.

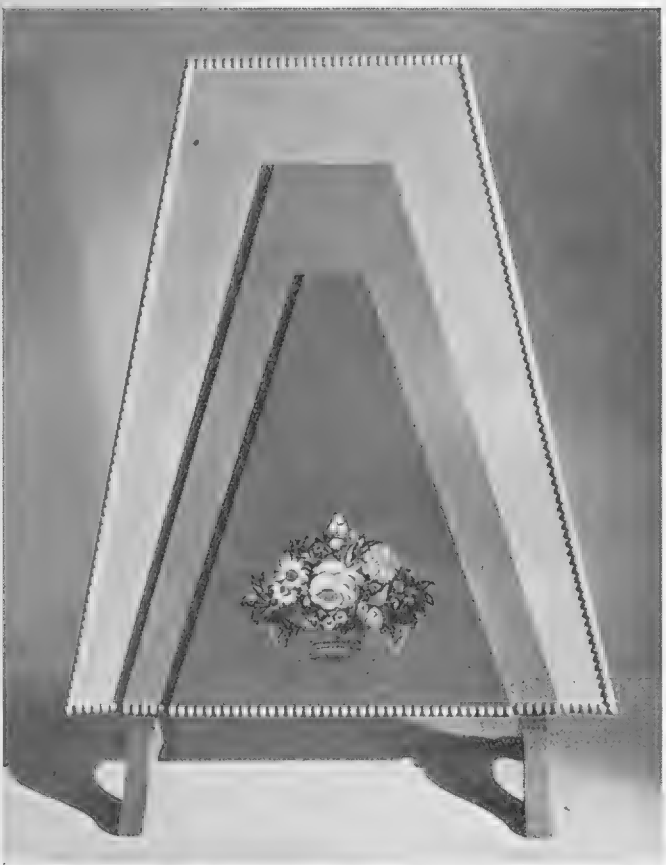
The colouring of the bricks used in the Claygate fireplaces is a very special feature. There are two colours supplied, red and mottled. The mottled bricks show colours ranging through red, brown, purple, buff, and bluish-grey—a combination which has a delightful effect. All the bricks are hand-made and sand-faced.

No cleaning is required other than brushing over the bricks with a soft-haired broom, and occasionally with a damp cloth. To freshen up the appearance of a fireplace which has been in use for some time, olive oil can be applied sparingly with a soft brush, but it is important that there should be no dirt or smoke marks on the bricks when this is done, as the oil fixes them, and cannot afterwards be removed.

Claygate fireplaces can be bought from £3 10s. up to £32.

HIDING THE FIREPLACE

By ELSIE SHAND



THE fireplace, such a joy to look at during the winter when it is filled with glowing logs and coals, looks flat and uninteresting in the summer unless you hide its emptiness decoratively.

Remember that any decoration you decide to use must be easy to set aside when a fire is required, as it often is on chilly summer evenings.

Here are three suggestions: a made-at-home screen, a box with flowers (either real or artificial), and decorated pine cones piled in the empty grate.

The firescreen is merely three pieces of shaped plywood screwed together, each piece painted in a different shade of the same colour.

Having cut out the three pieces to the size you require, give each one a coat of lacquer.

When dry, fix the pieces together with screws put through from the back, and then outline the screen with a simple wooden beading made in the lightest shade.

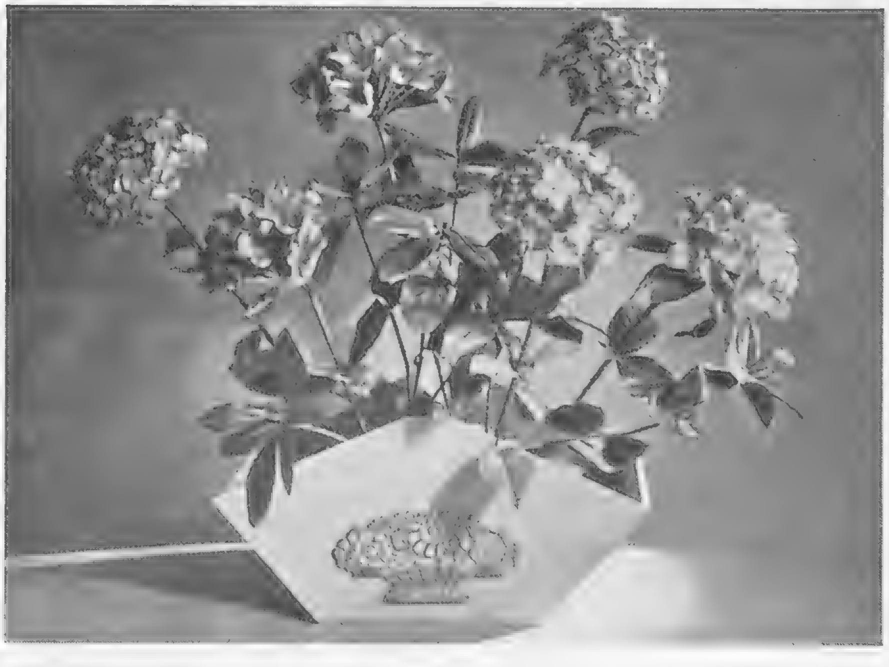
Paint a pair of feet with the darkest shade, and screw these on to a plain strip of wood about twenty-three inches long. Then fasten the screen in front of this strip with screws. Put on the transfer—the basket of flowers—and the screen is ready.

The flower box will not only mask your empty grate satisfactorily. It will also decorate your room. Should you wish to use smaller flowers, like antirrhinums, have a small window-box made and arrange the flowers in this.

The box, or basket, can be in plain wood or painted, whichever you prefer. If it is to be painted—and the colour goes with the scheme of the room—I suggest leaf green as being the best colour to use, because flowers always seem more at home against a green background than any other.

To decorate the pine cones, brush them over lightly with lacquer so that this touches all the points. Use a colour to go with the scheme of your room.

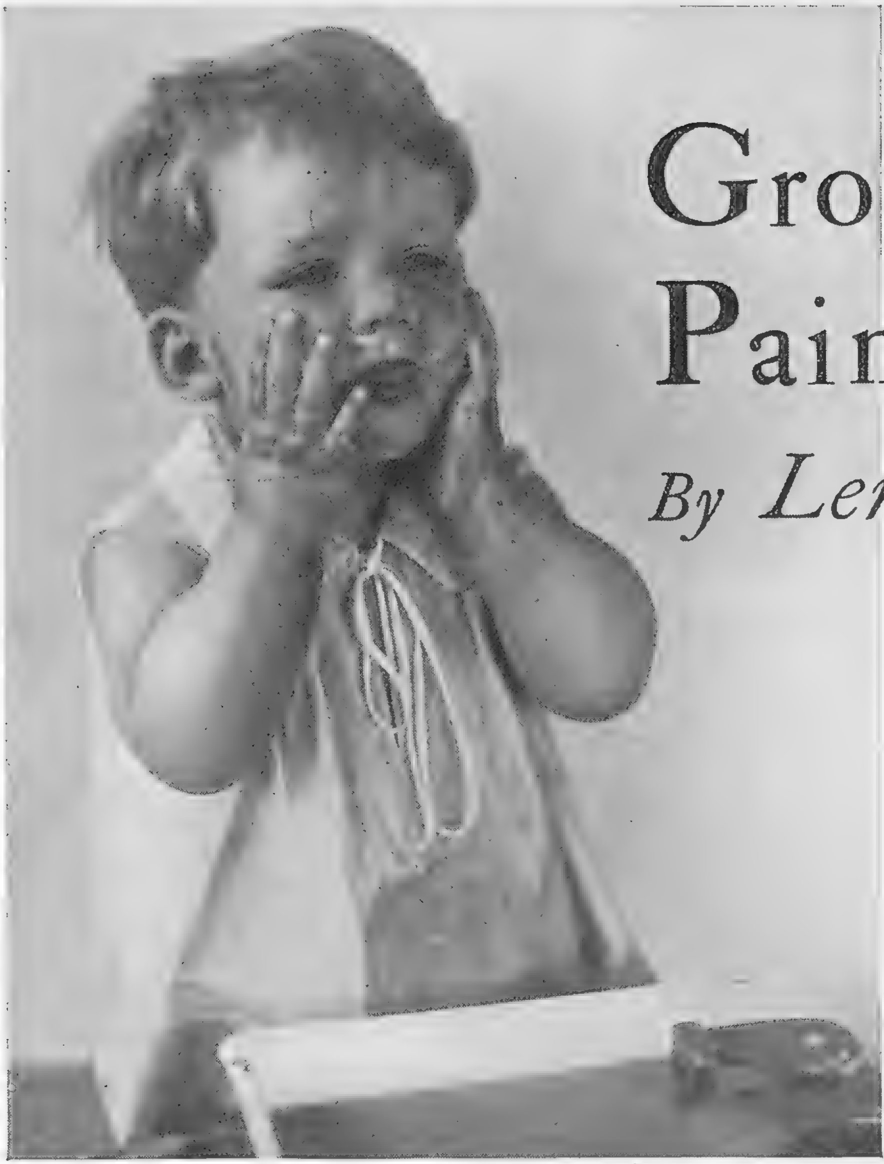
You will need quite a lot of cones for this treatment. When they are decorated pile them right inside the grate.



Flowers by courtesy of Marshall and Snelgrove, Mayfair Flowers Department

Growing-up Pains

By Len Chaloner



Self-help in washing and dressing makes a good start

> *" Speak roughly to your little boy and beat him when he sneezes.*
> *He only does it to annoy, because he knows it teases ! "*

THOUGH few of us would agree with the drastic advice of the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland,* many parents often feel that there must be a certain amount of truth in her theories when they find that neither threats, bribes nor argument prevail over the bad habits of their children.

Why must Peggy persist in sucking her thumb, or Bobby bite his nails ? Surely wet beds are just perversity, or our four-year-old could go to sleep at night if only he would turn over and make up his mind to do so.

The truth about these problems is that they are not so much habits as growing-up pains, symptoms telling us of some hitch in the child's development, some unfulfilled need in his emotional life, holding back the growing-up process.

Growing up is by no means so simple a process as it may seem to us as we look back on it.

We seldom stop to remember that the child has no experience to foresee cause and effect of an action, appreciate time or place, or assess half the things that we understand as a matter of course.

With greater understanding you can do much both to prevent undesirable habits in children and even to modify those that may have arisen.

In tackling the actual manifestation or habit you must look round also to modify the routine in some fashion or provide new stimulus to progress, so that you don't just exchange one undesirable habit for another.

You can do much to prevent bad habits by providing a good environment.

Self-help in washing and dressing makes a good start ; dressing should include all toilet matters just as early as possible.

Many mothers and nannies make the mistake of giving too little independence in such detail.

CLOTHES are often at fault, for simple fastenings are essential. Even the smallest child can start by putting on socks and shoes. Washing is made easy with a hassock or low stool.

In the same way a baby of a year can take fingers of toast from his plate and hold an egg-cup to drink, or a very small mug.

There would be fewer food fads if a spare spoon were put beside his baby plate and he was encouraged to take up a spoonful just as soon as the imitative faculty bids him.

Bedtime is a special trouble, but daytime naps at any rate should always be watched for a modification of routine.

If your child tries to climb out of his cot, at the risk of taking a bad fall, don't cover it with netting. Tie the side down to a level of eight or ten inches, so that he cannot inadvertently roll out. Then, if he does climb out, he won't hurt himself. Give him a sand-glass to time the length of his rest. Often it gives him a sense of independence that produces relaxation and allows him to drop off. This applies, of course, to the child who is already finding difficulty in daytime sleep.

HABITS like thumb-sucking in the very early days may be gently discouraged by tying nightgown sleeves over the ends of the little hands, like bag gloves.

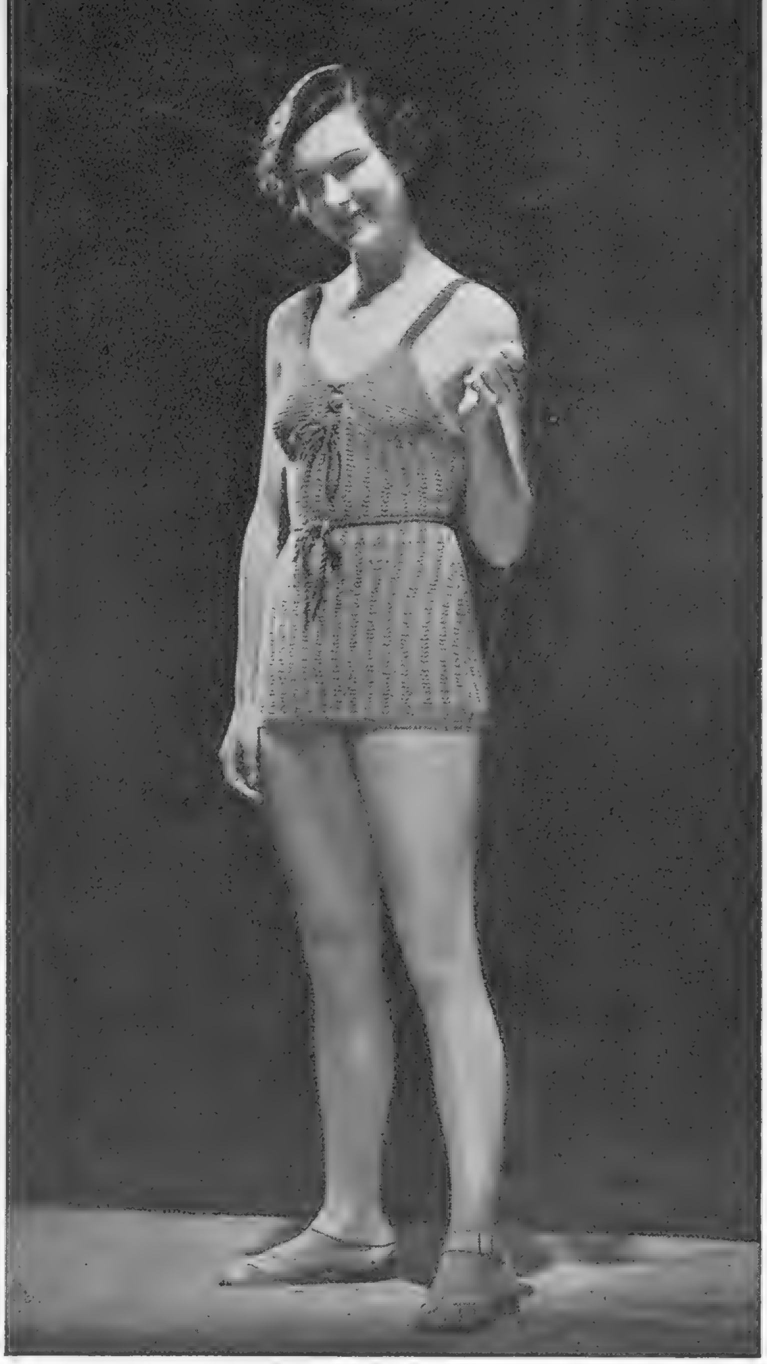
If the habit has become fixed, however, forcible restraint in any form does not meet the case and is not useful. It is a habit practised most at bored or sleepy times. Start with the first. Congenial occupation for the baby hands should always be readily available, rather than periods of doing nothing in particular and waiting about for mother or nannie.

Sand trays, hammer-pegs, bricks, chalks, small bricks or studs with which to make patterns, large beads to thread, simple pierced cards to sew with wool, plasticine to model or paints to colour with, all have good possibilities of interest to different ages and temperaments.

Relieving inertia, such occupations lessen the urge for day-dreaming and its consequent (*Continued on page 124*)

Hand Knit Swim Suit

This one, green, prune-trimmed, with a tight fit and excellent brassiere top, knits up quickly in "Miladi" Sand-Wave Swim Wool. Never loses its shape



YOU WILL REQUIRE:

9 oz. of main colour "Miladi" Sand-Wave Swim Wool.
1 oz. of contrast colour "Miladi" Sand-Wave Swim Wool.
1 pr. of Double Century Knitting Pins No. 7.
1 pr. of Double Century Knitting Pins No. 9.
1 Double Century Crochet Hook No. 10. 2 Buttons.

MEASUREMENTS:

Length from neck to lower edge of skirt, 22 ins.
Width across Skirt, 16 ins.
To fit a 32 to 34 in. bust measurement.
Tension, 5 sts. to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS:

K., Knit; P., Purl; Sts., Stitches; St., Stitch; Tog., Together; Beg., Beginning; Dec., Decrease; Inc., Increase; Pat., Pattern.

Knit into the backs of all cast-on sts.

KNICKERS (BACK). With Green Wool.

With No. 7 pins cast on 36 sts. Work 5 rows garter stitch.

Change to stocking st. and shape leg:

1st row. K. 6, turn, P. back.
3rd row. K. 12, turn, P. back.
5th row. K. 18, turn, P. back.
7th row. K. 24, turn, P. back.
9th row. K. 30, turn, P. back.
11th row. K. 36.

Continue on these 36 sts. for 1½ inches, ending on a P. row. Break off wool. Place sts. on a spare pin.

Work another piece the same, but start shaping on opposite side, *i.e.*—

1st row. P. 6, turn, K. back.
3rd row. P. 12, turn, K. back.

When the piece is completed (1½ ins.) K. across both sets of sts. (Long side inside.) Continue in stocking st. for 3 ins., then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th row following until 58 sts.

Work 6 more rows. Break off wool and leave on a spare pin.

Front knickers are worked exactly the same as back knickers.

SKIRT. BACK AND FRONT ALIKE.

With No. 7 pins cast on 74 sts., and work 5 rows garter st. Now change to the following pat.:

1st row. * K. 2, P. 2, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd row. Purl.

Repeat these 2 rows until work measures 6 ins. from start.

Then K. 2 sts. tog. at beg. and end of next row and every 6th row following until 58 sts. remain on pin.

Skirt measures 12 in. in length.

Join skirt to knickers by placing sts. of skirt over sts. of knickers and taking tog. 1 st. from each (58 sts. now on pin).

Work 9 in. of pattern.

NOW SHAPE TOP.

1st row. Work 10 sts., cast off 10, work 18 sts., cast off 10, work 10. Work on these last 10 sts. in pat., dec. 1 st. every row at inside edge until all sts. are gone.

Work on the other 10 sts. to correspond.

Now work on the 18 centre sts., decreasing 1 st. each end of every row until all sts. are gone.

BACK.

Join skirt to knickers as for front.

Change to No. 9 pins, rib 1½ ins. in K. 1, P. 1.

Change to No. 7 pins, work 1¼ ins. in pat.

SHAPE BACK.

Work 22 sts., cast off 14. Work 22.

Work on each set of 22 sts., decreasing 1 st. at inside edge of every 4th row until 20 sts. Then every row until 6 sts. remain. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until all sts. are gone.

GUSSET.

With No. 7 pins cast on 2 sts. Work in stocking st., increasing 1 st. each end of every K. row until 22 sts. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every K. row until all sts. are gone.

INSETS.

With No. 9 pins work all in garter st. Cast on 14 sts. Work 1 row. Then inc. 1 st. each end of every row (by knitting first into front and then into back of st.) until 45 sts.

Work 15 rows without inc. on these 45 sts.

Then dec. 1 st. each end of every alternate row (by K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of row) until 28 sts. remain.

Then every alternate row until 8 sts. remain.

Cast off.

STRAPS.

With No. 9 pins and red wool cast on 8 sts. Work 24 ins. in garter st. Cast off.

CORD, WAIST.

Take 4 strands of red wool about 4 yds. in length and twist *very* tightly, fold over to form cord.

CORD, FRONT.

Take 2 strands of red wool about 2 yds. in length. Twist and fold over as for waist cord.

TO MAKE UP.

Press with warm iron and damp cloth.

Sew up side seams of knickers. Sew in gusset. Sew up side seams of skirt. Sew in insets. Work a row of double crochet in green all round top edge of suit. Sew straps in position and work a button loop on each end. Sew on buttons.

I'll Tell You All I Know

By Mary Young

THERE were no vine leaves in my hair, only dandruff, very unpleasant indeed. So I went along to a famous hair salon where I had heard they treated dandruff in a new manner.

The dark assistant, who subsequently gave me the best flat curled dressing I've had in my life, separated the hair all over my head and sponged it with a slightly greasy tonic. Then he washed it with a soapless shampoo which needs no special rinse afterwards.

I was set, dried, satisfied and completely de-dandruffed. That was with one go, a week ago. Not a speck has come back yet, nor will it, because I'm keeping it at bay for ever with regular use of the tonic.

If you can't get to this hairdresser—and he's so good I'd almost like to be mean and keep his name and adroit hair-handling to myself—you can do the same treatment yourself at home. The shampoo will cost you fourpence, the tonic three shillings a bottle (this lasts for ages). It is not only a treatment for falling hair, dandruff, baldness. The shampoo is excellent anyhow, even if you suffer from none of these. And the tonic will give life and lustre and gloss to your hair.

TAKING it on the chin is something we all hope we can do if we have to. But what too many women don't seem to be able to do is taking it off the chin.

Women whose faces show the results of expensive, detailed care and attention allow their chins to repeat themselves.

Unless you are very careful indeed, danger time for chins sets in after twenty-five.

Young, it is a matter mostly of head posture. Afterwards, it is the old story of tissues and muscles growing old and lazy, neglecting their duties. Then, of course, you sag.

The correctives are to sleep as flat as possible, to hold your head up, not stiffly, but easily. Have an occasional double chin massage.

A second chin can be worked away by clever massage. They give the most miraculous double-chin treatment in a Bond Street salon in exchange for six-and-sixpence.

The masseuse here, so clever fingered that, when she makes contact with certain facial nerves, she feels herself the electrical twinge in her sensitive finger-tips, knows exactly when and where to touch. She picks up the lazy muscles and stimulates them into action.

She advises also a simple home double-chin treatment consisting of a special face mask spread on the cleansed skin for ten minutes, then wiped off with warm wrinkle oil.

The woman who runs the place has great charm, experience and understanding. She is always there to offer practical advice on any beauty problem.

YOU spring-cleaned thoroughly, no doubt, a couple of months ago. Now already in the bright sunlight, you can discern a few stains on the carpet, a dingy look about the sitting-room upholstery. Which means it is the time to give your furniture fabrics a home shampoo.

There is an excellent one, odourless, non-inflammable, leaving no ring, containing no soda, ammonia or spirits. That's enough negatives of it. On the positive side—well, try it for yourself and see.

Originally it was made for use on rare tapestries. They found it so good that they felt it was unfair to keep it from housewives who maybe had no tapestries, but plenty of other furniture fabrics to get soiled. So it was marketed for everyday household use.

I SUPPOSE every creature is put into the world for some purpose or other. But will you entomologists tell me why there are moths ? No, on second thoughts, don't tell me. I don't really want to know. I'll tell you instead how to keep the little pests away, and yet not have to go around next autumn with your stored clothes smelling of camphor balls.

There is a little packet, delightfully scented, being as it is the concentrated essence of lovely flowers, pines and rare trees, which will cost you sixpence, and will make you extremely unpopular with moths. They, having no real sense of beauty, hate it like poison.

Place a packet in your wardrobe, another in your drawer, one among your blankets and etceteras. And there you are, moth troubles forgotten before they start.

YOU may be feeling grand, and alive and new, on these first lovely early summer days. But if there's anything wrong with your feet, you're done for.

There is no satisfaction in your new clothes, your new feeling about life in general. All you are conscious of is your feet, feet, feet. And tired, aching feet can etch unnecessary lines on your face.

So, for heaven's sake, look to them now. Please don't have new face treatment, new hats, book your cruises, if you have corns to be removed, ankles to be strengthened, aching feet to be contended with.

I have found a very pleasant salon where they specialise in foot treatment. First a foot bath with radio-active salts, to urge acids away. Then, chiropody and pedicure. A deep massage for strengthening the ankles, the whole thing a beautiful experience.

Heard about people walking on air ? That's what you do when you emerge from here. Charges are reasonable.

BUSY women who can't be bothered with the little bits and pieces of beauty care will be excited by the news of a preparation, just out, which gives you, in one jar, all you need for the care of your face.

It is a three-purpose cream : skin food, foundation and cleansing cream all in one. Primarily it is a skin food which nourishes and tones the muscles, smooths away lines and wrinkles. But it is also an effective cleanser and an excellent foundation.

If you prefer lotions, somebody else has thought of the same idea, but brought it out in a bottle, instead of a jar ; as a liquid, instead of a cream. The thought behind it is the same, a three-in-one process, to cleanse, nourish and tone up the tissues.

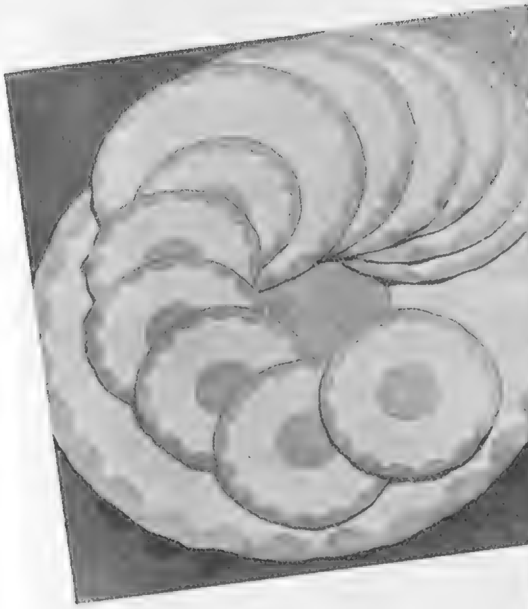
Don't ask me the chemical process of making a three-in-one cream or lotion. Alchemy, I should think.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages are the answer to your own problems, write to me, at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C 4, and enclose stamped envelope.

Mary Young

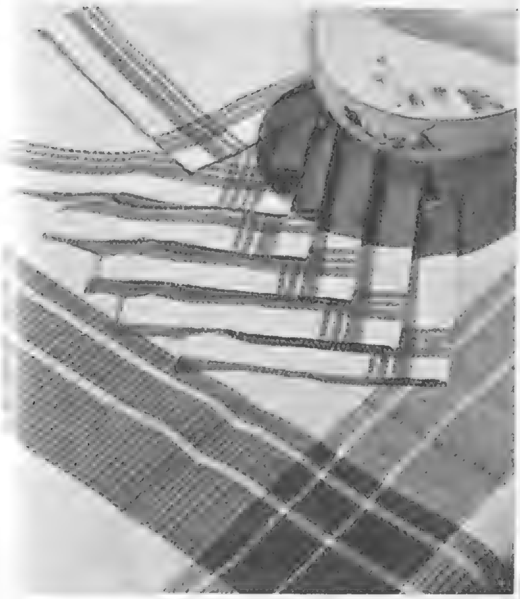
FINE LINEN

Breakfast cloth, 54 in. square, in green linen, striped in green, orange and brown. Five shillings. Twelve napkins to match, six and elevenpence

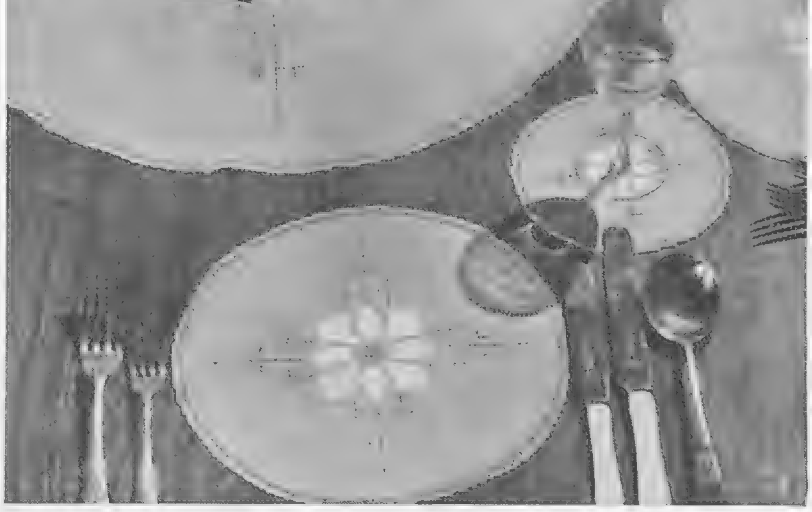


Thirteen-piece set, of unusual design, in fine pale blue and white linen. Fourteen and ninepence

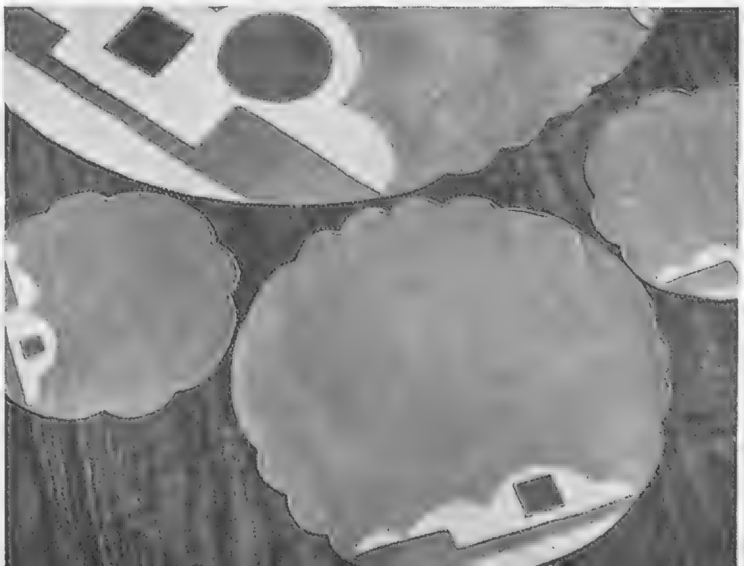
Lovely sheen of silken damask on a brilliantly coloured, reversible cloth, 54 in. square. With six napkins, it costs twenty-seven and sixpence (*Left*)



Cloth, 54 in. square, and napkins of Bisso linen, brown striped. Cost, with six napkins, twelve and ninepence



Fine pale blue linen, delicately embroidered and appliqued with white linen. Twenty-nine and sixpence for a thirteen-piece set (*Right*)



Charming alliance of white and dark blue velvet on light blue organdie, in a dinner set, costing twenty-seven and sixpence (*Left*)

Write to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia & Eve," 32/34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, enclosing stamped envelope, for the addresses from which these sets may be obtained.

Photographs by Elsie Collins

MEATS IN MAY

By A. H. ADAIR

ONCE more we come round to the time of year when longer, warmer days call for lighter yet satisfying meals; and, as usual, the meat problem is one of the most difficult to decide. Nobody feels like large joints of beef or heavy steaks, so we must think of something else.

Spring chickens are not yet in full swing, but as they will be soon, I am giving one recipe for a chicken dish. Pigeons, too, make a pleasant change on the menu, and veal, of course, is a most excellent meat for this month.

But whatever else fails, you can always rely upon a good supply of New Zealand lamb, which can be cooked in so many attractive ways that it can provide the meat course at least twice a week.

I have just received some information about the treatment of New Zealand lamb which I think is so useful and important that I shall now pass it on. It was sent to me by the people responsible for the production and distribution of this excellent meat, and is therefore quite official.

" . . . Because New Zealand lamb and mutton has been subjected to freezing, it is superior to the home-killed equivalent in keeping qualities during hot weather. In colder weather it should not be cooked until it is completely thawed out. To make certain of this it should be hung in a *dry, cool larder*, and an important point is to see that joints are hung cut end *uppermost*, so that the juices cannot drip. *On no account should artificial heat be applied in thawing New Zealand meat.*"

The first of my recipes is for a very attractive and seasonable lamb dish.

Stuffed Saddle of Lamb

You want a thick, deep saucepan of the type which has a lid, but short handles, and which will go into the oven. Melt a small piece of butter in it and put in the saddle of New Zealand lamb, thawed, if necessary, according to the instructions I have quoted.

Cook quickly for a few minutes on top of the fire, turning the meat so that the outsides are closed. Now put in two or three carrots cut into small pieces, half a dozen small onions, salt, pepper and a bunch of parsley, thyme and a bay-leaf. Cover the pan and put it in a moderate oven to braize, allowing about a quarter of an hour to the pound (Regulo Mark 5).

While this is looking after itself in the oven, cook about half to three-quarters of a pound of mushrooms (according to the size of the saddle) and when they are done chop and pass them through a sieve, adding later the onions from the lamb, also passed through a sieve.

Mix this *purée* well, season it with salt and pepper and keep it hot.

When the meat is done, remove it and carve it, but leave the pieces in their place on the bone, putting a little of your *purée* of mushrooms and onions between each piece.

Tie the saddle with string and put it in a fireproof serving dish. Sprinkle with a little grated cheese, salt and pepper, and pour in (not over but around the meat) the gravy from the first cooking through a fine strainer.

Brown quickly in the oven or under a grill and remove the string before serving.

Veal Olives

Use filet of veal cut into very thin *escalopes*. Trim them, beat them and season on both sides with salt and pepper. Meanwhile prepare the following mince.

First fry a rasher of bacon, remove it and add a little butter. Cook in this a few mushrooms finely chopped and sufficient sausage meat to provide enough stuffing for the required number of "olives," also one shallot finely chopped. Mix well, adding salt and pepper and the rasher of bacon finely chopped.

Put the mixture into a bowl and bind it with the yolk of an egg, stirring well. Then spread a little on to each piece of veal, roll and tie them.

Have ready a fireproof dish slightly buttered, and put in the olives, adding a port-glassful of sherry and one of stock or water—if you are making more than six olives the amount of liquid should be increased.

Cover the dish and cook in a moderate oven for about half an hour (Regulo Mark 5), turning the olive sonce so that they are evenly cooked. Remove the strings before serving.

Pigeons and Petits Pois

Roast the pigeons in the ordinary way, and while they are cooking prepare the peas.

Tinned peas of the very small variety are very good (*Continued on page* 153)

SALAD DAYS...

Salad Colette. Cooked cauliflower, hard-boiled eggs, lettuce leaves and vinaigrette dressing

After a long period of complete indifference to the subject, English hostesses have gradually become salad-conscious.

This is as it should be, but we are now suffering from a burst of complicated mixtures which are the result, so to speak, of suddenly acquired freedom after a long time of repression. It is not enough to imagine that, because anchovies and filleted herrings blend happily with ham and apples, you can throw anything indiscriminately into a bowl, smother it with a sickly dressing, and call it a salad.

Some of the mixtures I have recently encountered are really too horrible to think about. Take, for instance, this one which was proudly served by an old friend of mine: Dates, nuts, cheese, pickled walnuts, tomato sauce and cream.

When my friend asked me what I thought of it, I said: "To make it really perfect, my dear, you should add caviar and garlic and cover it with hot chocolate sauce."

Apart from the actual mixtures, there is another most important rule to observe about salads—that is, their place on the menu.

In my opinion a salad should never be served with a dish which has a thick sauce or gravy, while plainly roasted meats should be accompanied by the simplest of green salads made of whatever is then in season, and dressed with a severe *vinaigrette* dressing.

On these occasions I would not use salad plates but serve the lettuce, or whatever it is, in the same plate as the meat, for there is nothing better than a crisp green salad slightly blended with the natural gravy from a roast.

But as I am giving recipes in this article for elaborate salads only, I should like to make it quite clear that I consider all of them should be served by themselves, in some cases by way of *hors d'œuvre*, in others as a separate course immediately after the roast. So it is into these two classes that I am dividing my recipes. First, hors d'œuvre salads.

Salade Colette

First boil a cauliflower in salted water with a pinch of saffron, but do not overcook it. The flowers should be soft but not sodden and flabby, so that when you break them up they retain their shape.

Let the cauliflower cool and then break it carefully into small pieces with as little stalk as possible. Arrange these in the centre of a bowl and round them the whites of some hard-boiled eggs cut into neat pieces.

Now pour over the cauliflower a dressing of oil, vinegar, salt and pepper; let this settle for a few minutes, and sprinkle with the yolks of the hard-boiled eggs rubbed through a sieve. Just before serving, arrange a garnish of fresh, crisp lettuce leaves round the salad.

Salade Orientale

The basis of this salad is rice, which you cook in salted water in the ordinary way, but with two or three bay-leaves. Have the rice soft, but still a little firm; pour boiling water over it to separate the grains after you have strained it, and let it dry and then cool.

Put the rice, two or three tablespoonfuls for each person, into a salad bowl, and add a few tomatoes peeled, pips removed and cut into dice, one large red sweet pepper cut into small pieces and a few cold cooked peas.

Make a dressing with oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, and add to it a good dash of Yorkshire Relish. Pour over the dressing and stir the salad well before serving.

(*Continued on page* 153)

(Bottom of page.) Montego Salad. Lettuce, pineapple cubes, finely chopped onion and a cream dressing

This Month's Good Buys

1. The "Travella" universal travelling electric iron. Small, easy to pack, and constructed to work on any standard voltage from 110 to 250, without readjustments. Price 5/11 (postage 6d.)
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3. A smoking set in Canton enamel ware in attractive shades of blue, green, yellow, and pink, with variegated flower design. The round cigarette box is 3/6, matchbox-holder 1/3, and ashtrays 2/6 for a box of four. The latter are not sold separately (postage 6d.)
4. Pinkrite pinking shears to save you hours of labour and give a professional finish to seams. Oilcloth or paper for covering shelves can also be neatly pinked at the edge. There are any number of other uses to which these ingenious scissors can be put. 21/-. A larger size is available at 28/6 (post free)
5. Glazed china horses, modelled in eight different positions, are the subject of a charming Chinese legend. Obtainable in yellow or turquoise. This set is 25/9, and there are similar sets, slightly smaller, for 18/11 (postage 9d.)

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If you would like us to buy for you, send an *open postal order* (no cheques, please) and we will fill in the name of the firm in question and see that the goods are despatched to you. Postage for England is given where possible, but postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.

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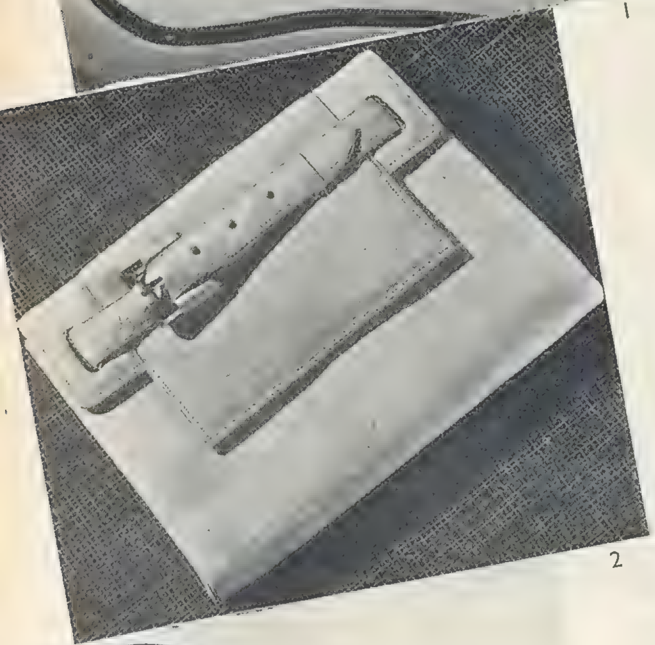

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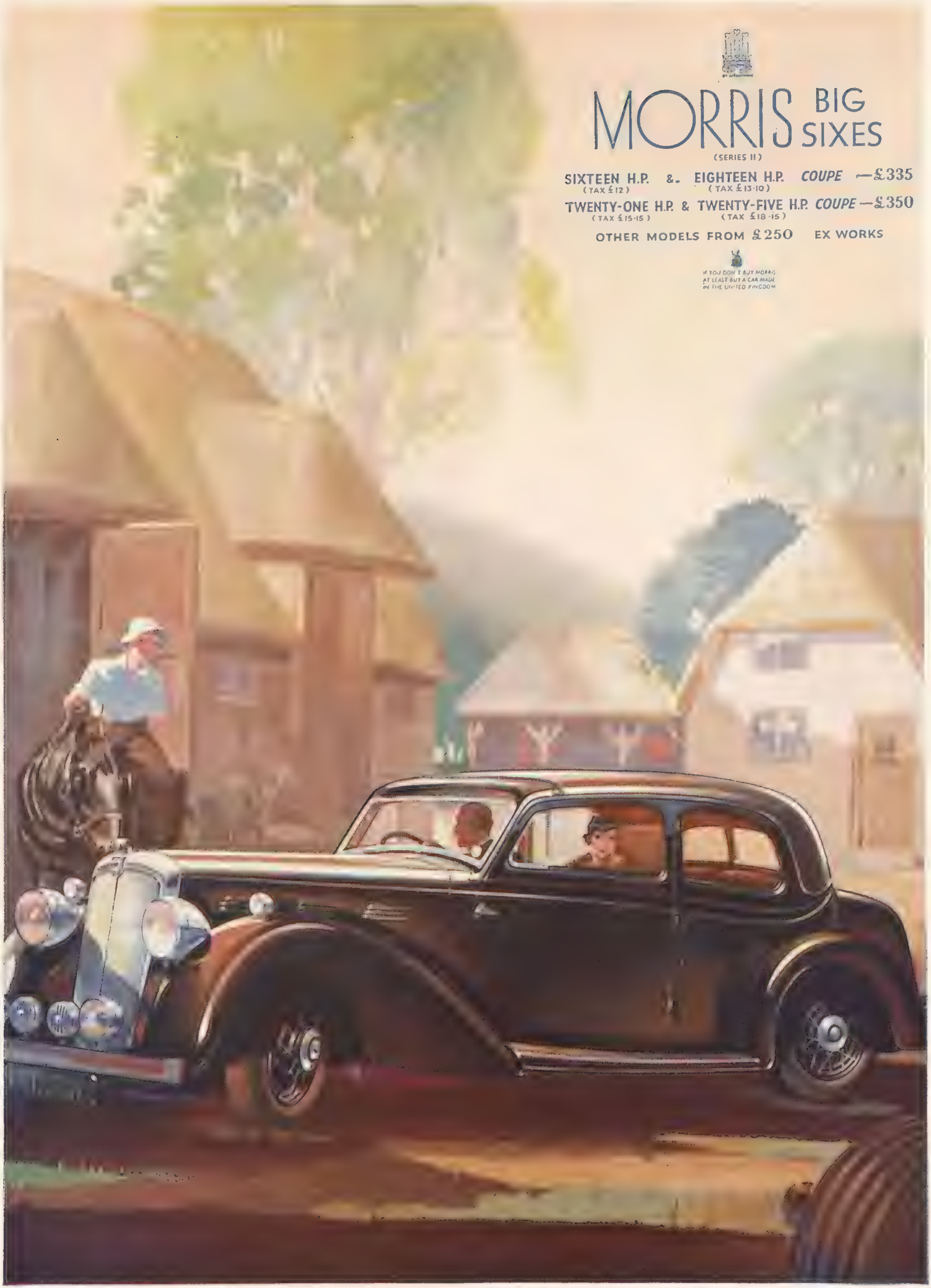

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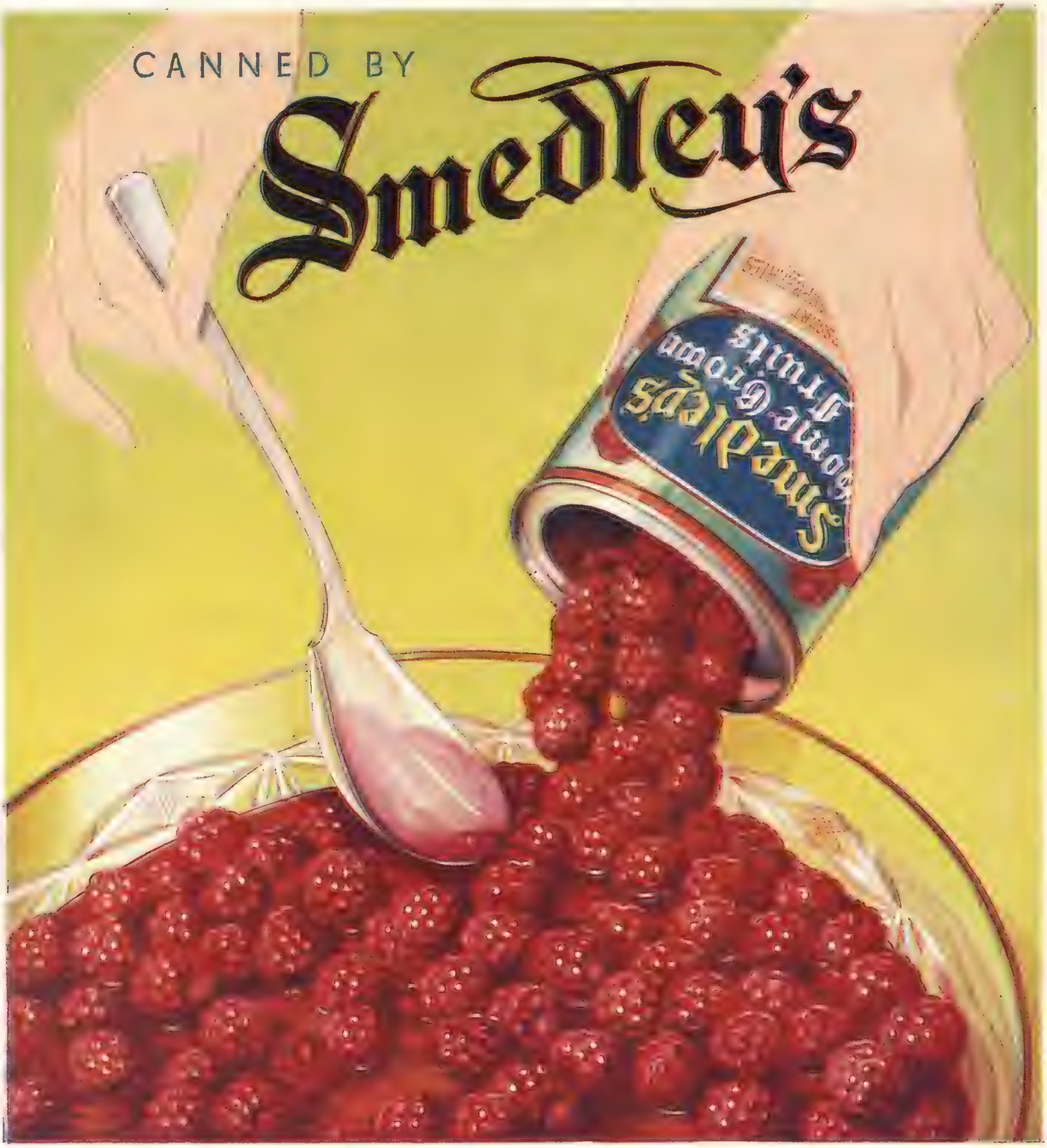

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A Feature drawing your attention to Reputable Advertising Products to whose merits we are glad to give Editorial Endorsement

We Confidently Recommend . . .

THERE are two words which are invariably bracketed together to-day—Health and Beauty. In other words, women have realised that 1936 standards of beauty are not those of the naughty 'nineties, when to be pale was to be interesting and to be subject to frequent attacks of the vapours augmented feminine charm. No, to-day we realise that if we would have bright eyes, a firm healthy skin and beautiful hair, we must have perfect physical fitness.

An interesting and helpful booklet called *Keep Young and Beautiful* can be obtained free of charge by readers of BRITANNIA AND EVE on receipt of a postcard addressed to "Beauty Booklet," 160, Piccadilly, London, W.1. It contains seven articles written by eminent medical authorities comprising a dietician, a physical culture expert, a gynæcologist, a dermatologist, two physicians and a pathologist.

Chosen for the Quads

St. Neots has its own little niche in contemporary history as being the birthplace of the only quadruplets recorded in England to have lived for more than a few days.

When there are four children at a birth, all of whom survive, artificial feeding must inevitably be employed. The fact that the experts who are in charge of these famous quads have chosen "Cow and Gate" for their food is a grand testimonial and a pointer to all mothers who are faced with the problem of artificial feeding, and who wish to give their babies the best possible start in life.

"Rosebank Fabrics" for the "Queen Mary"

Turnbull and Stockdale, Ltd., manufacturers of the world-famed "Rosebank Fabrics," are justly proud to be among the chosen few who have been singled out to provide fabrics for the soft furnishings of the *Queen Mary*. The photograph reproduced on this page shows some of their lovely fabrics, most of which were specially made to fulfil this gratifying contract.

The "Quilted Leaves" design on hand-printed and glazed percale is used for curtains and cushion covers in the first class, while for curtains in the writing-rooms of the first class, "Cedar Bands," a thick jacquard weave composed of graduated cedar-coloured bands, is an outstanding product of a power loom, achieved by slowing down the loom to a hand-weaving speed and proceeding on a hand-weaving technique.

A Fine Furniture Cream

During the recent spring-cleaning offensive many housewives must have noticed a misty dullness on their woodwork and furniture. This is known in the furniture trade as "Blue Bloom" and is considered by dealers to be their worst enemy. It is really a film of dampness and is ruinous to polished woodwork and furniture, leading in time to a network of tiny cracks in the wood.

The surest way to combat this evil is to use Stephenson's Furniture Cream. It contains special waxes in liquid form which sink into the pores of the wood, giving it a damp-resisting finish and a protective brilliance which does not fingermark. This splendid furniture cream is obtainable everywhere in glass or stone bottles at 4½d., 9d., 1s. 6d. and 3s.

Kellogg's Cost Less

With summer ahead of us, suitable diet must be considered. Normally healthy appetites often have to be tempted in the hot weather, and particularly at breakfast time, when heavy foods are out of the question.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the very thing with which to start the day, for they are crisp and light, and at the same time full of nourishment.

Served with cold milk or cream they are delicious, while the addition of fruit makes them the ideal summer breakfast. No cooking is necessary, so fuel and labour are saved, and housewives who value this appetising cereal will welcome an additional economy in the recent reduction in price to 5½d. per packet.

Don't Miss This

A dry skin is always more inclined to wrinkle than a greasy one, and it is therefore most important that skins which are lacking in natural oils should have this deficiency made up by the application of a really lubricating and nourishing skin food.

Turtle Oil has a remarkably nourishing and tonic effect on the skin, and in his Green Turtle Oil Cream, Philip Mason has produced a really efficacious skin food which will banish wrinkles and help to preserve the youthful contours and texture of the skin.

The normal price of this cream is 4s. a jar, but a special offer on page 93 enables those who fill in the coupon provided to get a large jar for 2s. 6d., effecting a saving of 1s. 6d.

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Why Cars Break Down

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE modern car is so amazingly reliable that one very seldom has to think of it as being subject to serious mechanical failure. It may go well, or it may go poorly; but it is very seldom that it fails to go at all. A complete breakdown on the road is an experience which has become so rare that one accepts it only vaguely as a possibility.

None the less a complete failure does sometimes occur. The breakdown lorry, which is a feature of every public garage, does not go out solely to bring in cars which have been involved in crashes. Every day, somewhere in the country, a motorist invokes its aid to bring in a car which, for some internal reason, can move no more under its own power.

Since such things do happen, even in 1936, it may be worth while to consider the why and the wherefore of the average breakdown. We are indebted to the R.A.C. for the most recent analysis of the mechanical causes underlying such cases of breakdown as have come to their notice. The facts and figures tell an interesting story.

MANY people would imagine the modern high-speed engine to be peculiarly susceptible to failure; but this does not prove to be the case. The engine, as such, gives relatively little trouble. If it ceases to function it is generally on account of some electrical defect, such as the failure of the battery to supply current for the ignition system.

It must be remembered that, nowadays, the majority of cars are fitted with "coil" ignition—*i.e.*, the battery has the duty of supplying an intermittent current to the sparking plugs. Thus a depleted battery does not merely prevent the starter and the lights from functioning: it also deprives the engine of those timed electric flashes which it requires to ignite the explosive mixture in the cylinders. In other words, if the battery is "dead" the engine is "dead" also.

THE fact that batteries become depleted is not necessarily a reproach to the manufacturers. We know that many owners are neglectful in the matter of "topping up" with distilled water at the required intervals. Others may not take the trouble to glance occasionally at their instruments, and many thus continue driving when the dynamo, for some reason, is no longer registering "charge" —*i.e.*, has ceased to keep the battery supplied with current to make good the outgoings.

Again, many people use the battery to excess through unskilful, and therefore needlessly prolonged, attempts to get the engine started in the morning. Altogether, most batteries may be truly said to be more sinned against than sinning.

Next to the electrical system, it seems that the transmission of the modern car is the most common source of serious trouble. According to the R.A.C. more than 23 per cent. of breakdown cases are due to transmission failure. In other words, one broken-down car out of every four has a serious defect somewhere between the clutch and the rear axle shafts.

Why is this? I suggest that the cause is most often bad driving, bad lubrication, or some combination of the two. The "jerky" driver, who always lets in his clutch "with a bang," is placing a very unfair strain on the whole transmission system. Likewise, the man who neglects to lubricate this very important section of his car's anatomy is quite obviously asking for trouble of an annoying and expensive kind.

There is just this to be said for those who neglect to lubricate the vital points of the transmission. The modern car, with very few exceptions, is notoriously ill-designed as regards accessibility. Both gearbox and rear axle are hidden away in places where it is an acrobatic feat to reach them. Moreover, there are seat cushions, floor mats, under-mats and floor boards, all of which have to be removed before anything can be done. In my own car the floor boards are screwed down with fiddling little screws—just to add one final difficulty to the whole aggravating process!

In these circumstances it is perhaps hardly fair to blame the owner-driver for not attending personally to the well-being of the transmission. On the other hand there is now very little excuse for not employing someone else to deal with the matter properly at the required intervals.

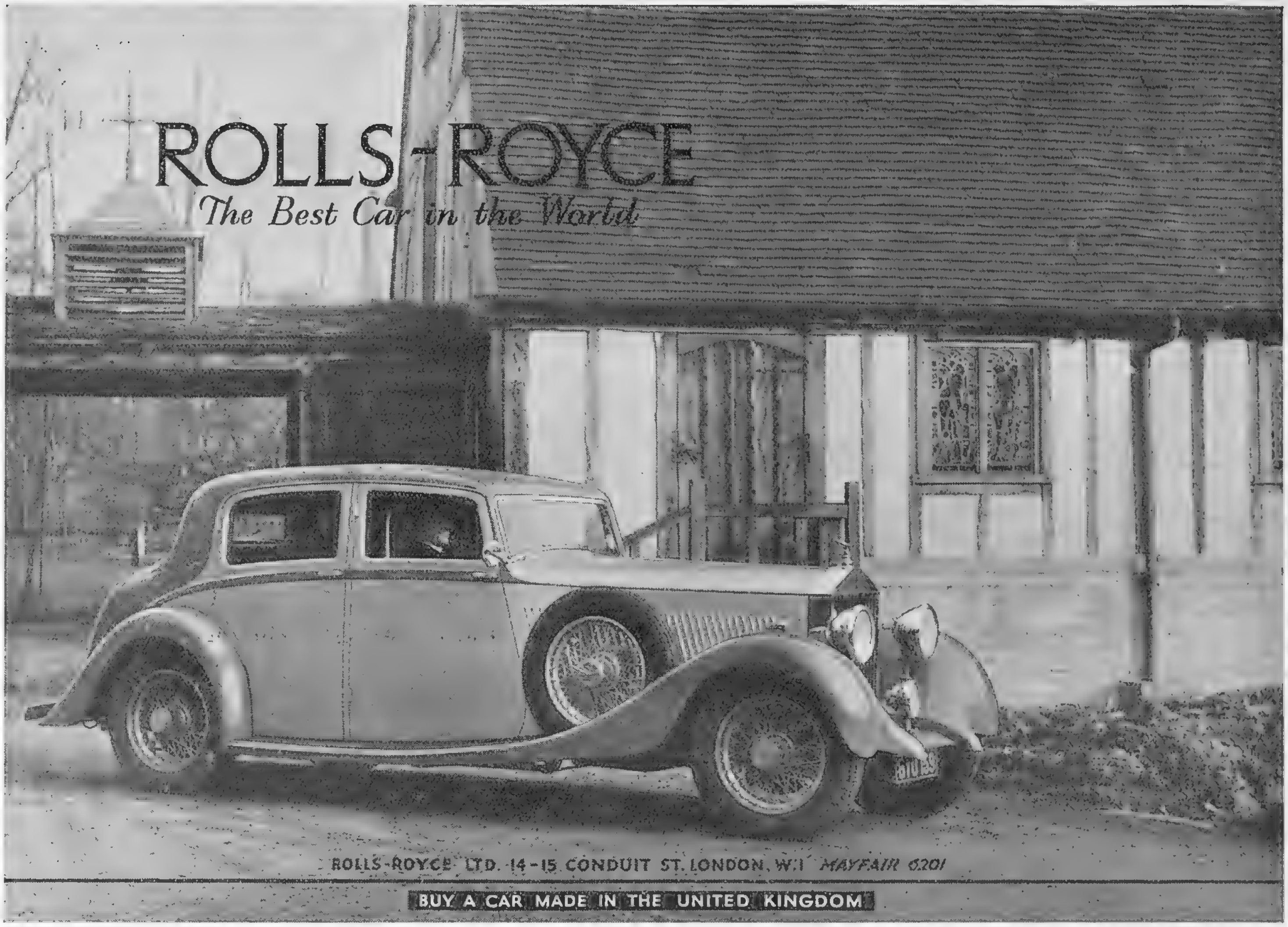
This has been made very simple by Messrs. Wakefield, the manufacturers of the famous Castrol lubricants. An organisation, known as the Castro "Lubrequipment" Service, has been built up throughout the country. More than 3,000 garages are authorised to give this service, and a list of such garages may be obtained freely by any Castrol user.

If a car is taken to a Lubrequipment service station it is invariably given an examination which is competent and thorough. Nothing is overlooked. A regular system is followed—and the mechanic knows his job. Chassis nipples are greased, springs are oiled, gearbox and rear axle oil levels are checked, with the addition of new lubricant where it is needed.

Best of all, a log-book is issued showing what has been done at a certain date, and indicating what is due to be done in the future. This means that nothing is left to chance, or to the owner's vague recollection of what he ought to have seen to "one of these days." The car is lubricated by schedule, and not by mere guesswork.

I THINK there is no doubt that such a system, where it is followed, does provide a real insurance against all manner of transmission failures. In providing the necessary organisation Messrs. Wakefield may claim to have done a real service to the owner-driver whose aim it is to give his car a fair chance of enjoying long and trouble-free existence.

A May view of the main road through Epping Forest



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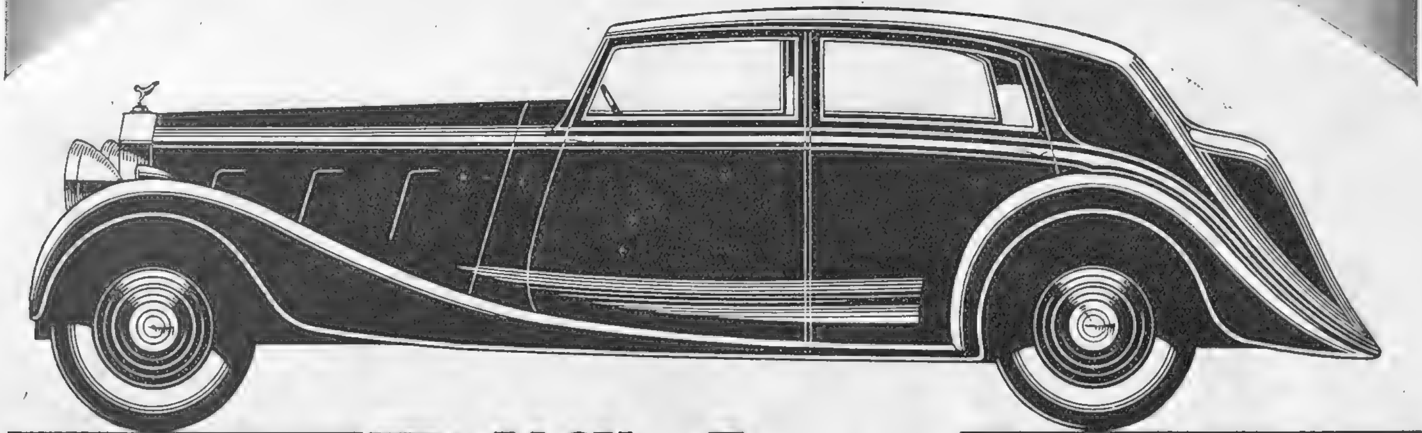

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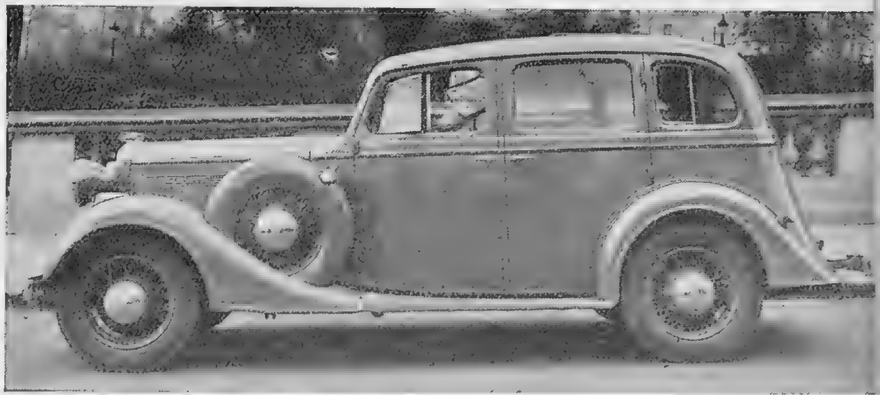

THE "Big Six" Vauxhall is a really comfortable car of 20 h.p., selling at the remarkably low price of £325. An engine of 27 h.p. is available for those who desire still greater power

IT is only of recent years that British manufacturers have turned their attention to producing the type of big car which the ordinary man can afford to buy, and which he can conveniently use and maintain. Now that this type is available, it has, of course, proved very popular. Indeed, to the observant motorist, it must be obvious that cars of 20 h.p. or more are enjoying, at the moment, something of a "boom."

Among big cars which are designed to appeal to the ordinary man, the 20 h.p. Vauxhall holds a leading place. First cost is always a consideration—and the price of this "Big Six" is quite astonishingly low. The saloon model, fully equipped and with any number of detail refinements, sells at a mere £325—little more than the cost of a light car!

THE instrument panel is extremely neat and incorporates two ash-trays (seen closed), besides leaving room for the two cubby-holes. The two highest gears are synchro-mesh

THE rear panel can be lowered so as to form a luggage platform. The design is sturdy, and the dimensions ample, so that luggage accommodation need never become a problem

It is not price alone, however, which has made this one of the most popular of Vauxhall models. Even if it sold at £400 or more—as it well might—the "Big Six" would be an attractive motor car. It has a six-cylinder, overhead-valve engine which is remarkable for its smoothness, and has an impressive power output. This is especially noticeable at low engine speeds, and results in extreme flexibility of running. There must be comparatively few cars which can potter along so slowly in top gear, or accelerate so effortlessly from a mere walking pace.

This smooth acceleration is continuous almost up to the maximum of which the car is capable. The Vauxhall, on the open road, is certainly no sluggard. It will cruise at 50, or even 60 m.p.h., with a top speed of about 70 m.p.h., and, in third gear, a good 50 m.p.h. can be reached.

The gearbox is of the synchro-mesh type which the Vauxhall Company originated. Third and top are the synchro-mesh ratios—with the ordinary type of engagement for second and first. First gear, of course, is hardly ever needed; but the second ratio can be useful, and it is worth noting that, although not fool-proof, it is so designed as to present no real difficulty.

The synchro-mesh ratios are described in the catalogue as "super-synchro-mesh." There is justification for this, as any motorist will realise who has driven cars of a variety of types. There is good and bad synchro-mesh—*i.e.*, there is synchro-mesh which will *always* function, and there is synchro-mesh which will function only when the gear lever is moved very slowly from one slot to the other.

The "Big Six" Vauxhall in Brief

Engine: Six cylinders with overhead valves; 20 h.p., very flexible.
Transmission: Four-speed gearbox; third and top gears synchro-mesh.
Performance: Top gear, 70 m.p.h.; third gear, 50 m.p.h.
Steering: Good lock; mildly self-centring.
Springing Semi-elliptic fore and aft; comfortable.
Brakes: Vauxhall type; highly efficient.
Coachwork: Very comfortable and plenty of room.
Price: Saloon model, £325.

IN my time, I have come across cars costing thousands of pounds equipped with the inferior sort of synchro-mesh. It is a fact, however, that the Vauxhall, at £325, employs synchro-mesh gearing of the most efficient, and incidentally the more expensive, type.

The suspension of the "Big Six," which is by means of semi-elliptic springs fore and aft, is extremely comfortable. The steering is good, with a useful lock, but could perhaps be improved upon if a little additional self-centring action were incorporated. The present steering tends to revert to the central position, but only to a limited extent.

(*Continued on page* 84)

THE 20 h.p. engine gives a fine performance, particularly in the matter of flexibility. The tool kit is sensibly located, and the bonnet has a new, quick-action type of fastener

ROVER

"One of Britain's Fine Cars"

The Twelve Sports Saloon £298

TESTED by the Autocar at Brooklands this car gave striking evidence of its capabilities. Speed: 73.77 m.p.h., Acceleration 0-50 m.p.h. 21 secs., Braking in 28ft. from 30 m.p.h. (For full report see the Autocar 6/3/36 issue.)

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY. London Showrooms: Henly's Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1

CVS—187A

THE Studebaker is a fine-looking car, carrying really luxurious coachwork. On the road it proves to have many "English" characteristics, and handles exceptionally well

An American Car *of* *Outstanding* Quality

The Studebaker "Dictator"

IT is probably true of any good car to say that one remembers it, after a trial run, not so much for what it does as for the particular way in which it does it. It is certainly thus that I recall my recent test of the new Studebaker "Dictator." The car impressed me by its performance; but it chiefly pleased me by the irreproachable way in which it "handled" on the road.

Good road-holding, for example, is rather an indefinable quality; but it makes all the difference to the pleasure or otherwise of driving. This Studebaker holds the road really well. Indeed, among Transatlantic cars, it may be said to have unique qualities of steadiness and controllability at speed. It is the equal, in this respect, of any high-grade car of European manufacture.

In particular, the steering has a nice, firm self-centring action. This gives a sense of great precision when the car is travelling fast. The driver feels that he can take it "to an inch" just where he wants it on the road.

Then, again, the springing is a little firmer than is usual with cars of this type. It is by no means hard; indeed, it is extremely comfortable under all conditions. On the other hand, it has just enough firmness to resist any tendency for the car to "roll" on corners, and thus enables the driver to take his bends in a really confident manner.

Another point which is appreciated when one is handling this car at speed is that the braking is quite excellent. The system is hydraulic, which is practically a guarantee of even distribution of the braking pressure. Better still, the retarding action is a progressive one—in other words, a gentle pressure on the pedal does *not* produce a fierce or unexpected application of the brake shoes.

Nowadays, all brakes are powerful, and these are no exception; but by no means are all brakes progressive. It is a great help to the driver if he can be sure of getting always just the right amount of stopping power, according to the precise degree of firmness with which he puts his foot down.

I have dealt with these points at some length because to the discriminating driver they are of very real importance. We must not, however, pass over the more obvious virtues of the Studebaker. These are many. Knowing the car's reputation, one expects to find them—and one is not disappointed. The engine, for instance, is everything that a large six-cylinder unit ought to be. It is very (*Continued on page* 84)

The Studebaker "Dictator" in Brief

Engine: 25·4 h.p., six cylinders with side valves.

Transmission: Three-speed synchro-mesh gear-box, with free-wheel and "over-drive" mechanism.

Performance: Second gear, 50 m.p.h.; top gear, 80-85 m.p.h.

Steering: Definite, with good self-centring action.

Springing: Independent for front wheels, semi-elliptic at rear. Good road-holding.

Brakes: Hydraulic; pleasantly progressive.

Coachwork: Very roomy: will seat six.

Price: Regular saloon, £298, de Luxe, £348.

THE driving position is very well planned. An attractive asset is the built-in wireless set, which gives excellent reception

THE front view is most imposing. This year's model has the radiator carried a little farther forward than was the case with earlier types

THE engine is of great power, and does its work with a complete lack of effort. Silence and smoothness are very marked features

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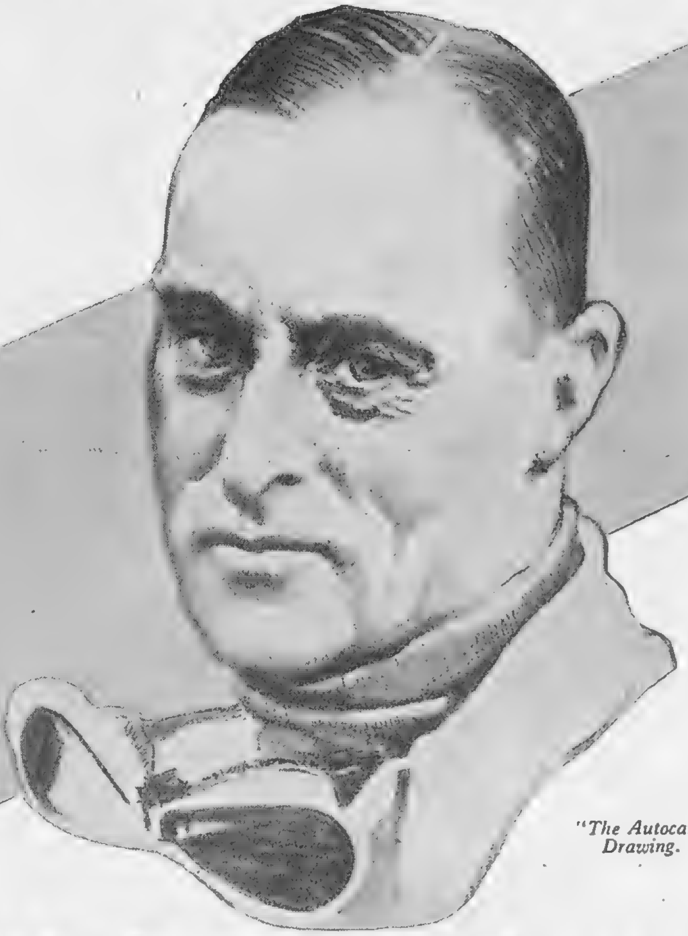
Patent Castrol



"The Autocar" Drawing.

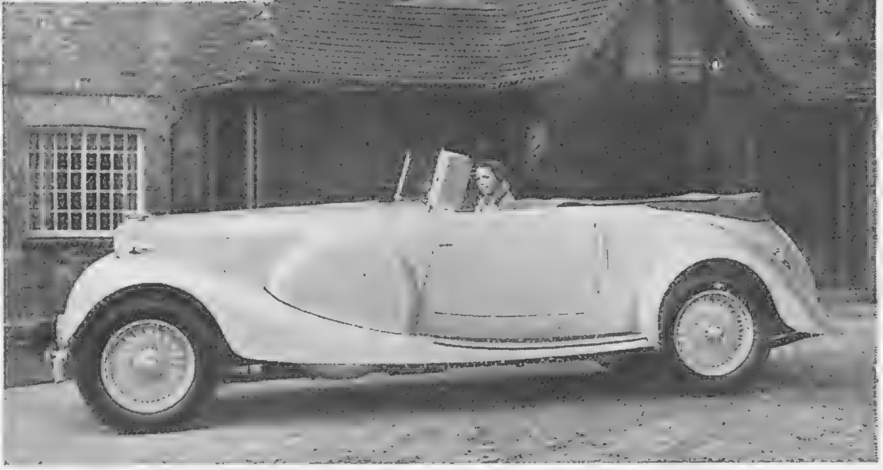
Sir Malcolm Campbell doesn't

—neither does the motorist interested in a modest thirty. To him Patent Castrol has the added advantage that, thanks to its patented chromium and tin content, it reduces cylinder wear and keeps down his oil consumption.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., *All-British Firm*, Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2

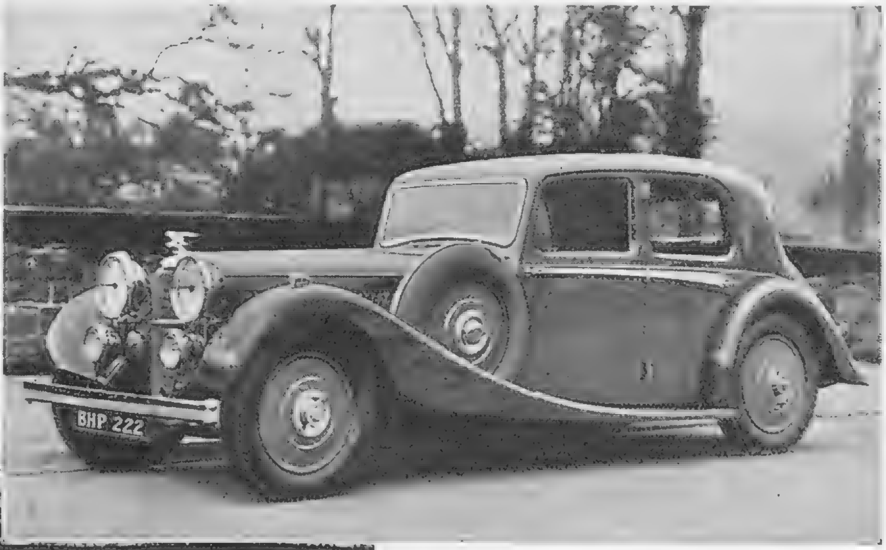
Some Competitors *and* Cars *in the recent* R.A.C. Rally *to* Torquay

AT the end of the run. Mr. B. Alan Hill (on right) with his Flying Standard Twenty, in which he started for the Rally from Buxton, photographed with his co-driver, on their arrival at Torquay

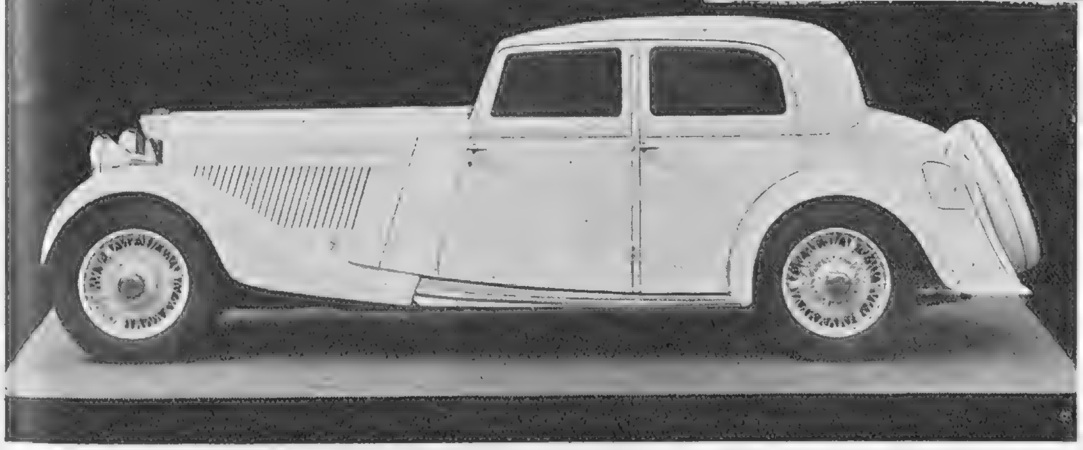


MRS. GOOD at the wheel of her 4½-litre Lagonda Tourer which she drove in the R.A.C. Rally to Torquay. This picture was taken at Northchurch Farm, the country home of the chairman of the Lagonda Co.

C. J. REDGROVE with his Rover Fourteen. This year he started from Yarmouth, and won a First Class Award



THE Alvis Speed Twenty, titled "Dash of Mauve," was driven by Mr. A. G. Douglas Clease, who commenced his journey from Bristol



THIS beautiful 3½-litre Bentley was entered and driven by Mr. Gilling. The coachwork is the Standardised Saloon of Messrs. Park Ward & Co., Ltd. The paintwork was finished in light Jewelescence blue, and the interior leather upholstery was blue to match. Mr. Gilling started for the Rally from London

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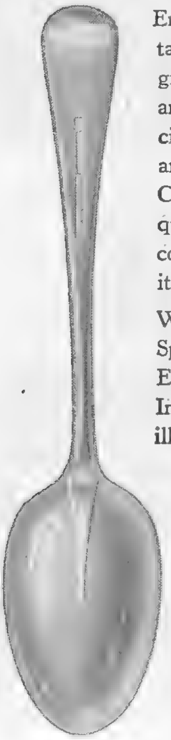
IT LASTS A LIFETIME



Enthusiasm is very contagious. Prince's Plate is growing evermore popular among those who appreciate the best in Spoons and Forks. This Oak Canteen for 6 persons is quite modest in price — considering the quality of its contents.

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SHEFFIELD
Showrooms Norfolk St.; Manufactory Queen's Rd.

A Big Car Designed *for the* Ordinary Man

(*Continued from page* 79)

The braking is excellent, and is of special Vauxhall type. A very powerful retarding action is achieved with a pleasantly light pedal pressure, while at the same time there is not that exaggerated lightness which would tend to make the driver nervous of putting his foot down firmly in an emergency.

Among other good chassis features, the "pedomatic" starting system must be mentioned. The electric starter is controlled from the accelerator pedal, so that, when the pedal is pressed and the engine is *not* already running, the starter automatically comes into action. This is excellent when, as sometimes happens, the engine—being cold—stalls in a traffic block. A light touch on the accelerator instantly revives it.

The automatic system of chassis lubrication is a real boon to the owner driver, and there is a reversing light which should be of great value for night driving. Ignition control again is automatic, and, similarly, the cooling system is governed by a thermostat. There is little indeed, apart from the minimum business of driving, with which the owner need concern himself.

The coachwork is extremely comfortable, and is, of course, very roomy. On a long journey, a little extra space is very much to be appreciated—and here, of course, the big car, if well designed, scores heavily. The Vauxhall "No-draught" ventilation system is another asset—and there is no doubt that this does all that is claimed for it.

Myself, I do not always repose great confidence in the motor manufacturer's ability to deal with the problems of aerodynamics. Having driven the Vauxhall, however, on a freezing day, when ventilation without draught was very much to be desired, I am convinced that in this case the flow of air through the car is admirably controlled. If I had been sceptical before, I was on this occasion entirely converted. Vauxhall owners, in the matter of comfort, are assuredly well cared for.

An American Car *of* Outstanding Quality

(*Continued from page* 81)

silent, very smooth and very flexible. It gives a remarkable degree of acceleration, and this is rendered more than ever effective by the fact that an "over-drive" device is fitted. The action of this "over-drive" is very unobtrusive; but the effect of it is to gear the car "up" to a small extent when the higher speeds are reached. Thus excessive "revs" are avoided, and the acceleration continues at its best almost throughout the entire speed-range.

The "over-drive" mechanism acts in conjunction with a free-wheel. When this is in operation, the maximum speed is around 85 m.p.h., as compared with about 80 m.p.h. at other times. In second gear—a ratio which seldom requires to be used—a good 50 m.p.h. is available. The rated horse-power is 25·4.

The gearbox is of synchro-mesh type, and thus at all times gives silent engagement between second and top gears. When the free-wheel is used, there is, of course, fool-proof engagement between all ratios, so that altogether it may be said that gear-changing problems in this car are non-existent.

The coachwork is exceptionally roomy, and provides real all-round comfort. I personally am not greatly enamoured of cloth upholstery, but the use of this instead of leather is the only point which in any way arouses my critical faculty. The fact that six people can sit at ease on the two wide seats is an excellent feature. Three abreast is not a "squash" in this Studebaker. The car is built so that this is its normal and natural accommodation.

In the front compartment, the curved windscreen is a real aid to the driver, since it permits him an unusually wide field of vision. It is a further good point that this windscreen opens, so that one need never be defeated, even by the worst combination of fog and frost.

Again I find myself featuring what is no doubt a minor virtue—and yet it is the fact that such things have been thought of by the designer who differentiates the Studebaker from other cars of the same general type. At all points, one finds it a real, genuine motor-car, built to give satisfaction to the practical driver as well as pleasure to the casual passenger. It is a car, in a word, which one can recommend with more than ordinary confidence.

Henlys, Ltd., are the distributors in London, and can supply special coachwork. The standard models are the Regular saloon, very modestly priced at £298, and the de Luxe saloon at £348.

Black Paradise

(*Continued from page* 11)

there is a tropical storm of magnificence; forked and sheet lightning play together across the heavens, which sometimes seem split asunder; there are majestic rolls of thunder and blinding torrents of rain, and the use of a radio is impossible.

In fact, almost everything is impossible and fantastic. Liberia is a country where life does not move at all. Monrovia is just a bit different because it is the seat of the Government. Nearly every negro in the country is grafting on something or somebody. There is no money, and the taxes go to pay the foreign advisers, of whom there are many. Members of the Government are honest, and the President, Edwin Barclay, is trying hard to modernise this Black Paradise. He told me of his Three Year Plan, just as if he were another Stalin, but when I asked him where he was going to find the money he literally groaned.

The only newspaper in the country is a small weekly sheet published in Monrovia. English, of course, is the official language, but in the bush there are about twenty-five native dialects.

Amusement is hard to find. Occasionally there is a concert and dance, and when the Liberians dance, they dance. On the dance floor they forget they are what they themselves state "civilised young men" and go back to the jungle with a vengeance. They prance to the negroid tunes which have come to them via Broadway; they seize their partners, in vivid-hued frocks, and whirl them round and round and round again. The Secretary of State is dancing with a lady in bright red; the Secretary of the Interior is treading a semi-stately measure with his wife. It is one of Monrovia's bright nights, when everybody who can borrow two shillings is there.

Water Street is the Piccadilly of Monrovia; it is also the Cheapside and half a dozen other places as well. The few stores that exist in the capital are to be found in Water Street. Everybody seems very busy. A tall man in a loin-cloth and a sombrero hat walks very rapidly, like a City merchant on his way to a board meeting. The negro has one pre-occupation: he wishes to dispose to the highest bidder a very odorous piece of dried fish, and by the noisome smell it is evident that the

(*Continued on page* 86)

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Beautiful but strong is this Tea Rose Lace Twilfit Belt incorporating Lastex yarn, in step-in style. 15 ins. deep. The front is reinforced with material and lightly boned. With small hook and eye fastening at side. A marvellous garment for wearing under the tightest fitting gown. Sizes 24–28 ins. 63/-

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sooner business is done the better. At the extreme end, on the north side, of Water Street you will find two masts sticking out of the water. That is all that is left of the Liberian Navy. The last of the Admirals is in the local lunatic asylum.

Incidentally, there is no Army, just a Frontier Force of about 400 and a very good band. The instruments are very good. They came to Monrovia in a curious manner. An ex-President of Liberia was staying in Paris and was mistaken by the hall porter of his hotel for the leader of an American negro jazz band that happened to be leaving the hotel at the same time as the ex-President.

All day long there is something to be seen in Water Street, serio-comic incidents. One of the greatest pastimes is to try to borrow money from a European trader. Watch this man. He is wearing European clothes. He is now near his destination. From his waistcoat pocket he draws the stub of a cigar, and with infinite danger to his eyebrows he lights it. Then he sprinkles a few drops of scent on his handkerchief, and swinging his cane and puffing his cigar he struts towards the office of the man from whom he hopes to obtain a loan. A good first impression is everything.

I made the acquaintance of a young American who was out shooting on a rubber plantation and who shot a native when he shot at and killed a water deer. He was charged with manslaughter in the first degree, but he had received a private "tip" that the affair could be settled for about fifty dollars. I was invited to go to the trial.

The prisoner sat on the window-ledge of a crowded court, laughing and joking with his friends in the sunshine outside. I elbowed my way across the court and sat beside him. The judge, a moon-faced fellow, was having a great time, a white man on trial. When the judge saw me, another white man, in his court, he forgot that only the day before I had seen him sucking a stick of sugar cane in Water Street, and set out to be really impressive. He charged the jury and made suitable reference to the war in Abyssinia. He spent all the morning without touching on the charge to be heard. My young American friend became restive and asked if "they" thought he had nothing else to do?

He was fined fifty dollars.

The President lives in what is called the Executive Mansion, a wooden house of moderate size. When I said there were no telephones in Monrovia I was not quite accurate. There is one, in the lobby of the Executive Mansion, and it is connected with the President's study, twenty-five steps up. Although President Barclay is reputed to be very anti-British, and indeed "anti-white," I found him a very approachable man. He is paid £40 a week and receives also a small entertainment allowance. He was recently installed, and has managed to change the Constitution and to remain in office without having to seek re-election for a term of eight years.

The hardest-worked man in Liberia is the Secretary of the Treasury, a young man named Gabriel Dennis, who is a descendant of one of the original settlers who came over in the "Black Mayflower." Mr. Dennis, besides having financial control, which means finding the money to keep this Black Paradise a going concern and preventing it from becoming a gone concern, has also just recently drawn up a scheme to endow Liberia with an up-to-date Civil Service. Like all the other members of the Government, Mr. Dennis was educated by missionaries. He gets up early every morning to put in two or three hours' teaching before going to the Treasury Department.

Superstitions of all kinds prevail right in the capital, and many a sick native would just as soon seek one of his own medicine men as take the advice of a European doctor; there are three in Monrovia. But it was not until I left Monrovia on a three hundred miles trek through the bush that I began to realise that, although I was but a fortnight from Piccadilly Circus, I was travelling backwards through hundreds and hundreds of years of barbarism.

I left Monrovia by lorry to reach the end of the road, some seventy miles from the capital, hence my journey had to be on foot or in a hammock slung under a rather heavy superstructure carried on the heads of four natives. I had a head "boy," a steward, a cook, and eight hammock carriers and twenty porters.

When I reached the end of the road, just before nightfall, six o'clock, I noticed some commotion. Two men, naked except for loincloths, had their arms tied behind them round stout sticks. They had murdered a tax collector and a Government messenger. The two men, who slept that night in a hut adjoining mine, were being taken down to Monrovia for trial. They were lucky. When I penetrated deeper into the jungle I found other methods. The Government of this Black Paradise has very little authority in the interior. Nominally there are District Commissioners, and the Liberian flag may be seen flying outside the palaver house in the middle of the villages, but that is almost as far as authority goes. When there is a murder in the interior the Chief deals with the matter himself. He sentences the murderer to be burnt at the stake, and every villager, man, woman and child, has to bring a piece of wood and help to burn the murderer.

The Chief is all powerful. He has the most land and the most wives, and the wives work on the land; the Chief sits in the palaver house and hands out black justice. In every palaver house I saw—and for weeks and weeks I pitched my camp in them, preferring to run the risk of prowling leopards rather than to sleep inside a native hut—I noticed what looked like a small trapeze hanging from the roof. Beneath this trapeze the witness stood and held on to the cross piece while he gave evidence; this kept him from fidgeting with his hands.

Trial by ordeal is the favourite native form of justice, but a Scotch trader in Monrovia confessed to me that he had allowed this system to be used when he wanted to discover who was the thief in his store. The natives prefer their own trials by ordeal rather than the more elaborate trials in Monrovia. It is rough-and-ready justice, and it passes the acid test: it seems to work.

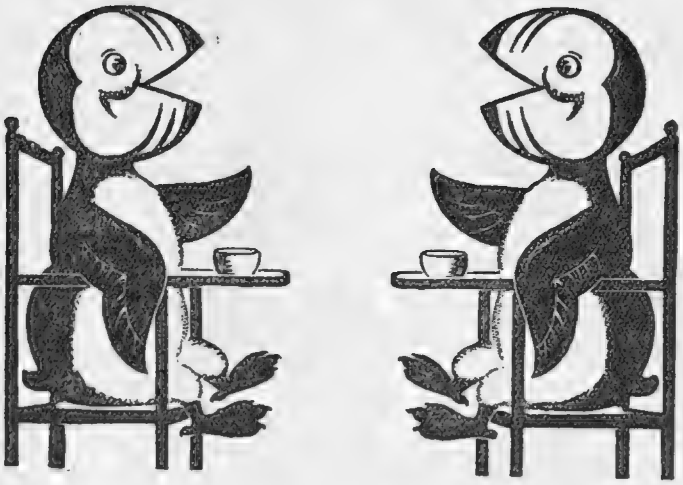
A man faces his accusers and he is told to taste a certain poison; if he is guilty he will die, and if he is not he will not. Of course, the psychology of fear is behind the trial by ordeal; if a man knows he is guilty he will confess rather than face the ordeal. In a Liberian town called Sanoyeh I came across a Chief who tried forty-eight of his wives for alleged adultery. He put live charcoal on their tongues. All confessed, with the exception of one.

In the interior, there are no firearms; the natives shoot with bows and arrows. They have no matches, so use flints, and have no timepieces, so they compute journeys by the sun. I tried to purchase a compass before I left Monrovia, but there were none to be had. I was forced to rely on the sun, as the maps were not to be trusted: rivers had the habit of flowing the wrong way. Often I was hours and hours out of my reckoning. I used to break camp a little after dawn, between five and six, and walk for nearly two hours; then the heat was too great to travel on foot. There was a sun temperature of about 150° Fahr.

Being carried by Liberian hammock-carriers is not a pleasant experience. They are mostly not on speaking terms with one another, and seek to break one another's necks, while the "fare" has to protect himself as best he can. When they were on speaking terms it was almost worse, because then they would sing ear-splitting, monotonous songs, and beat the rhythm on the top of the hammock.

Yet they were skilful enough, these hammock "boys." I found eight were not enough, so had to recruit others from villages through which I passed. The "boys" in their bare feet crossed swaying "monkey" bridges slung high over rivers without a tremor, while I in brogues crossed fearfully. I always had visions

(*Continued on page* 88)



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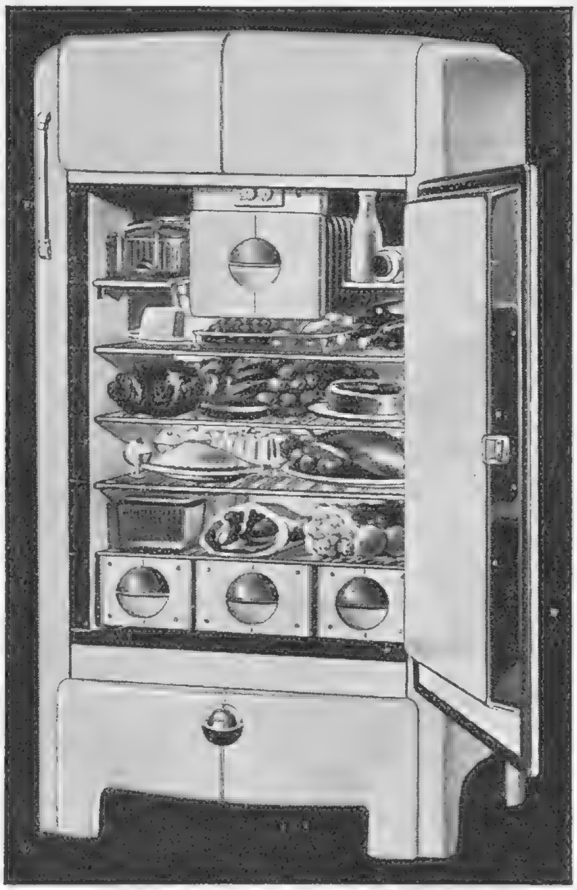

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Streets

o. the creaking, rotten twigs breaking and myself being pitched to the crocodiles.

When I had to pull off my khaki shirt, my shorts, my golf stockings and my shoes and wade through a river which swarmed with leeches, and where we knew crocodiles lurked in the oozing brown mud, it was not fun either, but it had to be done.

Although the days were scorching hot in the jungle, the early mornings and the nights were cold, and when my camp arrived in the cannibal country, which, incidentally, adjoins the elephant country, I was quite glad to have a blanket at night.

Conversations with cannibals are delightful, but as they for ever put an end to the stock joke about the missionary and the stew-pot, I am loath to repeat them.

Well, then, cannibals DO NOT EAT WHITE MEN. The very last authenticated case of anything approaching such a thing happened thirty-five years ago, when two French officers from the Sudan became embroiled in a tribal war, when two tribes were fighting a third, and they were taken prisoners and kept in a wooden cage. The obvious, and perhaps truth, was that they were being fattened to be eaten. It is on record that the two officers died.

I am assured by cannibals with whom I discussed the matter that they "eat for medicine," which means that they will eat the heart of an opponent killed in combat because they believe that the heart will give them strength, and for the same reason they will eat other organs, but cannibal feasts are figments of the imagination—almost. I am forced to qualify what I write, because I did find this: No man confessed that he himself ever had eaten human flesh; it was always a brother or a cousin or some relative who had related the story. Thus I learned that in cannibal circles the flesh at the base of the thumb and the top part of a thigh are considered delicacies.

These statements relate solely to the cannibal tribes who live in the country marked on the maps of Liberia with the one word "Cannibals," and they do not take into account the Leopard Men, who, despite all denials to the contrary, are to be found all over Liberia. The Leopard Men belong to a dread secret society; but here, once again, although they undoubtedly do wear the skins of leopards, and they do put iron claws on their fingers, and they do pounce on their victims and tear them just as real leopards do, yet the actual eating of the human flesh is restricted to parts of the body which have reputed strength-giving qualities.

Although the notorious Leopard Men are known all over the world, I discovered in unknown Liberia secret sects whose existence has hitherto been unknown. I refer to sects such as the Banana People, who make human sacrifices to the banana trees; there are the Cottonwood Tree People, who do the same thing, and there are the remarkable Water People, who put snails and other waterside animals in their children's hair; they profess to see their gods riding in boats on the rivers. They worship, too, the Sacred Catfish.

I was particularly impressed by the Snake People. I had reached the north-west section of Liberia and was making for Sierra Leone. I was passing through territory where they see a white man so rarely that small children rushed screaming to their parents' huts when they saw the "white devil" approach. The Snake People not only do not fear snakes, with which the country abounds, but they are their friends. It is a positive fact that early in the morning one finds the tracks of snakes around the huts where the Snake People dwell. Another peculiarity of the Snake People is that they have sub-sects who are remarkable acrobats. They go about the country in troups, and each troup has three or four tiny girl children with it, and the *leit motif* of the acrobatic performance is the snake. A very dreadful yet fascinating study.

The food of the native is rice, although on one occasion I found my "boys" gleefully chewing the raw hide of a freshly killed elephant. In several villages I managed to procure chickens, in exchange for a bottle of trade gin and a few heads of tobacco. In some villages there were also goats, but very few sheep, and I noticed very few heads of cattle. The tsetse fly kills off the cattle, as well as the mules and the horses.

Trekking is tedious, the trails winding and bad. Some of the District Commissioners force the villagers to keep the trails in condition; they are fined if they do not, and flogged if they do not pay the fines; but still, despite the finings and the beatings, progress for the white man through this Black Republic is as primitive as it must have been when the first white man hacked his way into the jungle. Often I had to send a "boy" ahead with a cutlass to blaze a trail that had been over-run by the jungle.

Beware of the man who says how romantic the jungle is. It is a hideous place. It is damp and hot; it reeks with the stench of rotting vegetation; the screech of the parrots makes one soon forget the beauty of their plumage. The butterflies are beautiful; to a fever-ridden quinine-fed mind they remind of football players in striped jerseys. Sometimes on the verge of a swamp I would see rise in the air what looked like flying violets; they were tiny blue butterflies. Sometimes for hours and hours I would plod along without seeing the sky. I would be jolted by the hateful hammock-carriers, and fording a river seemed a relief. I would walk until I felt ready to fall dead, and for about half an hour being carried in the hammock seemed a relief.

So it went on, and I knew nothing but boredom; the sheer futility of life seemed endless. I thought of the General Election, which was then being fought, and tried to keep sane by concentrating on that. Every morning at seven the sun was blazing, and every evening at six it began to be dark and it was chilly; and twice a day I sat down to a weary meal of tinned food. It did not even matter when first the butter and then the biscuit supply ran out.

The time came when I crossed over into Sierra Leone, and saw a motor-lorry, the first vehicle I had seen for weeks and weeks. After a long ride in the lorry I actually travelled on a train—saw white faces once again.

Then, wonder of wonders, I reached Freetown. I saw a white woman. She did look beautiful. I went to an hotel to get something to eat and drink. I heard like magic music the tinkle of ice against the rim of a glass.

More marvels were to come. I went upstairs to bed. Did you hear me ? UPSTAIRS TO BED. I who had tucked myself into a mosquito-netted camp bed every night for weeks and weeks. I went downstairs again, just for the pleasure of walking up. It was fine. I rang bells for no reason, and I switched lights on and off. Grand it was forgetting that Black Paradise, living again.

END

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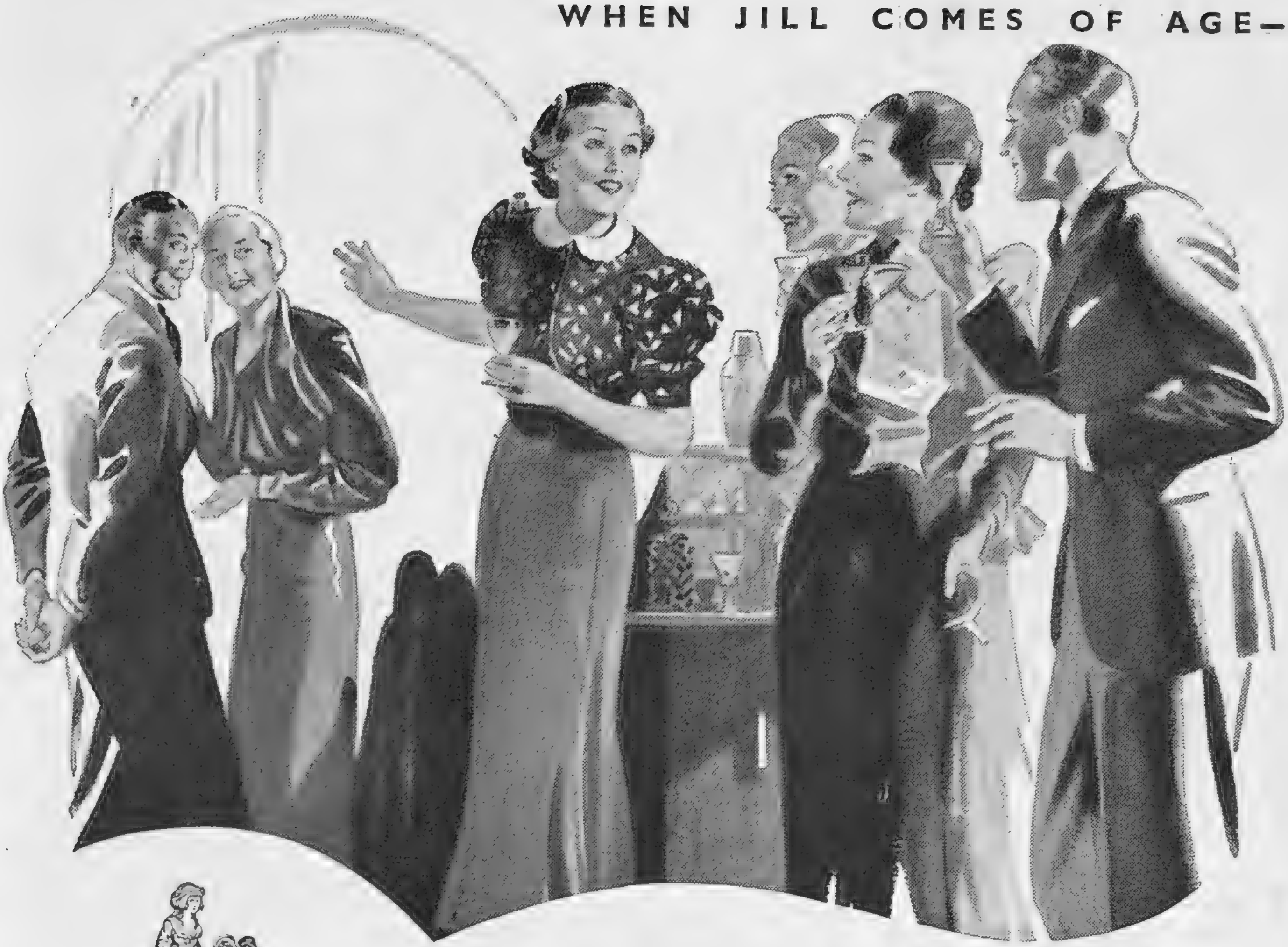

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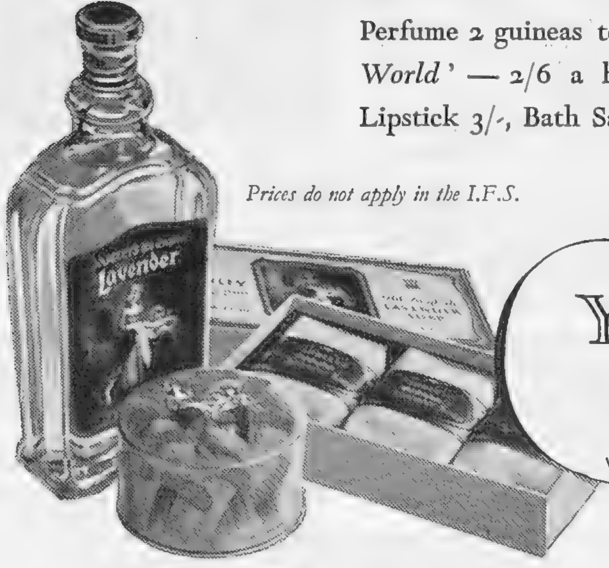

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Please Pay Cash

(Continued from page 45)

in cash on January 6. Wellby would miss that trip round the world.

He tried Wellby's shuffle with success. Before he reached the town, he felt like Wellby. And in the town a voice hailed him, and he turned in Wellby's slow manner and grinned Wellby's grin.

"Haven't seen you about for some time," said Doctor Lewis. "Still thinking about that trip of yours?"

Sommeren nodded.

"Lucky man! There's nothing like having something to look forward to."

He laughed and went on. In his mind, Sommeren recalled Wellby's mannerisms, and began to practise speaking like Wellby. He did this very well during his short interview with Blackwell, who gave him the receipt for the premium, and bade him good-bye with the usual remark: "Don't tell me again that you've arranged for us to pay you cash, Mr. Fox—there's a special note in our books about that! You were just going to remind me, weren't you?"

Sommeren grinned his employer's grin once more—it had helped him very much in this first lesson of being Wellby.

Blackwell shook hands and opened the door. He went back into his room and thought, "The poor old stick—what will he be doing with a posh trip round the world? Too mean to have a doctor in unless he's forced. I wonder what he'll cut up for!"

Sommeren shuffling along was thinking, "You mustn't stop watching out because it looks like being too easy. I'll start sounding him about getting a few days off in January to look round for another job."

He entered the lonely house and became once again the despised and baited servant, and at midnight practised Wellby's signature a hundred times, and burnt them in the stove. By the end of the next month, he created a signature that satisfied him. He kept this one, and continued practising.

By the night of January 5, Sommeren could write four Wellby Fox signatures running, and each of the four seemed good to him. Till that night there had been no hitch in his business of being Wellby Fox on occasion, no hint of danger.

On that night, January 5, Wellby Fox died peacefully in his sleep. According to Sommeren's plans this was unfair and unpunctual. Holding the lamp above the dead man's face, he was very angry with his ex-employer.

Those dreams of Wellby Fox, the splendorous comfort of a gentleman travelling in state around the world, the servants and the sunlight, the girls of Bali and the palm-lined coast of Ceylon, the Higashi and Hoganji Temples of Kobe, and perhaps a still nicer girl in Honolulu—all these were dead as if they had never been dreamed.

And where was Sommeren's dream of two thousand odd pounds in cash, and liberty to spend it, and for a year or so not to be a slave?

HERE was an odd thing. It pleased the cheated Sommeren, since this was the first time he had been able to play his part in the presence of his master, to go downstairs, and to put on the old velvet cap and the grey coat, and so to return, and sit by the bed.

Thus there were two Wellbys in that room for a long time. The sham Wellby, continuing to hate the real Wellby for dying so inconveniently, made a search, and found keys; opened drawers, and made discoveries.

Among them was the acknowledgment from the World America Company of a third of the passage money for the company's world cruise, according to regulations.

Among them was the late Wellby Fox's passport. Something came out from hiding in Sommeren's disappointed mind. He looked at the passport, and held it before a glass, and compared his own reflection with the reflection of the passport. It was then apparent to him that although things had been ordered differently, they were thus easier for him, if he still kept his nerve.

It was still simple. There wasn't a trap in it . . . nothing to stop him collecting the money on January 6, which was now to-day.

He had only to keep on being Wellby Fox for ever—or at least until the world cruise ended at New York. And to tell Blackwell that he was dismissing Sommeren who had found another job somewhere—within the next fortnight.

Coldly parading the enforced alterations in his plans, Sommeren blessed his luck. There could be now no hue and cry after Sommeren, who would be on board the *World Wanderer* as Wellby Fox. To be sure, there was one necessary little job that was not so pleasant. Before he left, he would have to cement that garage floor, and stow Wellby tidily beneath it. Wellby had constantly been at him for shirking that bit of work.

"But there's plenty of time for that," thought Sommeren, and smiled at his master in the friendliest way—he had never been able to smile at him before. "I'll think of you in Honolulu, Wellby," he said.

He tried a few more signatures, and was proud of them all. They were all perfect. Except for that bothering garage his job, work was done.

"A happy occasion, Mr. Fox," said Blackwell. The insurance manager shook hands with him, and smiled. "I shall quite miss you reminding us of our arrangement to pay you in cash. I hope you will enjoy every day of your trip."

He pulled a drawer a little way open, and Sommeren saw that the money was ready, in fifties and hundreds. While Blackwell was looking at the policy, Sommeren exulted once more, and found this moment pleasant. He had tied everything up. No mistakes. No dark chances. Except for Wellby Fox, lying on his bed in the upstairs room, still to be attended to.

"I'm home," thought Sommeren, with deep gladness. "If I had made one mistake—any mistake—it would have meant five years."

"All in order," said Blackwell. "You're very likely not coming back to England for a long time, you tell me. Well, I hope you'll remember us kindly now and then. There's just one thing more, Mr. Fox—a safeguard you yourself insisted upon—but that won't take a moment."

"Eh?" said Sommeren.

"You were always a very careful man," laughed the other, "and I congratulate you on it. You insisted, a few years ago, that we should take your finger prints, to do away with any least chance of mistake in the redemption of this policy. It's only a formality——"

"I was joking," said Sommeren quickly, and grinned his Wellby grin. But Blackwell did not see it, and indeed did not hear him. He was taking something from an envelope.

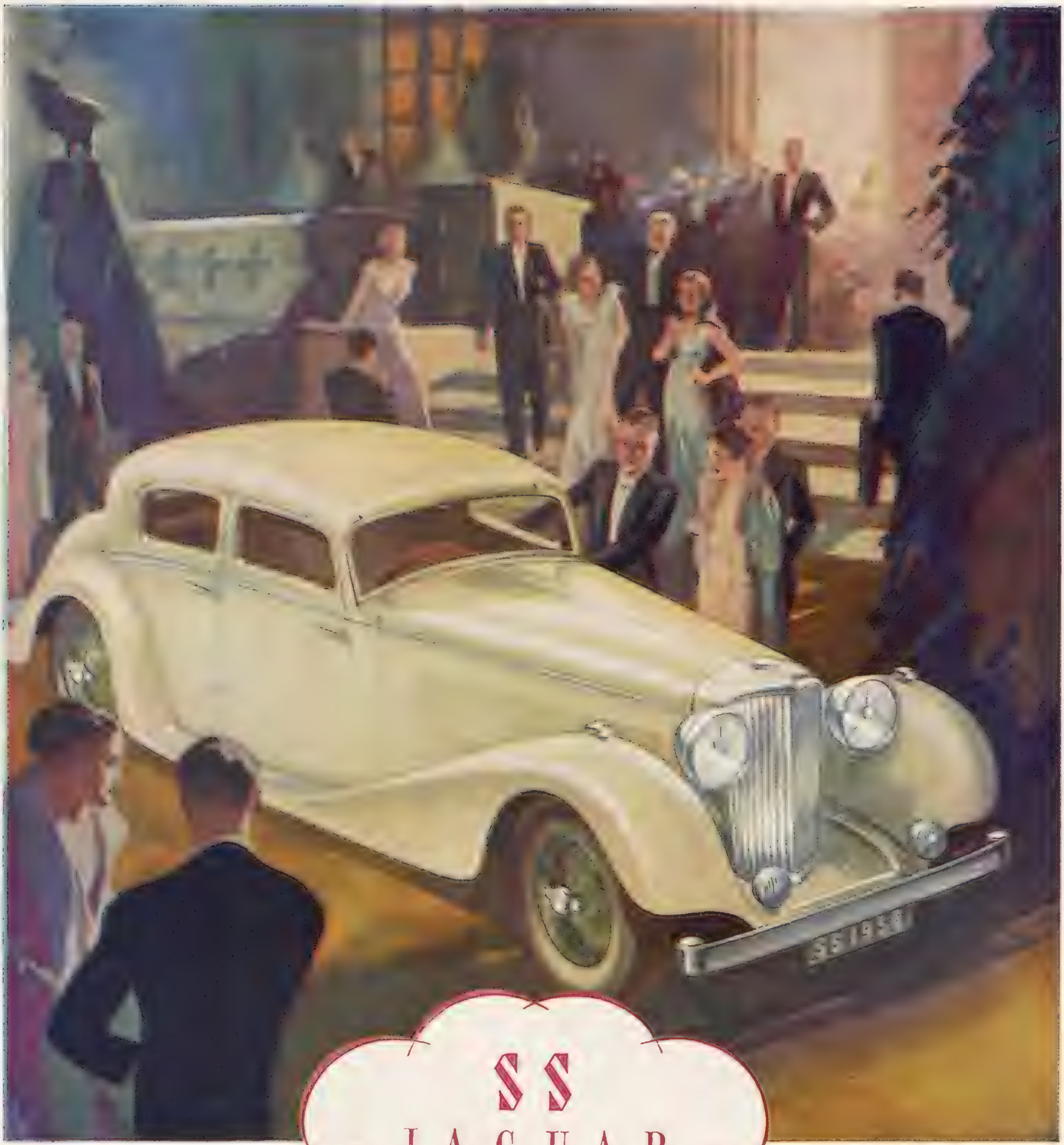
"I have your letter here, Mr. Fox. Upon the date for redemption of the policy, which is to-day, you instructed us to take your prints and to check them with these. It won't take a moment," he repeated.

And then he turned, and saw that desperate flicker in Sommeren's eyes, and on the white face the grotesque grin which was so like Wellby's grin. "What's up, Mr. Fox?" he cried. "You're ill!"

He rang a bell, and jumped up. Sommeren had been right in one small thought. It meant five years. Mr. Wellby Fox, as he had himself informed Sommeren, always took precautions.

END

TO meet the demand of the potential purchaser of a high-class and specialised car such as the "Alvis," the manufacturers have opened new London showrooms at Byron House, St. James's Street, S.W.1. Here a first-class technical staff has been installed who will give that individual attention and information demanded by the astute car purchaser of to-day, and save customers the time and trouble of going all the way to the works at Coventry to settle every detail.



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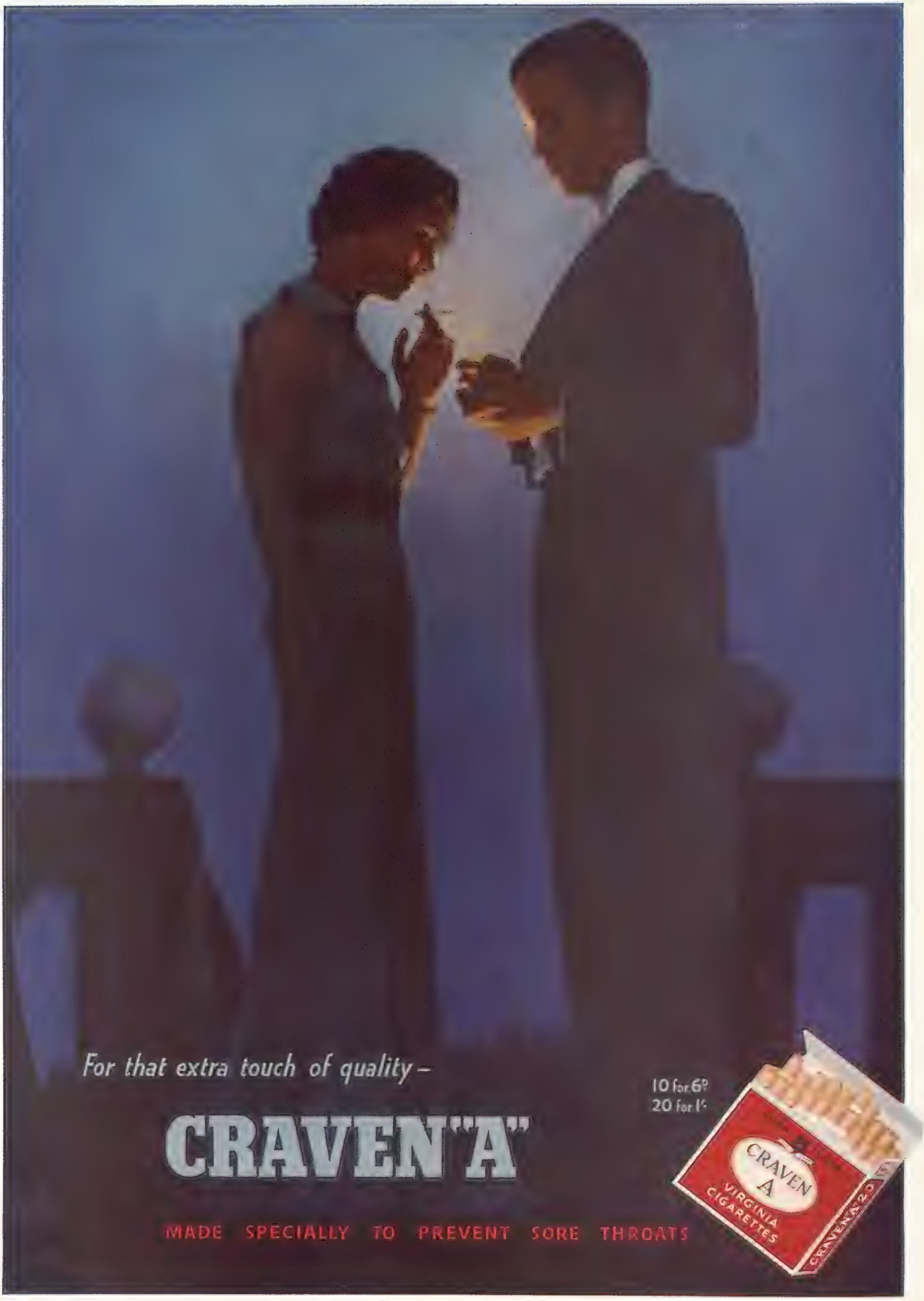

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Hunting the Seal

(*Continued from page* 31)

Russia and Japan, anxious to fall in with any reasonable suggestion, agreed to give up sealing within the waters of the Pacific traversed by the Pribyloff seals. America, as owners of the islands, agreed to compensate the sealers for the loss they sustained, and to give this country and Japan a definite interest in her sealing industry when it revived.

All told, America expended £1,500,000 on her efforts to protect the fur seal, but it has been money well spent. A recent census revealed the existence of 650,000 seals. As the pelt readily fetches £30 in the open market, the herd may be said to represent a value of £19,500,000. Some 25,000 young male seals are now being taken annually, which means a yearly revenue to the Government of £750,000, of which 15 per cent. goes to Great Britain and another 15 per cent. to Japan.

As already stated, a yearly census is taken of the seals. Counting them is no light job. They occupy various rookeries, and in the height of the breeding season the big bulls are particularly pugnacious. So the bulls and the females are counted from the cliffs, and the young pups before they are ready for the sea. Parental watchfulness is not then so strict, both parents spending a great deal of time in the water. They are accordingly kept out to sea while men armed with long poles drive the pups to the smoother beaches, where they are herded into groups like cattle. They are then allowed to disperse, and as they make off in lines are readily counted.

Of the true seals, of which there are several species, the two most sought after are the harp and the hood. The first named is one of the handsomest of all seals. It is very strikingly marked by black or dark brown patches grouped together on the sides and back, on a white or yellowish ground colour, apparently in the shape of a harp, hence its name. The hood is a much larger species, often attaining eight feet in length. The male, often alluded to as the dog seal, is distinguished by the possession of a flexible bag of skin on top of the nose, which is capable of being inflated with air until it forms a lofty and remarkable excrescence on the creature's face. This sac is sometimes ten inches long and six inches high. The colour of this seal is dark bluish-grey, marked with irregular light spots.

These seals are regularly sought every spring by the hardy fishermen of Newfoundland for their pelts, which, it may be added, are not converted into fashionable garments, but made into all kinds of leather goods, such as pocket-books and the like. Catching the seals is a precarious business, and the history of the industry is replete with daring deeds and thrilling adventures on the desolate ice-floes off the bleak coast of Labrador. True, to-day the work of the hunter is somewhat lightened by the use of aeroplanes for scouting, but the men nevertheless carry their lives in their hands. There is no guaranteed safety for them or for the ship that carries them.

Up to the middle of February these two species of seals have been wandering about the ocean, but just at this time they seek the ice-floes, or anchor ice—a great plain, generally frozen in solid with the land and surrounding islands—for the purpose of breeding. Their whelping place never varies more than a few miles; it lies north-east of the 50th parallel of North latitude, between Cape John and Belle Isle, in the Straits, and about fifty to a hundred miles off the Labrador coast. The herds always occupy the same relative position, the harps being inside and the hoods a few miles outside towards the ocean. The mother seal brings forth her young soon after arrival, and they grow with astonishing rapidity. In fourteen or fifteen days the skin alone, with its inside lining of fat, attains a weight of over fifty pounds.

By law the seals are allowed to be taken between March 10th and May 1st. No killing is permitted before that date or after May 1st. This regulation is necessary to protect the seals and so ensure a more or less regular supply. To-day the sealing fleet numbers from fifteen to eighteen vessels, employing between 3,000 and 3,500 men. The ships are strongly constructed so as to withstand not only the winter gales of the North Atlantic, but also the pressure of the ice masses in which they are frequently imprisoned. Only strong and hardy men are carried, for hunting seals over the rough ice-packs calls for strength, as well as agility, nerve and pluck. Each vessel carries besides its own navigating captain and crew a sealing captain and from a hundred and fifty to two hundred of a sealing crew. On the Sabbath before the sailing date a special sermon, known as the "Seal Sermon," is preached in some of the churches of Newfoundland.

The vessels may be away a few weeks or the full six weeks, the period allowed by law during which the seals may be taken. It all depends on how soon the look-out sights the seals on the ice-fields. Before the steamers carried an aeroplane a month often elapsed before the prey was located. To-day the leading ship carries a plane on its aft deck, which is now the eye of the fleet. The planes are equipped with wheels, floats and skids, so that they may be flown from the water, snow or ice. Whenever it is decided to make a flight the ship is tied up to a good-sized floe or sheet of ice, the plane is hoisted over the side, and the crew get busy in levelling off a good take-off for the plane.

The look-out man in the crow's-nest reports seals on the ice. This causes great excitement. The plane is made ready—up goes the bird-man. He is back in a very short time and reports seals in abundance. Messages are flashed out to the other ships by wireless, the course of the vessels is changed, and the men get ready for the great hunt. They wait until the ship has stopped alongside a floe; then over the ship's side they go in hundreds.

Each man is armed with a gaff, a pole six feet long, having at one end an iron hook and bound with iron. The gaff is indispensable, both as a weapon and as a tool. With it the sealer kills his prey and crosses from one floe to another, using the gaff as a jumping pole. With this instrument the hunter delivers a rapid blow upon the nose of the seal, the most vulnerable point, and in the case of the young seals this ends their existence instantaneously. In a moment the man is on his knees, his large jack-knife is at work, and the skin, with the adhering fat, is rapidly detached from the carcass, which is left on the ice. The pelts, as the skin and fat are called, are then bound up in bundles, marked with a flag to denote ownership, and then either allowed to remain on the ice until the ship approaches the spot or—where this is impossible—dragged by the men over the hummocky surface to the steamer's side.

This is the method employed in taking the harps and the younger seals, but in the case of the full-grown hoods the gaff is useless. The skull and hide of the dog-hood are frequently so thick that he has to be shot, and each squad of seal-hunters carries at least one rifle for this purpose. Mention has been made of the peculiar characteristic of this animal in possessing a hood or bag of flesh on its nose. When attacked or enraged he inflates this hood so as to cover the face and eyes, and it is then strong enough to resist steel shot. When thus protected the animal can only be killed by shooting him in the neck at the base of the skull. He will fight desperately in defence of his mate and young, and if they are killed he becomes furious, and inflates the hood, while his nostrils dilate into two huge bladders. His appearance as, with uncouth, floundering leaps, he rushes on his foe is most awe-inspiring.

Instances have occurred where a fight between an old dog-hood seal and five or six men has lasted for an hour, and sometimes the hunter is fearfully

(*Continued on page* 94)

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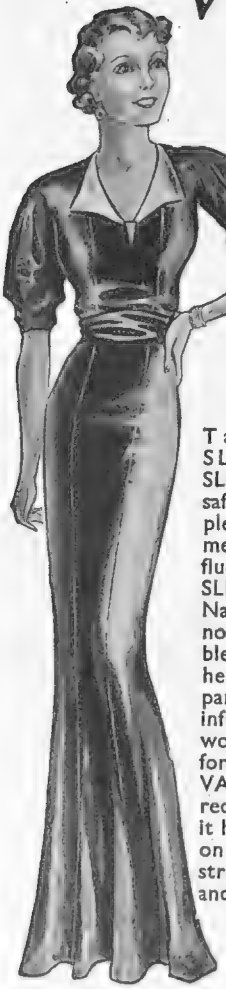

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torn and even killed in the encounter. On one occasion two hunters attacked a pair of seals and foolishly killed the female first. The old male instantly inflated his hood and rushed at them furiously. They fought him with their gaffs until nearly exhausted, and a terrible death threatened both. As a last desperate resort one of them resolved to dash in upon the infuriated brute, while the other stood by ready for emergencies. Drawing his jack-knife, the hunter rushed on the dog-hood and struck a well-planted blow into the inflated hood. Instantly the air escaped and the shield was rendered useless, when a blow on the nose from the gaff of the other dispatched him.

Eight seals out of ten that are secured are mere babies a few weeks old. They find it difficult to escape. The older ones evade capture by plunging down the air-holes in the ice. It occasionally happens that two or more seals will try to escape down the same blow-hole together, when a pathetically funny performance may be witnessed.

The men do not cease their work until there are no more victims in sight, or night closes in. Sometimes they go several miles away from the vessel, and are obliged to remain on the ice-cake until morning. This is a very perilous situation, for the reason that at times gales come up which break the ice-fields into small pieces, or blizzards come on in which many a hunter has been frozen to death. This is what happened in the case of the crew of the *Newfoundland*. They were caught in a blizzard, and seventy-seven of them succumbed to the cold. The men are lightly clad, and carry little or no food.

The calamity which befell part of the crew of the steamer *Greenland* a few seasons ago will give an idea of the risks these hardy fishermen of Newfoundland have to take and the sufferings they are sometimes called upon to endure. Some little time after the men had left the ship a terrific storm of wind and snow came on, the thermometer falling to 20 degrees below zero. Signals for the men to return to the ship were sounded, and those close by the vessel at once left their work and managed to get safely on board.

But sixty men, some distance off, missed the ship, and after wandering about in the storm finally came to a standstill by the side of a wide lake of roaring water. They remained at this spot for the rest of the day, and at night broke up their gaffs and made a fire. All night long the storm raged round the band of hunters, and all through the following day. On the second night many of them became delirious, and threw themselves into the water and were drowned, while others started to walk to the ship and were never heard of again.

Many simply lay still and froze to death, whilst their mates who still remained alive removed the clothes from the dead bodies in order to try to warm themselves with the extra clothing. Towards the end of the third day the weather cleared, and the *Greenland* was able to reach the survivors; but of the sixty men who had left her but three days before, only twelve frozen and almost unrecognisable men remained alive.

Indeed, the whole business is both risky and dangerous. Apart from the possibility of the men being lost on the ice, the steamers themselves are liable to be crushed to pieces in the ice or go down in a gale. A season or two ago one magnificent steamer was suddenly enveloped in the densest fog and, driven by a gale, was running down a narrow lane or opening in the ice when the look-out suddenly shouted " Breakers ahead ! " The next instant the bows of the steamer had crashed on a reef. The 250 men on board jumped overboard, and the last man had hardly reached the ice before the vessel foundered.

There the ship's company stood on the heaving field of ice, gazing in mournful silence upon the great black billows at the spot where their fine vessel had disappeared. Fortunately, their captain was a resolute man and equal to the occasion. He formed the men into groups, and, placing himself at their head, gave the word that they were to march, and if any man fell out he was to be shot.

The disaster occurred in the late afternoon. The crew tramped all that night over the ice, and all the next day. Many of the men were now exhausted, and had it not been for the captain's threat (of course it was nothing more, but it served its purpose) would have lain down on the ice. Such a course would have meant certain death. Late that night the nearly exhausted little band passed a ship, and were taken on board. A few steps in the darkness to the right or left, and they would have missed this haven of refuge, and one shudders to think what that would have meant.

THE ships return as soon as a sufficient number of seals have been caught. Sometimes the vessel is back in harbour again in a couple of weeks, loaded to the gunwale with as many as thirty or forty thousand seals, worth from ten shillings to twelve shillings and sixpence apiece. The crew of a single vessel has been known to capture as many as twenty thousand seals in seven or eight days.

The annual catch of seals to-day is about 250,000 to 300,000. They are tanned and used in making various kinds of leather goods. The next time you buy a pocket-book, hold the article in your hand and think of its story. Think of the seals tossing on the ice pans off the coast of Labrador amid wind and hurricane weather. Think of the sturdy fishermen who go down to the sea and risk their lives upon the ice to take the pelts. Think of the strong Newfoundland ice vessels that bring them home in order to supply the world with pinseal novelties and purses for its valuables.

END

Books

(*Continued from page 55*)

description, the nature of my enthusiasm or of the book. *The Retreat* is the story of a little boy, a strange, imaginative little boy living in a world of his own. My own recollections of childhood do not, except occasionally, provide me with the key to this world, and Mr. Reid, though he does not exactly withhold it, does not often leave it lying about. The story, in short, is as mysterious as childhood itself—as mysterious, as beautiful, as fearful, as fragile, and as indestructible. One emerges from it as from a deep sleep and, like wispy tails of clouds, the half-remembered dream of a half-forgotten past streams away and dissolves. Reluctantly, and with grave doubts as to the wisdom of the proceeding, one emerges because one must.

One emerges into a world in which the alternative to materialism is, for many people, superstition in its crudest forms. Every back street in London is full of fortune-tellers who, presumably, are not in business solely for the good of their health. They must have an army of clients, and some of these clients must be pretty well to do. A book like *Men That Wouldn't Stay Dead*, by Ida Clyde Clarke (John Long, 12s. 6d.), is apparently aimed at a wealthy and utterly credulous public. It contains accounts of twenty-six " authenticated " ghost stories, and from beginning to end there is not a word to show that the reader is expected to know, or care, anything about the meaning of evidence. In another recent volume, *The Haunting of Cashen's Gap*, by Harry Price and R. S. Lambert (Methuen, 6s.), some attempt is made to distinguish between evidence and hearsay. But does it surprise you to learn that Mr. Price, formerly Director of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research, and Mr. Lambert, the editor of *The Listener*, together made a solemn visit to the Isle of Man to discover if a certain weasel or mongoose could actually, as alleged, speak four languages and read the newspaper ? It surprised me.

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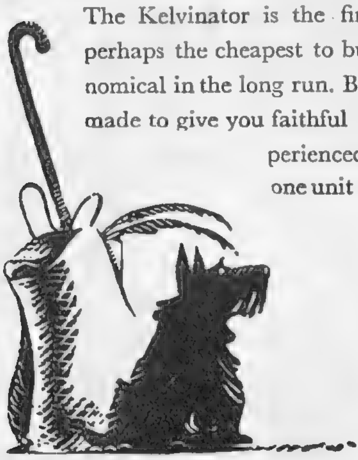

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SPRING and summer in the old days used to bring to English shores the dreaded high-pooped Viking ships. Now we in our turn, when fine weather comes, descend upon the Norsemen, but our expeditions are for pleasure, not plunder.

Cruising is an established national pastime; and of all routes the sea-tour of the Northern Capitals is perhaps the most popular.

The Royal Mail steamship "Atlantis" begins the first of her four northward cruises on July 4th. For 12 days her passengers will float over the blue waters of the Baltic and North Sea, calling at Oslo, Norway's picturesque capital, Copenhagen, Zoppot, Kiel Canal, Hamburg, and so back to London—and the fare for the journey is from 19 gns.

SAILING through the mountains. The "Atlantis" cruising in a Norwegian fjord

Fjordwards "Atlantis" is bound on July 17th, a shorter seven-day cruise from Vik-i-Eidfjord to Bergen, centre of fjordland. Time is allowed for passengers to visit the Brigsdal glacier. This cruise costs from 11 guineas.

There can be few experiences in this world more lovely and more wonderful than what has been described as "sailing through the mountains." The path the ship must take up narrow, winding fjords seems sometimes to be blocked utterly by great mountain masses that sheer up from the water's edge.

Everything is still—air, fjord, forests. It is like moving over a mirror in which is reflected ever-changing scenery and colours too vivid to be imagined unseen.

Quiet, quaint villages are passed, where peasants still wear colourful, picturesque traditional costumes. In strong contrast to this simplicity is the modern architecture of the great cities, Stockholm, Bergen, Oslo—the Northern Capitals—which ranks amongst the most beautiful in the world. Here, it is claimed, is the cradle of a modern Renaissance in craftsmanship and in industry.

The great Ice Barrier, Iceland and its Great Geyser, Bear Island, North Cape, the most northerly point of Europe, which juts out over the Arctic Sea into which the summer sun never quite sets, are a few high-lights of the "Atlantis'" 19-days cruise, which leaves London on July 25th and returns on August 13th. Fare from 30 guineas.

The last of these Northern Capital cruises is a 15-day, 23 guineas trip, starting on August 14th, passing back through Kiel Canal in daylight.

In autumn "Atlantis" turns her bows towards the Mediterranean for two cruises: one to the Adriatic coast, touching Venice and Algiers—21 days from September 4th, for 36 guineas. The other route is along the Black Sea Riviera to Istanbul, Batum, Sukhum and so on; back via Lisbon to Southampton, beginning on September 26th. A 28-day trip for 48 guineas.

Perhaps the fascination of cruising lies in its variety. Every day there is something fresh to see and to do. Sunshine and sea air are never-failing tonics; and then there are special facilities for exercise to which ships like "Atlantis" pay special attention. She has plenty of games space, an open-air bathing pool and surrounding lido deck.

Then, too, we all know that there is nothing more soothing than luxury—a smooth, easy-running organisation which provides for our comfort at every turn—hot and cold water in perfectly appointed cabins, electric fans, well-trained staff to wait on every whim. In calm weather—and in summer it always is calm—there is no more comfortable place anywhere than one of these pleasure ships.

Distance and, more than distance, a sense of being in another world, insulates the "cruiser" from worries ashore. For the overworked, over-strung town dweller there could be no more restful holiday; for anyone fresh scenes, fresh places, fresh experiences must be stimulating and health-giving.

NORWEGIAN children in their colourful traditional costume

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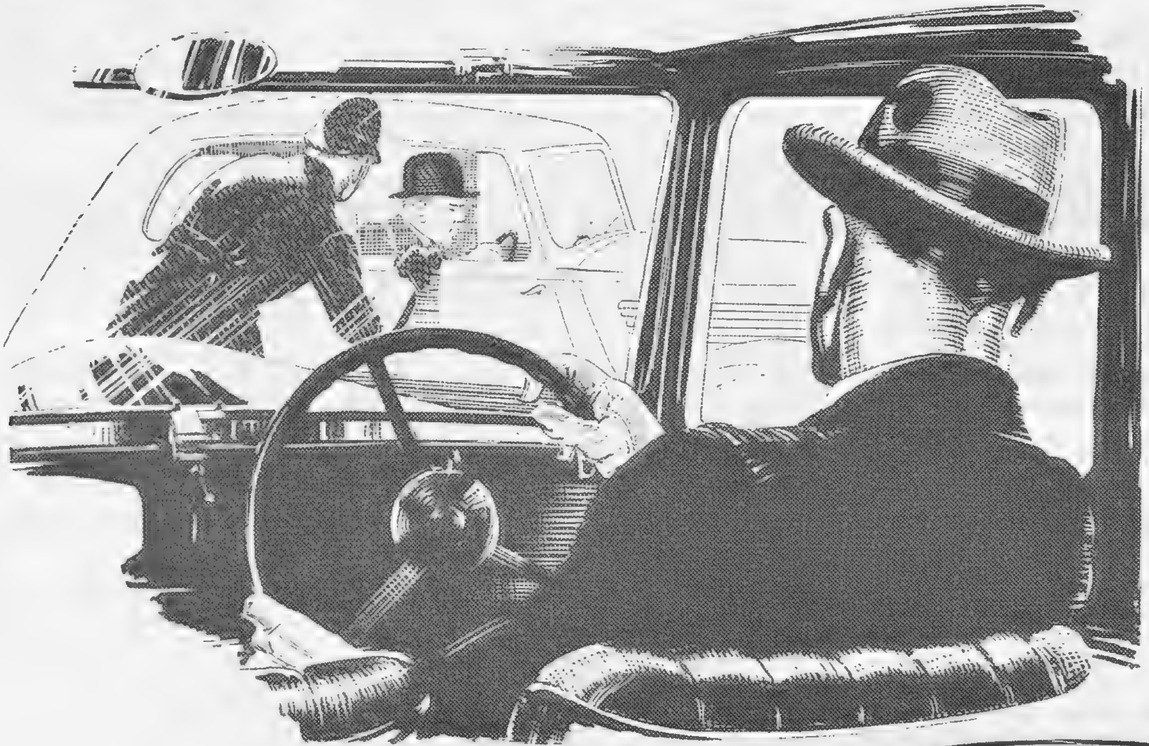

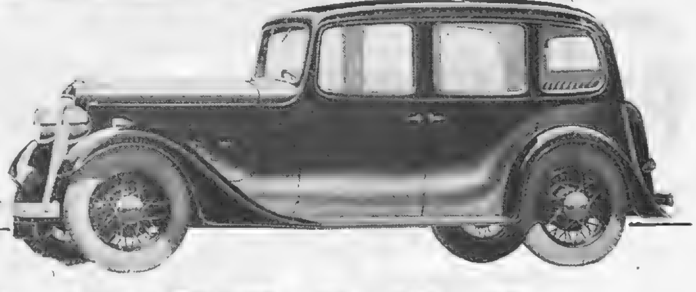

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The Private Life of Lightning

(*Continued from page 29*)

to overcome this is ingenious and promises well, although still in the experimental stages. It consists of a delicate television apparatus which allows an air-liner pilot to see his own plane in flight. In the cockpit a frosted glass screen has his course marked in red. Hovering around this goes a televised picture of his own machine in flight, and whenever it lapses to left or right of the intended course, the pilot merely makes the necessary adjustment to the controls to bring it back into line again. Lightning, mist and cloud may blot out everything, but with this apparatus the pilot would be perfectly safe.

Apart from aviation, science has been experimenting widely to check the death-dealing powers of lightning. It is a faintly disturbing thought that we who live in these sheltered times, immune from most of Nature's ravages, are still open to sudden death from the skies in the form of a lightning flash. But our scientists are very reassuring about this. The average number of deaths from lightning in the course of a year rarely exceeds thirty. Thus the possibility of lightning singling you out is very remote. Actually it has been calculated that each individual has the chance of being struck once in a hundred thousand years. The percentage of people killed by lightning in the course of a year varies with different countries. In England the figure stands at one per million. In France it rises to three per million, and in Prussia to six per million.

Examining the bodies of certain victims, in several cases the experts found that, apart from tearing off their clothes, lightning had also torn the shoes from their feet. After some debate and several experiments, they came to the conclusion that this general "explosion" was caused by the instantaneous conversion of bodily perspiration into steam.

The actual phrase "struck by lightning" is used quite wrongly in most cases. Where a person was merely flung to the ground, rendered unconscious, or even severely injured, they were not directly struck by lightning. The electrical force in a single flash of lightning has been estimated at one thousand million volts. All the current necessary to light the complete city of London for a short period could be provided by a single flash of lightning. Quite obviously if a person were directly hit by this tremendous force, he would die instantly. In most cases people are not directly struck by lightning. The electrical discharge just happens to occur close to them, and some portion of its power passes through them to the ground.

There is another popular idea that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. New discoveries put that completely out of court. Lightning will not only strike in the same place twice, but it will strike five or six times. It almost seems as though there were certain spots which lightning has marked out for its own.

An interesting experiment was carried out recently with a specially chosen forest. Over a considerable period this forest was kept under careful observation in an effort to determine which trees fell the easiest prey to lightning. It was established that the oak has an uncanny lure for lightning. Several oaks were struck in the course of a year. The elm also fell a frequent victim. Chestnut and pine came next respectively. For some peculiar reason the maple and birch escaped unscathed.

Extended to soils, this test gave equally interesting results. Clay and marl are comparative strangers to lightning, whereas it is strongly attracted by loam and sand. When lightning strikes soil it sometimes produces queer effects on its structure and nature. During one storm lightning killed worms and insects over an area of two acres in Lincolnshire.

Perhaps the most useful instrument for studying the behaviour of lightning was invented by Professor C. V. Boys. He devised a delicate camera in which highly sensitive films moved rapidly behind a series of lenses. This enabled him to take a flow of photographs with lightning rapidity. They were very revealing.

Red lightning sounds vaguely reminiscent of ancient melodrama, but actually it is quite a common thing. During one single storm seven distinct colours of lightning have been recorded—red, blue, violet, orange, yellow, white, and green.

The speed of lightning is surprising. For all its reputation it travels far more slowly than light. A series of tests over a long period established the average speed of a main lightning stroke at twenty-nine thousand miles a second, or scarcely a sixth the speed of light. This, of course, varies in different countries with different types of lightning. To estimate the distance between yourself and a flash of lightning is now a simple matter. Scientists have discovered that a five-second interval between the flash of lightning and its correlated clap of thunder is equivalent to the distance of one mile. Thus a twenty-second interval would mean that the flash occurred four miles away.

Electrical experts have also come to the conclusion that those places once thought dangerous during a storm are really quite safe. Thus a battleship—veritably bristling with metal—is quoted as an excellent refuge from lightning. Most of our larger public buildings are equally safe. The steel girders which form their shell are perfect lightning conductors.

A few months ago one of the most fascinating lightning laboratories ever built was destroyed by fire in New York. A place of pallid retorts and gleaming instruments, it was fitted with bewildering masses of delicate electrical apparatus, but the object which first caught your attention when you entered, was a squat, glass screen. Darkening the room, Mr. Schonfield could reproduce on this screen lightning displays from almost any country. He manufactured lightning himself and achieved the most dazzling effects.

A second room in this laboratory housed a glass-walled tank wherein he could gather, in perfect miniature, all the natural elements of a storm, from clouds and air currents to lightning and electrical disturbances. It was an odd experience to sit quietly in this room while the normal lights dimmed and went out, and the first faint mutterings of a storm brought rolling masses of cloud, torn and traversed by lightning, into this square glass tank. Mr. Schonfield had just commenced experiments with a miniature aeroplane which he wanted to introduce to his artificial storms, when the fire occurred which destroyed everything.

However, one day he still has hopes of harnessing those millions of volts carried by lightning to the practical purpose of heating and lighting our great cities. Fantastic as it may seem, this idea is not Schonfield's alone. At least two other celebrated scientists cherish similar ambitions.

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 37*)

with a kind of horrible fascination through what seemed endless minutes. Then all at once they started, covered their faces with their hands and turned away. And at that moment she felt the earth slipping away from her. . . .

Now the gates were flung wide open, and all Venice was invited to behold the headless body of a man forever branded as a traitor. Even, to-day, tourists from all parts of the modern world, as they pass before the portraits of the Doges, pause for a moment where the line is interrupted by a black tablet bearing the inscription: "Hic est locus Marini Falieri decapitat; pro criminibus." And as they pass the landing of the marble staircase, they are told: "It is here that Marino Faliero was beheaded"; only that.

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Untrammelled Holidays in Norway

Fjords—Mountains—Valleys—Lakes

WHEN anybody mentions Norway, some conversational echo is sure to exclaim, "The Land of the Midnight Sun." It is Norway's inevitable label, although there are many other interesting scenic and national characteristics to choose from.

And although the midnight sun is a thrilling sight, the temperature and habits of the midday sun in various parts of Norway have more all-round importance for the visitor.

"Country of Contrasts" might express it better. Fifteen degrees of latitude run through Norway. Scenery and temperature vary accordingly—every taste and circulation catered for!

The country is not cold, thanks to the Gulf Stream, which flows all along its coast, making the smooth blue waters of the fjords summer paradises for bathers and yachters. Even north of the Arctic Circle is found the vegetation of sunny southern lands.

In Norway, at one moment one is travelling through cultivated, picturesque landscapes; the next, stark, grey mountains tower over spreading forests, and grass gives place to snow-fields and glaciers.

The twin mountains of Hardangerjokelen and Hallingskarven are covered all the year round with snow and ice. On Hardangerjokelen there is ski-ing even in summer. There are excellent hotels at Geilo, Ustaoset, Finse, Myrdal, etc., which are convenient headquarters for ski-ing expeditions or walking tours.

AT one time it was almost impossible to reach these mountains. Now, since the 307 mile rail-track between Oslo and Bergen, which climbs to an altitude of 4,000 ft. above sea-level, has been opened, the journey, through open country, woodland and wild stretches of the broad plateau of Hardangervidda, is itself an attraction, because it includes all types of Norwegian scenery.

Thousands of pounds have been spent lately on extending and bringing railways up to date, with sleeping, dining and observation cars. In Oslo modern electric trains take you in 15 minutes to Holmenkollen (1,000 feet up), from which one looks down on a panorama of one of the most picturesque capitals in the world, framed by wooded hills and by the blue waters of the fjord on which it stands.

All roads in Norway lead to Oslo—and rail-tracks too. From Oslo starts the grandest railway in Norway, the Dovre, which runs past Eidsvoll along Lake Mjosa—the largest Norwegian lake, which has a summer service of pleasure steamers—to Hamar, the well-known Hosbjor Hotel, and Lillehammer, where Sigrid Undset lives.

The gateway to western Norway is Bergen, its second largest town, which, besides being the ideal fjord-exploring centre, has many beautiful twelfth and thirteenth century buildings, and is within easy reach of Solstrand Bathing Resort, the riviera of the North.

Every fjord has its own beauty spot. There is Kristiansund, situated on three islands in the sea, but protected from sea-storms by Skjægard. And Molde, on Romdals fjord, whose road and steamer services take one through some of the most lovely scenery in the world, is called the City of Roses.

TRONDHEIM, once the capital, is the centre for the land of the Midnight Sun proper. From it daily services of steamers ply among the islands and reefs to Europe's most northerly outpost, North Cape, which juts out into the icy waters of the Arctic.

It is a sight of impressive beauty which no one would want to miss. But there where is so much to see something must be left out. One must sleep sometime—even when faced with the shining example of the never-setting sun.

Steamers leave Newcastle-on-Tyne for Bergen every Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday, and direct to Oslo every Tuesday and Saturday.

The Norwegian State Railways have arranged many tours for which an inclusive price is quoted for so many days. Another advantage to the holiday-maker in Norway is that English is understood almost everywhere, so that a lack of knowledge of the Norwegian language is therefore no obstacle to the full enjoyment of an untrammelled holiday.

A beauty spot in Norway: Espelands Lake, West Norway

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Cameras in Camp

(*Continued from page 23*)

A bunch of new films made on location have not yet been seen by the public, but are none the less "in the box." "Rose Marie," for instance, the first singing-talking film to be made in the open air; "Robin Hood of Eldorado"; "Captain Blood"; "Tarzan Escapes"; "Riff Raff," and the screen's first location film made not only with sound but in natural colour. This is "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," produced by Walter Wanger for Paramount.

The making of "Mutiny on the Bounty" was a laborious enterprise, of which those connected with it have every reason to feel proud. Some time ago Frank Lloyd, the English director who has now settled in Hollywood and counts "Cavalcade," among other things, on his list of successes, bought the film rights of the book, *Mutiny on the Bounty*. The subject fascinated him; he has always liked pictures dealing with the sea, and prefers to film English stories, when this is possible. So he bought the screen rights, sat tight, and waited for the right time and the right company to come along.

When he told me, in the summer of 1934, that he was going to film "Mutiny," he said that his stars were to be Wallace Beery, Robert Montgomery and Clark Gable. Of these, only Clark Gable eventually played in the film. Charles Laughton inherited the role intended for Wally Beery; Franchot Tone stepped into the shoes that might have been worn by Bob Montgomery. And the making of the film began.

One unit went to Tahiti, where the native scenes were photographed. Then a camp on Catalina Island was opened, and a floating hotel was placed at the disposal of the company. To Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the company responsible for "Mutiny," must go most of the credit for restoring location films to the screen. When they sent a twelve thousand pound lorry lumbering through the jungles of Africa, in order to create "Trader Horn" in celluloid form, the film world thought they were crazy.

The weight of sound equipment was its great handicap. That has now been overcome by a "super-portable" sound-recording outfit which was developed, designed and built at the M.G.M. studios in Culver City. Without it, some of the fine pictures we saw towards the end of last year, and those that are to entertain us during 1936, could not have been made.

The use of the "bullet microphone" has made the recording of sound in the open air a comparatively simple matter; hence the decision to create "Rose Marie" in surroundings similar to those in which the scene of the story is laid, rather than in sets built on a vast stage. Both Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the stars of "Rose Marie," say that their voices seemed clearer and they found singing easier up at Lake Tahoe, which is over one mile high, than on the sound stages in the studio. That delightful number, "The Indian Love Call," should be impressive, sung in its true surroundings.

The property man's working schedule for "Rose Marie" contains some notable figures. When W. S. Van Dyke, with his company and crew, set out for Lake Tahoe the property man started his own special chanty:

"Props, props, millions of props—
Props for the actors,
They're always exacters—
And props for the cameraman."

Harry Alviez, chief property man for "Woody" Van Dyke, sang these lines as he supervised the loading of very precious cargo into freight cars at the studio. One thousand people followed the cars and the props to Lake Tahoe. The things that were collected and dispatched included giant lights, generators, sound trucks, bungalow-type cameras —there were eight of these—wardrobe for one thousand people, lumber and tools for building log cabins, cooking equipment and fifty canoes.

It was a trifle disconcerting to discover, after this lake location had been chosen, that the waters of the lake were far too rough for ordinary canoes to be used. Broad-bottomed rowing boats were required, so the fishermen on the lake insisted. But Woody Van Dyke was not going to sacrifice one of the thrilling high-spots of his film, which was a canoe chase. So canoes it had to be, plus fifty life-belts for those who could not swim! Sledges—or sleds—of the kind used for Arctic expeditions were wanted, because the mountain country leading to the lake was far too rough for high-wheeled traffic. So for the final stages of the journey sleds, low-slung, were used.

"Trained rabbits" were another item on the prop man's list. A rabbit had to be coaxed before the camera in a certain scene; so to save delay, six carefully trained rabbits made the trip to the mountain camp. To save needless building of huts and houses, the North-west Mounted Police Headquarters seen on the screen served throughout the location as the business office for the entire troupe, and inside its walls Florence Thomas, the 'script girl on the picture, typed her notes night after night.

A scene that was as exciting to film as it will be to watch is the Totem Pole number. Tom-toms beat across Lake Tahoe for the first time in many years; seven hundred Indians, representatives of eighteen tribes, gathered for the greatest ceremonial dance the screen has ever shown. Along the curving shore between Emerald Bay and Rubicon Point, three hundred tepees stood in a solemn line. Four weeks of gruelling labour had been needed to prepare the Totem Pole set, on which a magnificent spectacle was staged.

After permission for the necessary rock blasting had been obtained a space was cleared to take a platform two hundred feet in diameter. Vividly coloured plaster figures of hideous, grinning animals came from the studio, where they had been copied from actual poles used in Alaska. For weeks Chester Hale, dance director, drilled ninety trained Indian dancers in the corn dance of the Canadian Indians. The scene as revealed in the film is supposed to be seen through the eyes of Miss MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who are watching it from a perch on a tall tree. Herbert Stothart, who composed the music of "Rose Marie" with Rudolph Friml, was at Lake Tahoe throughout the location.

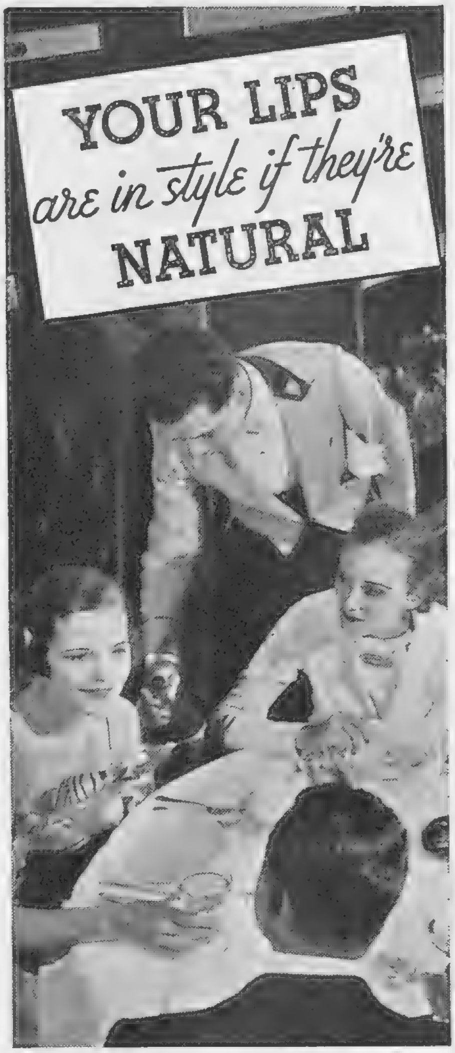
Each Indian tribe brought its own medicine man; weird shadows and leaping flames made the nights enthralling as the different tribes gave their own ceremonial dance in the darkness, in a clearing specially made for that purpose. The Hollywood section of the company watched the smoke curling from the top of every tepee, while squaws prepared the evening meal for their braves, and afterwards tramped down the straw of their beds, while said braves sat in circles playing games and humming softly.

On the bulletin board tacked to the centre post in the lounge of the place called Chambers' Lodge where the company lived, the following wording confronted stars and extras alike, day after day:

"THREE O'CLOCK CALL—BREAKFAST 3.30
—ON SET 4.30—SHOOTING AT 5."

Coffee cooked over a camp fire, discussion of the first shot to be made, and everyone ready for work as the morning sun broke over the mountain range in the east. At 4.30 p.m., the sun's rays came from another angle. "Last shot," was the director's pronouncement. On horseback, in canoes, in lorries, the players and crew departed for the lodge that was their home—and dinner! Such was the routine followed by a thousand people for seven weeks, in order that we may watch and hear "Rose Marie" in all its melodious charm.

(*Continued on page 104*)



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● This year, the vogue for *natural* make-up is particularly noticeable amongst leaders of fashion. Wherever the smartest people meet, you will notice that bright red lips are out of style.

And that means more women are using Tangee! For Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because *it isn't paint*. Instead, Tangee accentuates your own natural colour . . . makes your lips more appealing . . . makes you more alluring to men.

Tangee stays on for hours. Its special cream base keeps your lips soft, smooth and prevents chapping. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 2/6 and 4/6.

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because its protective shine saves the lino and, incidentally, my pocket! Moreover, it is so quick and easy that it saves the wife a load of time and trouble. That's why I like RONUK.

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The first natural-colour-and-sound location film will be part of film history. "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" sent a company to Big Bear, California, for six weeks. The stars were Sylvia Sidney, Fred McMurray and Henry Fonda; the director was Henry Hathaway. Here is one note on the making of the film that deserves recording. For the first time, a sunset—or, rather, two sunsets—could be filmed when the sun was actually *sinking* below the horizon, instead of when it was *rising*, in the early hours of the morning.

It may sound very upside-down, but the truth is that the usual method of filming a sunset is to get up in pitch darkness, and grab the thing at *sunrise*, since the early morning air is clearer for photographic purposes than that in the late afternoon. With a black and white medium the actual colouring of the sky made no difference; it was striking shadow effects that counted. But with "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" the real colouring of the sunsets became of considerable importance.

It was not easy to photograph a sunset in the late afternoon. Even in the 9,000 feet above sea-level atmosphere of Lake Arrowhead, close to Big Bear, there was often a slight haze, which spells ruin to photography. It took eight days of patient waiting to snatch two satisfactory sunsets. These sunsets will be the only *brilliant* colour seen in the film. Nature-hues are often subdued; where they are not, it has been found necessary to tone them down, in order not to detract from the action of the story and the importance of the characters.

When the first rushes of this film were seen, it was found that bright flowers and certain trees focused the attention of an audience, to the detriment of the players and the scene they were putting over. So anything that seemed likely to dominate a scene, because of its strength of colour, was dug up and removed from camera-range. The clothes worn by the stars are made of rather drab materials, for the same reason. When "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" hits the screen it is likely to prove the start of a cycle of outdoor pictures filmed in natural colour.

Up into Sonora County, in a district known as the "mother lode" country, went a big company from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios to produce "Robin Hood of Eldorado." This is a dashing story about the bandit Joaquin Murrieta, a part that is played by Warner Baxter. It was in an earlier location film (with sound), called "In Arizona," that Warner Baxter made a triumphant come-back to the screen. On the very day he had decided to give up the job of film acting for ever, and return to the business of being a motor-car salesman, he heard that he had been chosen to play the 'Cisco Kid in "In Arizona." That part remade him on the screen. This "Robin Hood of Eldorado" film is the first important location trip he has taken, since he turned his cleverly faked Mexican accent towards the microphone with such devastating effect.

The "Robin Hood" company, which included that interesting girl Margo, who caused quite a sensation in Noel Coward's film "The Scoundrel," spent two months in a camp high in the mountains near Sonora, which has been the scene of many popular films. They lived in specially built cabins, had their own restaurant, their own hospital, their own projection theatre, where rushes of the day's work were shown, followed by the newest films hot from Hollywood. The only thing missing was a barber—so the make-up expert, sent with the company, had to cut the hair of hundreds of men, who stood in a long line waiting their turn for attention.

Much nearer to Hollywood, but on location none the less, important scenes for "Captain Blood" were filmed by Warner Brothers at Three Arch Bay, close to Laguna, which overlooks the Pacific Ocean. This picture took six months to prepare, and three months to film; of that time, by far the largest part was spent at Three Arch Bay. The company commandeered three hotels on the mainland, from which they had to be transported every day in a fleet of cars and lorries to the lonely section of the beach where their work was to be done.

Fog interfered with filming to a large extent; the only member of the cast who did not grumble was Guy Kibbee, who spent the foggy stretches peacefully fishing. One sunless day when he was throwing out his line, Errol Flynn, who has stepped into favour as a star in this film, came along and said he would demonstrate the way fishing should *really* be done. Flynn, incidentally, is an Irishman who has travelled over most of the world, though his age is now only twenty-six. To demonstrate his lecture on fishing, he changed into a pair of bathing trunks, attached a knife to his wrist with a piece of cord, put on a pair of water-tight goggles, and dived off the point on which Guy Kibbee was perched.

For the next hour Mr. Flynn brought up abalone and fresh lobster, which he yanked from the rocks far below the surface of the sea. All he said about this performance was that he learned how to do it while he was pearl fishing in the South Seas! The company fed on lobster and abalone steaks for the next two days. (*Continued on page* 106)

LUNCH on location. Members of the troupe of Walter Wanger's natural colour film, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," taking lunch on the setting erected 8,000 feet up in the High Sierra Mountains. In the picture are seen Henry Hathaway, director, Miss Natalie Kalmus, Fred MacMurray, technicolour director, and Henry Fonda

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Owen Nares.

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HERE IT IS—YOU TRY HIS DRASTIC TEST!—

1. Mr. Nares put an inch of water in a flat-bottomed dish.
2. He placed a 20 packet of KENSITAS in its new Moisture Control wrapping, top end down, in water so that packet stood upright with its sealed end submerged. He did the same with a 20 packet wrapped the usual way and laid a weight across the packets to hold in position.
3. After five minutes, he lifted the weight, placed packets one on top of other, flat on water, replaced weight, and left submerged for five more minutes (packets were both completely covered with water).

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REAL VIRGINIA
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★ *Your Throat Protection Against Irritation... Against Cough*

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ASTHMA CURE

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The danger is thus soon averted. The cold is broken up quickly, the little inflamed throat and membranes INSTANTLY RELIEVED . . . .

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In cases of CROUP and INFANTILE ASTHMA it gives marvellous results and soothes wonderfully. The little sufferer need not know of the treatment, as a little POTTER'S burned near during sleep is wonderfully effective (most children, however, show little dislike of the inhaling). There is no effect on the heart with Potter's; no opiates are incorporated.

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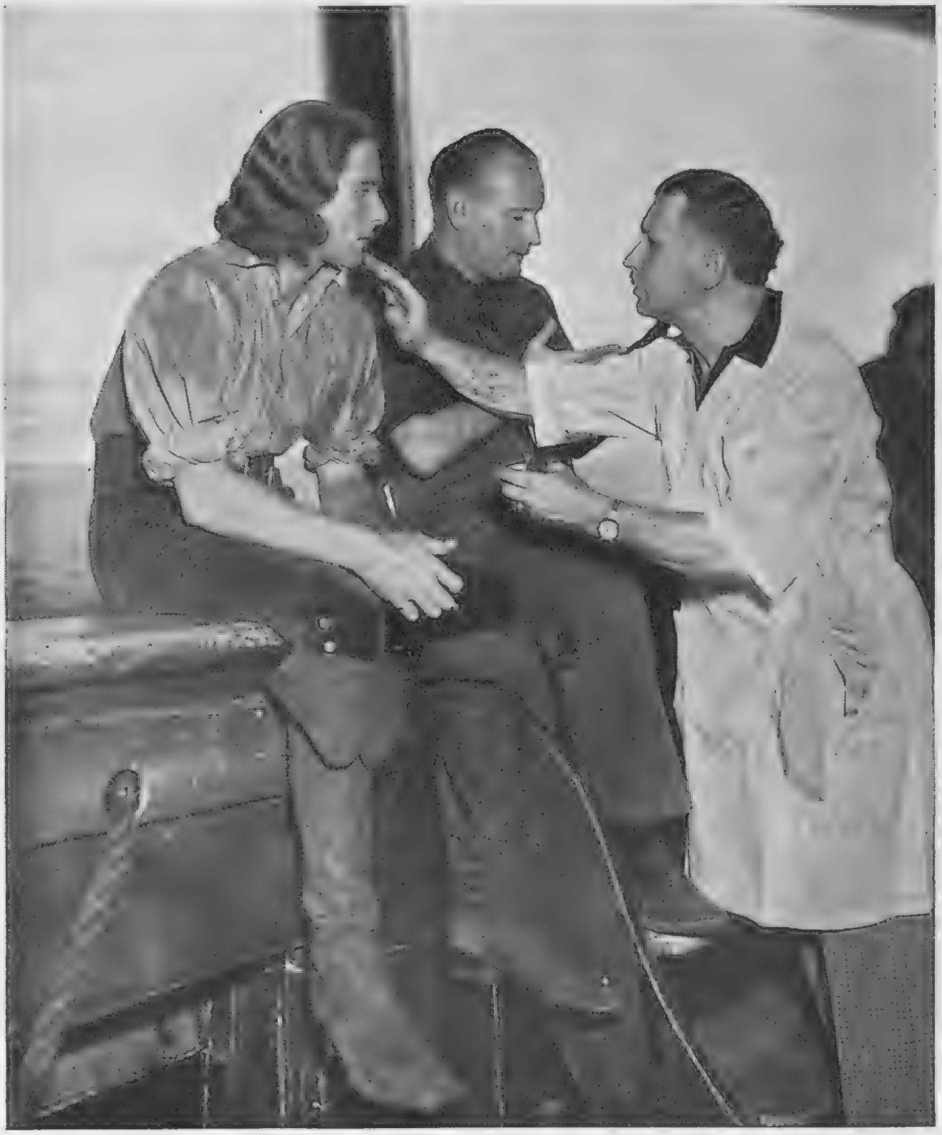
Olivia de Havilland, another newcomer who has made a hit already, and Basil Rathbone, who comes from England, were in this company, which had an adventurous time while making this adventure film. The duel sequence brought many thrills. Errol Flynn, fighting Basil Rathbone, lost his footing on some rough stones while the duel was proceeding on a nice narrow ledge twenty-five feet above the sea.

He fell, swam ashore, changed his clothes, and went on with the fight. He was wounded three times during the location. When the company got back to the peace of Hollywood he was nearly killed, for a change. While he was running through the streets on the studio back lot, in scenes that showed him escaping from the town of Port Royal, in Jamaica, to become a pirate, a large wooden beam detached itself suddenly from a building and fell across the road. As Mr. Flynn was passing at the time, the beam fell on his head. Fortunately he was wearing a heavy steel helmet which he was supposed to have removed from a Spanish soldier—and to that helmet he owes his life.

A new film dealing with the sea is "Riff Raff," starring Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy, with Joseph Calleia as the villain-in-chief. This unfolds a dramatic story dealing with the Tuna fishing fleet; and the greater part of the action has been filmed at sea with the Tuna boats. . . . Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper have "locationed" for scenes in "Desire"; they worked in a little town called Chatsworth, about 25 miles north of Hollywood. . . At Laguna Beach a Paramount company headed by Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura played scenes for "Give Us This Night." Word got round the small artistes' colony in Laguna that two famous opera singers were working on the beach, so crowds collected every day. Between scenes, Kiepura and Miss Swarthout sang Italian folk songs and duets, until agitated assistant directors had to order the crowd away, as it was holding up the production of a very expensive film. Said Kiepura: "Well, if this is life in Hollywood, I like it!" And so do lots of other people.

Even Mae West embarked on her first location up in the snows at Lake Truckee, for her latest film-play, "Klondyke Lou." They sing a new song in Hollywood to-day; it goes like this: "We've got a feelin' we're camping: we've got a feelin' we're out of doors!" Which happens to be nothing but the truth.



ERROL FLYNN having his make-up touched up on the "Arabella" in preparation for a scene of Warner Bros.' First National Pirate Picture "Captain Blood." Flynn plays the title rôle in the production.

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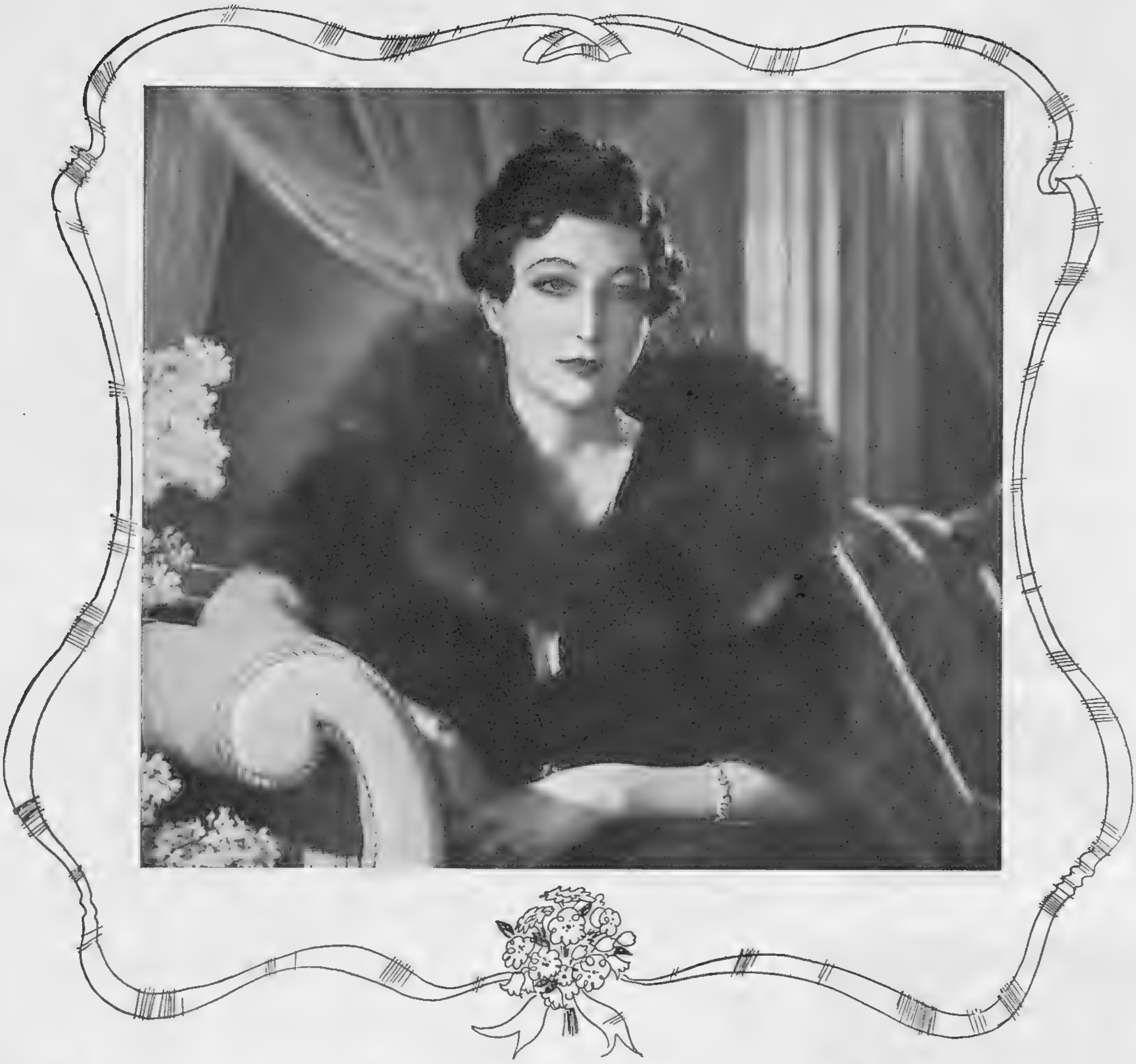
(See announcement on page 88)



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"And then one day they asked me to use my French in a near-by shop to buy their 'Pond's Creams' for them. Of course, I got some for myself, too. And you can imagine how triumphant I felt a few days later, when they noticed the change in my skin.

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You have two skins: the one you see and your *under-skin*, made up of little blood vessels, muscles, nerves and glands. When skin faults appear, it is a sign that your under-skin is growing lazy. Then the pores get filled with secretions. Circulation slows down. The blood fails to nourish tissues. Lazy oil glands let the skin become dry and muscles lose their snap—the face begins to sag.

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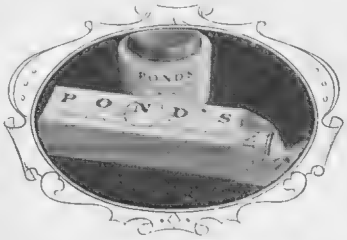
Use Pond's Cold Cream *every* night, and always before you make up. Then, *before* you powder, use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It holds powder on for hours and protects your skin all day, while it feeds two substances into your skin. One *nourishes*, making your skin firm and guarding against lines; the second *softens* your skin. Pond's Creams cost a mere trifle—from only 6d. a jar or tube.



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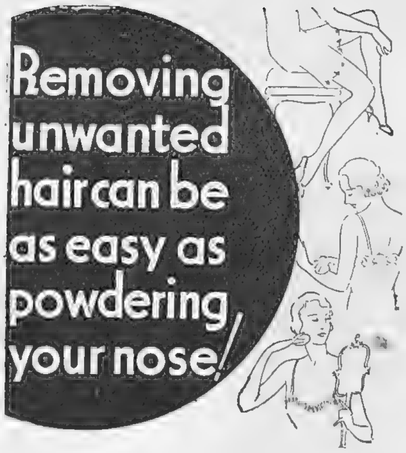
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The Vicar's Understudy

(Continued from page 21)

"That woman?" he said with a shudder. "Hell's bells, no! I never could stand her at any price. Do you know, General, I'm morally certain she hasn't got a single hair on her head that's her own. You'd think," he went on, warming to his subject, "that a woman like that—wife of a parson, and so on—would have a certain respect for the decencies of life. But I happen to know for a fact that she habitually sleeps in bedsocks."

General Pennyfather-Owen rose, rather unsteadily, from the table.

"Confound it all, Crake," he exploded, "I can make allowances for you not feelin' up to the mark, and all that, and of course we've been friends for a great many years, but I'll be sugared if I can stand this. In front of my daughter, too. Damme, sir, I really believe you're not quite right in the head. Come, Daphne, we'll go home. I'll have to consider seriously whether I oughtn't to summon an emergency meetin' of the Parish Council."

Father and daughter tottered from the room, and Mordred Crake, wishing them a cheery "Au revoir," settled down to enjoy a solitary luncheon.

"I'm going to ring up Mrs. Crake when we get home," said Daphne, as she walked down the drive with the General. "It's high time she came back."

THE activities of the Vicar—or rather, of the Vicar's understudy—on that memorable Saturday afternoon are spoken of to this day with bated breath in the parish of Upper Screaming. Inspired by the tinned apricots, which in obedience to his instruction had been liberally laced with cheap brandy from the "Stag and Beetle," Mordred set out into the village immediately after lunch to call upon a few of his parishioners. At the very first house he visited, the cottage of old Mother Wetherbee, who was stone deaf and nearly blind, he caused something of a sensation by standing on a coffin stool and reciting the whole of "The Wreck of the Hesperus," following it up with a spirited rendering of "Albert and the Lion," that tragic ballad immortalised by Mr. Stanley Holloway. Mother Wetherbee herself was not impressed, but her two married daughters and her five-year-old grandson were.

His next port of call was Upper Screaming Court, a fairly large house standing in its own grounds, and rented at the moment by a Mrs. Cuticle, a wealthy widow of uncertain age. Here the visitor created a diversion by dancing the rumba with Mrs. Cuticle's ugly daughter Millicent, to the accompaniment of a wireless commentary on the Isle of Man T.T. race, and planting a smacking kiss upon Mrs. Cuticle's faded cheek before taking his departure.

He passed on through the village, trailing clouds of glory, and so odd was his behaviour at every house he visited that he may be said to have achieved a veritable *succès fou*. His last, and perhaps most shattering, triumph before returning to the Vicarage was at the cottage of the local schoolmistress, Miss Blurp, to whom he proposed marriage, stating that his wife had run away with a Moravian missionary, that he had been granted a decree nisi, and that he expected the divorce to be made absolute in the course of the next few days. Miss Blurp, simple child of nature that she was, accepted him without hesitation, and the unfortunate Vicar was subsequently involved in a good deal of costly litigation before a way was found out of the *impasse* thus created.

Mordred went back to the Vicarage late that afternoon, and occupied his leisure until supper time in trying to pick out with one finger the air of "Red Sails in the Sunset" on the piano in Mrs. Crake's drawing-room. He supped alone, all unconscious of the doom which was even now rushing upon him in the shape of his brother Sebastian's wife who, on receipt of an urgent telephone message from Daphne Pennyfather-Owen, had hired a taxi to take her from Penge to Paddington station.

Mrs. Crake's cab set her down at the Vicarage shortly after nine o'clock, and entering her husband's study she found the usurper seated in an armchair before the fire, and idly turning over the pages of an English-Italian phrase-book.

"Ah, Sebastian," she said. "Not in bed yet, I see. I cut short my visit and hurried home, because that dear girl Daphne telephoned to say she didn't think you were at all well. What is it, dear? Not the old trouble, I trust?"

Mordred sprang to his feet and staggered back against the mantelpiece, his face the colour of putty.

"It's worse," he groaned. "Far worse. I doubt if I shall live through the night."

Mrs. Crake was seriously alarmed.

"You'd better come up to bed at once," she said. "I'll have the fire lit in our bedroom and telephone for the doctor."

"Don't do that," said Mordred. "The doctors can't do anything for me. I've got galloping consumption."

"You've got what?"

"Galloping consumption. It's absolutely essential that I get as much fresh air as possible. I'll go and sleep in the summer-house."

"Very well, do as you think best, dear," said the Vicar's wife. "I'll tell Annie to make you up a bed out there. Perhaps," she added as an afterthought, "I'd better come and sleep there, too. You might want attention in the night."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Mordred. "I mean I shall be quite all right by myself. Besides, you might catch it."

Ten minutes later, having said good-night to his brother's wife and collected a suit of his brother's pyjamas, Mordred Crake stepped out into the garden. He had no intention of sleeping in the summer-house. His day, he felt, had been well spent, but the untimely return of Mrs. Crake seemed likely to cramp his style in the future. He had better beat it while the going was good.

Stealing cautiously down the drive, he had reached the front gate when he bumped into a figure coming in the opposite direction. It was his brother Sebastian!

"Hullo, old boy," he said in subdued but cheerful tones, "so you've managed to get them to believe you at last. Well, I don't know that it worries me much; I've had my bit of fun, and I'm quite ready to go back to the bughouse. Just come into the summer-house and I'll change clothes with you again. Only don't make a noise. Remember, I've still got the gun!"

In rather less than a quarter of an hour the metamorphosis was complete, and the Vicar of Upper Screaming, dressed once more in the insignia of his calling, opened the front door of the Vicarage and stepped inside; what time the car which had brought him from Wallingford sped swiftly through the night, carrying his brother Mordred back to his champagne and roller-skating.

It was quite a week before the Reverend Sebastian succeeded in rehabilitating himself in the eyes of his wife, who had been kept in ignorance of his brother Mordred's existence, and found his story of the substitution difficult to believe; it was a month before he regained the friendship of his neighbour, General Pennyfather-Owen, who was very much harder to convince; and a whole year passed before the rest of his parishioners wearied of nudging one another and whispering whenever he walked through the village. The litigation arising out of Mordred's ill-advised proposal to Miss Blurp, the schoolmistress, has now been concluded to the satisfaction of the lawyers on both sides, but Miss Blurp herself still regards the Vicar as a heartless and deceitful scoundrel, and to this day the unfortunate Sebastian is constantly pestered by old Mother Wetherbee's grandson with the request that he will recite "the funny rhyme about Albert and the lion."

Mordred Crake has had to give up champagne and roller-skating. They were expensive hobbies, and Miss Blurp and the lawyers needed the money.

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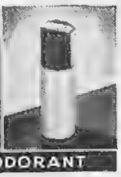

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Cupboard Cleverness

(*Continued from page* 41)

her two children. These two things cost about £1 and 27s. 6d. respectively, and come from a well-known firm of farm-equipment specialists.

Another friend has since invested in a fruit-rack, which he is using as a wine-rack. A connoisseur of wines, he buys and keeps them, but his small house has no cellar; so, stood in the most suitable place, the fruit-rack does duty well.

Since we are near the kitchen, it is worth looking inside. You would think that kitchens in modern homes had been planned to the last inch. Most of them have. But those of us who bought or rented our new homes a few years back may not have the advantage of certain cupboard refinements. Two especially I have in mind: *a drying-cupboard and—a streamlined sink.*

The small town home or the country home in winter, when it is bad drying weather, is often seriously inconvenienced in respect of the home-done washing.

Both the electricity and the gas authorities have good suggestions, and it is well worth while for the mistress of the house seriously to consider installing a drying-cupboard in the kitchen.

The sink question is not always cleverly dealt with by the designers of the house. Under the sink and draining boards you have valuable space that all too often is given to pails, washing kit, and so on. The new metal sinks, with their sunk streamlined cupboards, glorify and double the efficient working of any kitchen.

"But there's not a spare inch of room for a refrigerator," a friend of mine complained as she surveyed her tiny kitchen in a small house.

Actually, I think her problem is solved by a cooker that you can get mounted on a refrigerator, the latter suitably safeguarded, of course.

The tallboy is the answer to the woman who wants to keep her furniture un-modern and yet simply must have more accommodation for her things.

I have just checked up the cost of a two-sectioned six-drawered mahogany tallboy that is 4 ft. 9 in. high. This, at £8 15s., is moderately priced and of good cubic content in any hunt for storage space.

We all know folding and disappearing beds; but Bowmans clever design for a dining-table equipment (seen in one of the photographs), is an indication of what can be done to save space.

Storage in the nursery is a problem all to itself. Built-in cupboards, with rounded corners at the right height, are the ideal solution.

This is not always possible. But the ordinary fitted chest for clothes stores away plenty. The infinite variety of unstained wood furniture and the possibilities of hard-surfaced paints make nursery equipment a pleasant adventure.

The ideal nursery for one or two younger children is as self-contained as possible in regard to eating and washing and food storage.

I know of one delightful nursery that has its out-of-window larder and a line of long-shaped cupboards above the reach of the child, that contain fruit and cakes, bread, cereals and crockery.

FINALLY, we come to gadgets that have to be garaged: telephone, wireless, gramophone, and all those things that we so often bump against and trip over.

There are two alternatives: either the architect arranged for sunk accommodation in his plans (as shown in one of the photographs), or you can have special cupboards or out-of-danger shelves.

I know some people who are building up their bookcases, desk and gadget-cupboards from one of the well-known unit systems.

Storage space that is flexible is, of course, ideal. Storage space you have planned to your own needs and seen created to your own designs is the greatest possible fun.

Meanwhile, the best thing is relentlessly to explore the increasing inventiveness of designers and manufacturers.

[*If you want more particulars of any of the equipment mentioned in this article, write to the Editor, Woman's Department,* BRITANNIA AND EVE, 32-34, *St. Bride Street, E.C.*4 *enclosing stamped envelope.*]

Britain's Three-Year Plan

(*Continued from page* 9)

thorough preparedness policy Premier Asquith decided upon for the sea fleet in that year (putting the brilliant, vigorous, direct and despotic Winston Churchill in charge of that fleet job) the war would not have started. The German war staff would not have risked a war which reason would have told them they could not win. War in the East there might have been. But it would have been a limited continental war. It would not have involved the world and found twenty-seven nations signing the Versailles peace treaty as Germany's conquerors.

The last war, in short, was not a tragedy of preparedness, it was a tragedy of unpreparedness—an explosion touched off by the miscalculation of a little group of realist professional students of war, who thought the weakness and disunity of the "enemy" made it safe to execute, with every probability of overwhelming success, the Schlieffen plan, worked out a decade before, and held for use when the time ripened.

The fatal plan, so strong on the technical and so weak on the psychological side, sends a bright ray into the mists of the future where the shape of the next war can be dimly discerned. Its author is dead and his plan is obsolete; but it still determines the strategy of the German war staff, and so conditions the political and military set-ups of the arming European nations, besides profoundly influencing calculation and action in Japanese war staff headquarters, thereby forcing the Americans to fit their war preparations to the common pattern, whose basic design is blue-printed in Berlin.

Schlieffen, chief of the German general staff, based his plan on speed and concentration plus surprise. Men still believed in the sanctity of treaties. France, trusting to the treaty guaranteeing the inviolability of Belgium, had not extended her eastern frontier fortification line to the sea. Schlieffen, direct-minded warrior, found in this trust merely an inspiration for a masterly war operation. There was an open road into France through Belgium. All the German war machine had to do was move swiftly and in overwhelming force down that road, and around the French eastern frontier fortifications. The French army would then be knocked out in a decisive battle and Paris taken. The Belgian army? It could be mopped up *en route*—a minor operation. The British had only a negligible army—it could be ignored, even if it reached France in time to participate in the fighting. In forty days all would be over. A torn-up treaty would not matter then.

The plan failed; but students of war and the last war history know how close it came to succeeding. Once the decision was taken to put the monstrous war machine in motion everything depended on its functioning according to the war plan. Schlieffen knew its weak spot, but he was no longer available. The weak spot was the human element. It was vitally necessary to keep the right wing of the advancing army strong, the left wing could

(*Continued on page* 112)

Wherever it's Spring, it's YARDLEY time

WHEN the first orange blossoms burst in Florida — the very day spring explodes in a froth of almond bloom and frolicking lambs along the Mediterranean — such distant and delightful matters are known to us almost instantly, here in London.

How? Because all over the world, springtime is now Yardley time. And first revealing spring suns on women's faces create thousands of new users for our lovely Yardley preparations everywhere, just as they will do this month in England.

First, if your skin is of the normal type, you'll get a jar of exquisite English Complexion Cream and smooth on a soft fluffy cloud of it. Feel your winter-weary skin drinking in its lightly nourishing beneficence. Then wipe away with dew-clear, refreshing Toning Lotion — and behold, you've wiped away ten years of dull, aged texture! An unseen film of petal-tint Foundation Cream — a finishing mist of Yardley's Orchis Powder to put bloom on the petals. Add a touch of Yardley colour — and face the new sun as fresh and naturally radiant as a flower.

An ever-blooming one, if you'll consult Mary Foster, at our Bond Street Salon (without charge) on the proper treatment for your type of skin. For Yardley special formulæ for dry, aged or oily skins, perfected in our century of beauty culture, may be added to overcome almost any fault your skin has fallen prey to. Write for the free book in colour, "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street," if you cannot visit the Salon. And find the Yardley spring complexion—yours to keep all year—on sale in your nearest fine chemist, store or coiffeur!

FOR SKIN CARE: English Complexion Cream cleanses and nourishes normal skins, 3/6 (triple size 7/6); Liquefying Cleansing Cream cleanses pores, removes make-up, 3/6 (triple size 7/6); Toning Lotion removes cream, stimulates all skins, 2/6 (triple size 5/6); Skin Food nourishes, rejuvenates, 3/6 (triple size 7/6); Skin Lotion, for arms and neck, 2/6 (triple size 5/6); Foundation Cream 2/6; Trial Beauty Boxes for each type of skin, 5/6. **FOR MAKE-UP:** Rouge Cream, 2/-; Lipstick, 3/-; Eyeshadow, 2/-; and Nail Enamel, 1/6.

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be left weak (the plan even called for a German withdrawal in Alsace to the Strasbourg-Metz line). At a critical moment the right-wing commander weakened his force at the vital spot, and the Marne battle put the celebrated plan in the discard.

The dream of the swift-crushing war, according to plan, ended there; but the war, not according to plan, went on, because the fate of nations was now involved, their war machines were interlocked, and nobody could separate them. The war went on until 3,000,000 were dead and 20,000,000 disabled and something like £30,000,000,000 of the world's accumulated wealth had been blown away. It changed its original character and became on the German side a gamble for life and on the side of her opponents a "war to end war" and "to save the world for democracy."

THERE were three Punic wars spread over a century in the ancient world because Rome could not at the time of the first two make up her mind to fight to a finish. Each time she left an enemy with the will and the means to recover and fight again another day. The third time she made sure of Carthage: she put the ploughs over her, and that was that. Germany after a four years' war, which in the end found her fighting the British Empire, the United States, France, Russia, Italy and Japan, not to mention all the small fry, appeared to be finished far more completely than Carthage was after the second war. Her armies were broken, her fleets sunk, her war engines destroyed, her munition factories dismantled, her colonies seized; she was forbidden to conscript her citizenry or to manufacture modern war weapons and equipment. She was ruined, and billed for £6,600,000,000 for reparations. Her ruling house fled and power passed to a Left-oriented republic.

But history repeats itself. To-day she has arisen like a strong fighter from an unlucky knock-out blow. She has a powerful army, a huge air fleet, a useful sea fleet, strong leadership and a unified state. She lacks raw materials and money, but, to compensate, she has another war plan. It is against the risk of this plan being put into execution in 1938, or thereafter, that John Bull has insured himself for £300,000,000.

Speed again dominates the new war plan—speed beyond the dreams of Schlieffen thirty years ago, but not beyond the prophetic imagination of Foch, who said ten years before his death that the next war, when it comes, will "strike like a lightning flash." The very factors which seem to make another war incredible—factors of cost, scope, internal political strains and stresses, raw materials—are operating to concentrate war-oriented minds on the problems of forcing the pace and knocking the enemy out in the first round, because it must be that way or heaven knows what will happen. . . . Certainly war can never drag on again, as an organised struggle, for four whole years. Neither money nor morale would last out. Something would break.

So another invasion of Belgium and France is "out." The French, anyway, have now constructed impregnable frontier fortifications and extended the line this time to the sea. A German fortified line on the Rhine—sequel to re-occupation of the demilitarised zone—will hold the French on the west while the big blow is struck in the east. The German new high-speed war machine will be into and over Memel, Austria and the stretch of Czechoslovakia between Bavaria and Silesia before any aid can reach these areas. The war proper will not start until these events have swiftly happened.

The mutual bombing of cities may never occur; but if it does, the first blow will probably be struck by the State which, owing to its realistic directing minds and drastic preparations, believes itself able to inflict far greater damage than it can possibly receive, owing to the strength of its air fleets, the organized scattering of population in its chief population centres, the decentralization of its war industries, the protection of its main bases and the discipline of its citizens.

The French general staff has cut-and-dried plans for removing all government and war services from Paris at an hour's notice. If a similar plan for evacuating London is not already in the British War Book, child of the one Haldane introduced in 1910 (it was not much good in the Great War, because it failed completely to envisage the probabilities of that war), it soon will be. If that Book is being kept up to date by hands guided by competent minds the Government will find more in it on opening it when war is declared than plans for censorship, organization of food supplies and business and instructions for local authorities. Comprehensive measures in case of aerial raids with gas, high explosive and incendiary bombs, will be there.

But they won't be much good if the defence organization now incorporated under the new Co-ordinating Minister does not go at least as far in preparations for decentralizing, scattering and going underground, as the Germans have already gone. It may be that Mr. Winston Churchill has included the cost of such preparations in the figure he gives of £1,500,000,000 spent on German "re-armament" (a word covering far more things than warships, bombing planes, tanks, big guns and the other obvious paraphernalia).

JUST what the scope of the next war (if it comes) will be nobody knows, although all the statesmen and general staffs are trying to guess, and the latter are playing war games in anticipation and drawing up alternative plans to suit this and that set-up. It may be a world war in grim fact, with the United States forced into action in the Pacific owing to a Japanese leap to take advantage of a major European war absorbing all Britain's strength and obliging Russia to fight at full stretch on her European frontier. It may be a limited European war of Germany, Italy, Poland, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria ranged against Britain, France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Russia—a group of "have-nots" with little to lose but their lives and everything to gain from victory, against a group of "haves," with nothing to gain from victory except a new lease of life, but everything to lose in defeat. The loot of the empires of Britain, France and Russia (the empire of Holland and Portugal would be carved up too) would be the richest a conquering alliance ever divided: Britain alone squatting on a fourth of the earth and a fourth of the inhabitants thereof, while France owns the second largest empire in population terms and Russia the second largest in terms of territory.

Or the war may find Britain standing out and reserving her strength, while Germany and Russia fight, and the map of east and south-east Europe is redrawn.

Just what sort of war—if any—does come would seem largely to depend on what Britain does in the way of preparation from the spring of 1936 onwards. The financial aspect is intriguing, in view of the fact that the risks being underwritten for £300,000,000 cannot be estimated within several noughts, margins of error having to be allowed comparable to those customarily taken in their stride by astronomers calculating in eights years and in terms of the vast distances of outer space. The next war might cost John Bull £100,000,000 or the world £100,000,000,000, or everything it has. It's all a blind guess; but a glance at some known figures helps.

In 1920–21, owing to Britain's usual hesitation and unwillingness to face up to unpleasant facts, she was faced with an Arab rising in Iraq. It cost her £60,000,000 to suppress it.

Few of the worthy citizens who signed a ballot paper favouring sanctions, or who approved the prompt move of the British Fleet into the Mediterranean last autumn, stopped to think that someone, some time, would have to foot a bill. The bill presented for the naval action alone amounted by March to £5,000,000. That was expenditure over and above the 1935-36 budget allowance for the Navy of £60,050,000. The Army moves cost a million and a quarter. The air fleet manœuvres a million and a half.

EXACT figures relating to Mussolini's little colonial war in East Africa are not available. But we know enough to put it at well over £300,000,000 for the actual war bill to date, without counting the cost of the very considerable preparations made during two years and before a single shot was fired. Mussolini has been able to wage his war relatively cheaply, owing to his gold stocks and the pre-war high exchange value of the lira relative to the American and sterling area currencies of the chief supply countries. If he had been obliged to pay for raw materials and machinery in a currency depreciated in gold terms (as is the British pound) his bill for copper, oil, zinc, cotton, wool, automobiles, lead, rubber and the rest would have been a third as high again.

Britain's war in South Africa at the opening of the century was a relatively small colonial affair. Warfare then was inexpensive compared with the modern brand. The enemy, besides, had no fleet. The British national debt stood at £639,000,000 when the war started. By the time the deficits consequent on the war stopped, it was up to £795,000,000.

The nation's debt then declined, through trade and peace, until 1914, by which time it was down to £706,000,000. When the Great War ended, British national debt stood at £7,875,642,000. It had cost us, in short, rather better than £7,000,000,000 to fight the inconclusive war that was, among other things, to make Britain a land fit for heroes to live in.

To-day, Britain's national debt stands at £7,800,436,867. It costs us a round £224,000,000 a year to service this colossal debt, the world's biggest. With the revenue running at £734,000,000, the 1935-36 figure, this amounts to nearly a third of all the income that flows into the public treasury from customs, excise, taxes both direct and indirect, duties, interest and dividends.

The cost of the war was naturally far, far more than this. It might be £30,000,000,000 or more. It wiped out the accumulated wealth of the great Tzarist, Hohenzollern, Habsburg, and Turkish empires. Merely to handle their end of the bill, the French and the Italians had to devalue their currencies by four-fifths: actually, a camouflaged capital levy, the victims being all those with savings and fixed-interest, "safety-first" securities. The conquering European group between them owed their American ally £2,300,000,000, representing credits granted for supplies and services before the United States entered the war. But as that has retreated into the fantastic distance whence we now view (when we remember it) the German debt to his conquerors of £6,600,000,000 we can drop it out and forget it.

Who pays? We all do—from the humblest dole-drawer and beggar, to the opulent super-tax payer. Every time you strike a match, or light a cigarette, or swallow a bit of bread or meat, pull on a stocking, switch on a light, board a bus or train, buy petrol, get born, or married, or die, you pay. If you don't pay directly through taxes and licences, you pay indirectly through the extra bit added to the price of an article in order to cover the cost of somebody else's taxes and licences, or the duty extracted by customs and excise, which departments together last year diverted £300,000,000 into the public coffers.

So while the cost of another grand-scale war is obviously unguessable, even with the aid of Einstein and the infinite calculus, a single main conclusion does emerge in sharp outline. It is that, provided civilisation still survives at the end, the whole capitalist system would have to be reconstructed, while the owners of John Bull's accumulated wealth would suffer either the fate which befell their French and Italian brethren through inflation, or the worse fate which wiped out holders of German

(*Continued on page* 114)

A NEW TECHNIQUE!
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BY ELIZABETH ARDEN

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Britain's Three-Year Plan

marks and German mortgages, debentures, stocks, and bonds. A national debt of £7,850,400,000, spread over a people of 44,500,000, inhabiting a little island of 193,000 square miles, is sufficiently astounding (the American debt is £1,000,000,000 less, even after Roosevelt and his New Deal, and is spread over 137,000,000 people inhabiting an area of 3,738,000 square miles). A debt this size swelled by new colossal war expenditures can only be compared to a gas expanding in a fragile container beyond the bursting point. You could have ten guesses what would happen after the burst: none might prove right.

COST consideration would not, of course, put a limit on another major war. Once it started it would rage on just so long as armies remained in the field, fleets on the seas and in the air, and men to dig minerals, pump oil and operate machines.

On the whole, therefore, it looks as if John Bull, the last of the nations seriously to face up to realities and undertake war preparations, is letting himself off lightly by allocating £300,000,000 for insurance against the risks of a possible war which will run into thousands of millions if it ranges only from Paris to Moscow and the Baltic to Suez, and which will shatter the whole financial system and swallow the world's wealth, if, as some students of war and affairs envisage, it ignites all the explosive gases gathered between the Mediterranean and the Pacific, and obliges John Bull to fight for life and his empire over land, sea and air battlefields extending from London to Capetown and from Cairo by way of Iraq and India to Singapore and Sydney.

The Cost of Refrigeration

(*Continued from page* 57)

A REFRIGERATOR which carries a full guarantee will cost you nothing to maintain apart from this trifling cost for current. The better models are, in any case, so highly perfected in the mechanical sense that breakdowns are practically unknown.

Now that the gas companies are hiring refrigerators to gas consumers it is scarcely possible for anyone to argue that a refrigerator is beyond their means.

A medium size model costs you half a crown a week while you are buying the apparatus. Sixpence or sevenpence a week is the average cost for gas used in running it, and this varies a little in accordance with the weather. In cold weather the gas consumption is rather less. That is the only difference.

It is not an exaggeration to say that the saving effected by the elimination of waste food will easily cover the small weekly outlay for purchase. Any user of refrigeration will tell you that they can never realise how they had previously managed without one.

Everything points to the fact that a refrigerator is, as the Irishman said, " more expensive when you haven't got it."

British Canning Industry

WE all know Smedley's Garden Peas; they are perhaps the most popular of any of the canned vegetables marketed by the Wisbech Canners.

Vegetable salad, celery hearts, spinach, new potatoes, cherries, damsons, plums and black currants, and other vegetables and fruits, canned in this country, which can be enjoyed all the year round.

Now Mr. Smedley has expanded this comparatively recent British industry considerably by the purchase of six large farms in the Forfar district of Scotland, the produce of which consists almost entirely of raspberries.

Up to now the British canning industry has largely concentrated on the canning of various vegetables, fruit having occupied a comparatively minor part in their activities, but this new move of Mr. Smedley's must undoubtedly lead to a great extension into the fruit field which has hitherto been largely monopolised by American interests.

Where the Thrushes Sing

(*Continued from page* 47)

as your aide-de-camp. They merely sent me because my size matched the Guardsman bloke you brought with you. I was a happy young subaltern when I took on this job. Here I am a sort of waiter, valet, lady's maid, private assistant secretary, general drink provider to all visitors here. And yesterday was my worst day.

"I was on duty with her Excellency. In the morning I dropped her parasol in the mud. In the afternoon I trod on her gown as she was getting into her car. After dinner I spilled a cup of coffee over her. Then, before thirty people, she called me 'the clumsiest ass in Asia.' I want to go back to my unit."

"Ah, my boy," said the Viceroy. "When I was your age, I hadn't a unit to go back to. And look what I am to-day! I'd go on being a Baby Elephant if I were you, or you might be Viceroy one day—and that would serve you right."

Besides, thought his Excellency, it served Baby Elephant right for having played Rugby four times for Wales. An international cap has led some men into the Cabinet and others into jail. His had made him A.D.C. That was his funeral. . . .

The Viceroy looked at his list and read out the first name—The Begum Sahiba of Etawah.

"Show her in," said his Excellency.

And as Baby Elephant fell out, blundering, as usual, into a table—this one seemed to have moved itself into his way—the Viceroy took up the Begum's file. There were pages and pages of it. It had gathered volume as it had journeyed through official after official, right to the Viceregal desk.

IT was a tiny figure that came in, a woman in voluminous white robes spreading out like a tent, a woman heavily veiled. The swish of her draperies, as she entered, gave no indication of any age. Nor did the gliding step. It might have been a large mushroom out of shape.

The Viceroy rose and bowed. The draped figure salaamed in the Muslim fashion, hand to brow and then to breast.

"You wanted to see me, Begum Sahiba?" he began, opening the interview.

"Your Commissioner thought I should see you," she replied, in English that was perfect except for a slight sing-song that lilted up and down.

"Ah, yes," said the Viceroy, recalling fragments of the large file. Portions of the story of the veiled figure floated in a jumble through his troubled mind. He took, as usual, the Viceregal line of least resistance by beginning all over again.

"Tell me your story," he said.

The little figure fumbled and hesitated.

"It goes back a long way," she replied, "right to the Sepoy Rebellion."

India has not only a future and a present, but a past. Age after age, the past is reborn in odd sorts of ways—the Mutiny of all things.

The Viceroy dreaded some grievance born of that period of ruthless revenge.

We think back to Clive's day and the Black Hole of Calcutta. Indians talk of the ruthless revenge that followed the Mutiny.

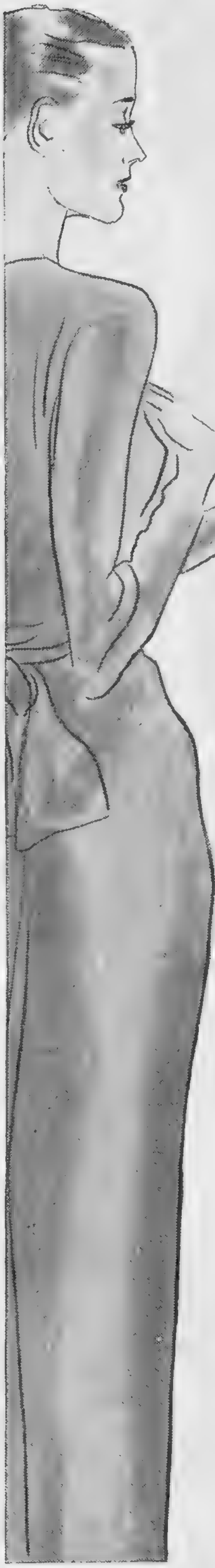
The Viceroy was a polite man. Viceroys are trained that way. . . .

"Please tell it your own way," he said, leaning back in his chair, with the Viceregal coat of arms carved in the back.

"When the Sepoy Army rebelled," she began, "the nobles and princes of Oudh did not make up their minds immediately which side they would support. They waited to see if the British Raj was to be overthrown.

"Many of them sheltered fugitive Englishmen and English women, keeping them in their castles as hostages. If England won, they would claim credit for preserving English lives. If the mutineers won, the English people would disappear. . . .

"In that terrible May of 1857, a man and his wife and a baby girl took shelter at the house of the old (*Continued on page* 116)



"Is there any hope for an 'Orange Peel' skin, Jane Seymour?"

When a woman said that to me the other day, I thought it was such a good way of describing that 'under the magnifying glass' look that a sallow, over-greasy skin so often has.

"Of course there's hope!" I told her. "May I give you some do's and don'ts?

"First—shun cleansing cream. Use my Cleansing Milk, instead. It's a tonic as well as a cleanser—slightly astringent and a very good bleach.

"For six or seven nights," I continued, "smooth on plenty of Pore Cream. It will contract those pores to normal size. For the next few weeks pat in Peach Skin Food and use Pore Cream on alternate nights.

"In the morning pat in my Brown Astringent. Finish off with Petal Lotion—it's the most wonderful powder base for 'greasies'—and Greaskin Powder."

Well, it's about a month since I gave her that advice. Today I had a letter from her saying: "I'm *shades* lighter, and my skin looks almost *fine*."

You can get these preparations from any smart shop, and do get my book "Speaking Frankly." It gives the exact treatment for any type of skin. If you've any difficulty, write to my Salon: Jane Seymour Ltd., 23 Woodstock Street, Bond Street, London, W. 1. Mayfair 3712.

Jane Seymour

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

THREE CHEERS FOR THE NEW SHEERS!

What miracles of sheerness this year's Kayser Mir-o-Kleer* stockings are! There are service sheers. Sheers for everyday. And for afternoon and evening, Kayser Sansheen—sheer cobwebs. All clear as crystal too! The marvel is that silk so fairy-fine can be so strong and lasting! Tailored to slim, in Kayser's one and only way, from 4/11 upwards.

KAYSER

MIR-O-KLEER

• TRADE MARK Patented Canada 1933—336,234. Patented Great Britain—396,346

Wholesale Distributors: C. J. Davis, 3 Prince's St., Cavendish Square, London, W.1

Nawab of Etawah. They lived there for some months, while the British troops battled for the Ridge at Delhi. When the rains came. Sickness came too, and the man and his wife died of cholera. The baby girl was brought up as one of the family of the old Nawab, and, when seventeen, was betrothed to his son and heir."

Then she paused.

"I am that baby girl," she added, suddenly.

The Viceroy had been leaning forward listening with polite attention. Suddenly, his back shot up.

He began to see all the turmoil and the dust, the intrigue, and the heroism and tragedy that had filled the sand-dried Ganges plain, sixty years before.

IT seemed incredible, but here in front of him was a voice from those distant years.

The old lady continued.

"On the evening before my marriage, the old Nawab told me who I was," she said. "He gave me papers and photographs and offered me the choice of going back to whatever people I had in England, or staying as a bride. I was in love, and I stayed.

"As you know, your Excellency, mine was the happiest of marriages. Our son went to the Chiefs' College, and the Governor invested him with full powers three years ago, when my husband died. He is a good boy, doing his best for his people and faithful to his salt.

"All these years I have not worried about what my father-in-law told me, except that I have always taken all the illustrated English papers and searched them for photographs of Somerset, where my father and mother were born. And then, a few weeks ago, I saw in the *Times* this advertisement."

The old lady's hands moved behind her draperies and she produced a newspaper cutting, which she handed over to the astonished Viceroy. He read a legal announcement asking the heirs or descendants of Capt. Blank, 17th Bengal Native Infantry, to apply to a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn.

The Viceroy knew Somerset. It was there he wanted to hear the thrushes sing.

He knew the old Tudor mansion in which the Blanks had lived for centuries. He had ridden in the parkland. He had hunted across the Blank estate with the local hounds. He knew the family and he knew that it had to come to an end, as far as the county knew.

The old lady was speaking again.

"That advertisement is for me," she said. "I have the papers here. I am the heir. And now, your Excellency, tell me what I am to do."

Once again the Viceroy's mind went back to Somerset—the cliques, the horsey-faced, tweed-dressed women and the hard-riding men.

"East is East and West is West," but here, in the figure before him, the twain had met.

For a moment he imagined the arrival at the local church of a woman in white robes, veiled after life-long seclusion in a zenana, and with a brown, jewelled son, an Indian, whatever he wore, by her side.

No, "never the twain can meet," he thought. And yet she was the legal heir.

With visions of the countryside, and sturdy English prejudices fighting his sense of duty, the Viceroy sat back, thinking this was a pretty problem with which to begin a busy day.

AS he passed his hand over his forehead, an idea flashed into his mind. He raised himself from his chair and walked round to the other side of his desk.

"Madam," he said, "you are an English woman, and I am an Englishman. Will you do me the honour of unveiling?"

The little figure looked up at him doubtfully and hesitated....

Then, with a courageous gesture, she raised her veil and looked straight into the Viceroy's eyes.

He saw thin, straggling white hair, heavy bizarre-shaped earrings, a brow deeply furrowed, brown cheeks that were hollow and withered, a fair moustache . . . He saw heavily painted lips, broken, betel-stained teeth, mascara'd eyebrows.

Yet, gazing indomitably, yet fearfully, at the first Englishman to whom she had ever shown herself without a veil, were a pair of bright blue eyes . . . .

The Viceroy almost staggered. In that Oriental background, there was a piece of genuine England . . .

" Begum Sahiba," he said, " I thank you."

And as he moved back to his chair behind the desk he made up his mind. He leaned forward and spoke to her gently.

" Begum Sahiba," he whispered. " Many many years ago, you made your choice, and married happily. I don't think you should alter that choice now."

And then he heard a sigh.

The Viceroy pressed a bell. The Baby Elephant appeared lumbering, hearty, more terribly Anglo-Saxon than ever.

" Will you show the Begum Sahiba to her carriage ? " said his Excellency. " And will you send in the Members of Council ? "

THE Viceroy told his wife, that evening. He wanted to ask her how she would have solved the problem. She did not seem particularly interested.

" You've got to sack that Baby Elephant," she said. " Either he leaves Simla, or I do."

The Viceroy might have thought that was too much luck.

But he wasn't listening. He was thinking back to the veiled figure—and the sigh.

He was thinking of veiled seclusion in a zenana, of fox-hunting families filling the pews in a church in Somerset—of the sound of thrushes singing.

And, as he thought, he wondered about the sigh. Was it one of relief or one of disappointment ?

The Clockless Day

(*Continued from page* 52)

The air may make you ravenous or feed you so well that you need little to eat. In any case keep to a light diet. New-laid eggs baked under the fire in the ground are good. So is farm butter and cream cheese. Eat fruit that is in season and, if you miss your usual Sunday roast, fill up on radishes and lettuce. If these cause you to feel sleepy, sleep.

Should you wish to wander, don't go far. In the offing is to-morrow and a punctual return to daily life. So, it is better to lie up and watch cattle browse from slope to slope, shadows slant. To feast your eye on May colour and fill your ear with the thousand sounds that make a silence. Then you will be tuning out of man's world into the universe. Getting right away from yourself.

That is the secret of this day. There is no greater change than this.

You may meet a trapper sneaking through the woods, tame ferrets crawling over his chest. Or an old salt combing the rocks for crabs at low tide. Talk to these men. Their lives are run on other clocks to yours, clocks set by tides and moons. Their view-point will refresh you.

Get right back to the land and elemental contact with the sun, wind, and rain. Every action under primitive conditions will be vivid and charged with incident: humour, too.

True, you may come back with a hundred ills. But then, you may sprain your ankle on a golf-course. Be armed with a small bottle of ammonia to dab on a bite, although no insect will worry you if you rub oil of citron all over your face, neck, legs and arms. Arnica is a boon for bruises, iodine for cuts, and some kind of oil or cream is necessary for sunburn.

Chills will be prevented if you carry a large rough towel, a sweater, mackintosh and change of socks, in addition to what you are wearing.

There is no quicker road to youth, vigour and physical re-birth than coming into touch with Mother Earth.

The Glamour
of a
Healthy Skin

The beautifying effect which Cuticura preparations have on the skin is due to the improvement in skin health which they bring about immediately.

No other soap cleanses as Cuticura does. The gentle emollient lather is soothing to the skin, has a mildly antiseptic action which cleanses and purifies the pores, ridding them of every speck of dirt which may lead to blemishes and blackheads. The skin is left not only surface-clean, but clean to the depths of the pores. It feels soothed, softened, comforted.

Apply Cuticura Brand Ointment direct, in cases of pimples, skin eruptions or rashes. It quickly allays irritation and starts the healing process.

Sold by all Chemists.

SAMPLE of Soap, Ointment and Talcum sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps. Address:—Cuticura (Dept. 39P), Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 31, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

Cuticura PREPARATIONS For Clear Healthy Skin

FITU
Vellastic
SKIN-FITS

When you first put on a FITU Skin-Fit you will be amazed at the subtle flattery it brings to your figure and delighted with the complete freedom it allows. FITU Skin-Fits are made from VELLASTIC, the wonder fabric that yields to every movement yet firmly moulds the figure to the sleek lines essential to the wearing of to-day's fashions. Never indeed has control been wedded to comfort with such perfection. Be sure you choose a FITU Skin-Fit . . . the latest creation of modern corsetry. We invite you to consult our Expert Fitters.

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A copy of the new FITU Brochure will gladly be sent you on request

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FITU 3256
Hookside Girdle in tea-rose Vellastic fabric giving two-way control. Lightly reinforced front in broche. Depth 14½". For taller figures. Fittings (waist) 24-32 **32/6**

FITU 208
Beautifully fitting Bandeau in Lastex Lace, fastened at back with two hooks. Sizes (bust) 30-36. **6/11**

DERRY and TOMS

Kensington High Street,
W.8. *'Phone Western 8181*

N57

Morality Claws

(*Continued from page 51*)

SOME two hours later, Raymond Lamarr dashed up in his cream-coloured, silver-trimmed roadster. It was six-thirty, following one of those soggy days when haze hung over the California hills and seeped through the walls like a wet blanket over the set where he had been at work since early morning. The merciless studio lights had made the stifling atmosphere still more unbearable.

Raymond was tired. He was hot. He was out of humour. To cap the climax, there had been a row with Clinton Thomas, his director. And Clinton, like all Englishmen, had managed to stay aloof and composed throughout the altercation. Not even the white cotton stock which he always wore knotted about his neck had wilted. They were good friends. But to-day everything had gone to pot. The cool-voiced Britisher had indulged in some remarks—sole intrusion of frigidity on a torrid day—that made Raymond's Gallic blood ferment like a geyser. Raymond's lower jaw, always prominent, had shot out much in the manner of a fighting bull-pup's; his lower lip, likewise conspicuous, had threatened the peace of the studio. It was this fighting quality, topped with the tenderness of the born lover, which endeared Raymond Lamarr to a vast feminine public. Even in the early days of French music-hall appearances, with a team—the female member of which had snatched him as a husband when he was just eighteen—Raymond had captured the dreams of the so-called weaker sex.

He had come to America when he was twenty-five, chiefly to escape the tyranny of his wife, and in less than a year had found himself once more held captive by a woman. But this time he had been the aggressor. They had met in a Broadway production, he and Nan. Both had walk-on parts. Both had ambition. Neither of them had a penny. They had fallen madly in love, in the reckless nothing-to-lose fashion of the penniless. They had eaten in cafeterias, in one-arm lunch rooms, in hash houses, or not eaten at all, as occasion demanded. They had slept in rooms of cupboard proportions, rooms with skylight ventilation through which snow sifted down, rooms without any window, or not slept at all because they had nowhere to sleep. They had drifted along in the tide of to-day, certain that to-morrow would evolve a miracle.

The miracle had come out of the shadow world where only such miracles can shine like mirages across the desert. To-day as stars working separately, each had a following that circled the globe. To-morrow—"Ah, to-morrow the greatest miracle of all!" Raymond told himself as he took the marble stairs two at a time. That was something to put him in good form again. That was a prospect to wipe off the slate all the irritations of the day. That was the ultimate of all dreams. He was romantic—good! He was sentimental—fine! He was a Frenchman—and he adored Nan—and he had always resented the woman who had him bound by the law and never in any other way. He had paid her thousands in hush money. Over him had hung the sword of fear that she might any day descend upon Hollywood and smash his life to splinters.

And now the sword was lifted. Nan and he could do as they pleased. They could build a nursery——

As he splashed around in the shower, the play of cold water on his brown head banished weariness, impatience, temper. Like the tingling sensation of spray, the fountain of his thoughts stimulated a sense of power. Nobody could ever again hold a sword over his head. He was thirty-three, successful, healthy, beloved, and master of his destiny.

Going into his bedroom, he caught his reflection in the mirrored wall. It was by no means that of an Apollo. Tall, brawny, the play of muscle showed splendid strength. His features were irregular, nose slightly arched, jaw dominant, mouth large, brown eyes alight with zest for life. He grinned.

It always amused him to think of himself as the idol of women fans even to the far corners of the world. He had never been able to understand his popularity. Often he questioned what brought the bushels of fan letters. Nan insisted it was a combination of his gifts as a lover and his virility. But then, Nan's estimate could hardly be called a point of view limited to the screen.

He put on the white linen shirt and trousers laid out by his French valet. They felt cool and soothing against his bare skin. Raymond never wore too many clothes. He liked to feel his body free. Freedom was a fetish. The only bond he wanted in this world was the one about to be forged to-morrow.

Madame was resting, his man informed him. Raymond went downstairs without knocking at the door between their rooms. Better let Nan rest until dinner. She was making the most of a month's breathing spell between pictures. To-night they were booked for a party at Hubert van Dorn's. Nan's favourite director, Hubert was Dutch and concentrative. Just as he refused all invitations while a picture was in the making, so he indulged a mania for parties when work was completed. With Dutch thoroughness, festivities continued until dawn.

Raymond went out to the terrace and sipped a Vermouth Cassis. This particular drink always brought to mind the sweep of the Champs Elysées from a table outside Fouquet's with the sun flaming to rest behind the Arc de Triomphe. It would be magnificent going back to Paris at last with Nan tucked under his arm. She had never been abroad and he had, of course, not cared to set foot on his native soil. Now that was all changed.

The garden floated amethyst and flame in the haze of late sunset. At the touch of evening's cool hand, the humidity lifted. A young early moon sailed in mother-of-pearl clouds. The night was going to be charming.

There came the tap of slippered feet, the swish of a train over the glistening stone floor. He turned to see Nan in black tulle that revealed her skin, luminous as marble through a black veil. Raymond noticed that she looked singularly white. Nan never had much colour but just now she seemed ghost-like, drifting from the gloom of indoors. A feverish light glistened in her eyes, although that might have been merely reflection of the sunset. But there was something excited and exciting about her. Nan had as many moods as a barometer. When the sun shone, he could never tell whether the mercury was bound for rain.

"Hello, adorable ball and chain," was his greeting.

Nan leaned across the back of his chair. He drew the gold head down and kissed her. She reached over his shoulder and picked up a cigarette from the small wicker table beside him. Raymond turned, lighted it. Her eyes gleamed as though disembodied above the flame.

"Look here," he asked, "what's up?"

"Everything! Gone up in smoke, all our plans." Suiting action to word, she sent a long curving spiral from puckered lips. "Love birds of the screen—can't even build their own nest."

"What do you mean—all our plans?"

"Can't quit being a pair of pie-faced hypocrites. Can't have babies. Can't get married——"

"The hell we can't! Who says so?"

"The morality clause in our contracts, boy."

"How can morality interfere with getting married?"

"We're not, you see, and the whole world thinks we are. So if we admit that all these years we've been fooling our public, we make ourselves and the industry look like plugged nickels. And where do we land as a result? I hate to tell you, but use your imagination."

"Who gave you all this?"

"Graystone—this afternoon. I 'phoned him to drop in because I had a secret I didn't want to let loose in his office. Well, he came, he didn't see, and I'm afraid he conquered."

"Wait a minute—

(*Continued on page* 120)

"and time a sheer anachronism"

When at night you pause for a moment's reflection before your mirror and run a pensive finger along the curved line of your cheek, perhaps the shadow of a frown flickers across your face? You detect the subtlest hint of a slackening of the jaw muscles—one more small but disturbing line?

Cyclax Skin Food has been specially made to dispense with any necessity for frowns—small or large. It works its way insidiously beneath your skin, enriching, strengthening and building up slack muscles throughout the night. Lines are attacked in the only sensible way—from underneath, and your face is moulded into a smooth and symmetric loveliness.

Cyclax Skin Food is made in four strengths, for the treatment must vary to suit your particular type of skin.

One most important point—never forget to wash away the surface stickiness in the morning with the soothing Cyclax Soap and warm water, and a little Braceine added to your cold rinsing water will improve the contour, strengthen the jaw muscles, and leave your skin feeling fresh and exhilarated.

Write to Lilian Mayle at the London Salon, 58, South Molton Street. W.1, asking her to send you her "Six Lessons in Loveliness," post free

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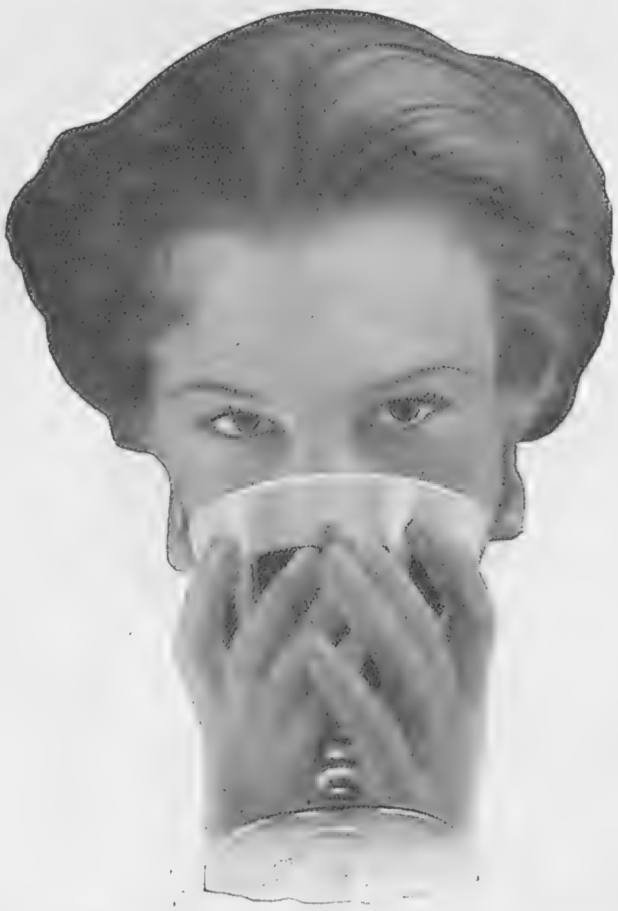
SKIN FOOD, 4/-, 7/6 BRACEINE, 4/-, 7/6 SKIN SOAP, 3/6 PER BOX, 9/6



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What could be better for you? Drink in this natural tonic daily and, like me, you'll soon have a healthy twinkle in your eyes. As a matter of fact, between you and me, I am really better now, but I still take Tintara *because I like it.*

In BOTTLES 4/- & 2/2. In FLAGONS 6/- & 3/-. A Flagon is equivalent to a bottle and a half.

EXCELLENT for Anæmia—Debility—After-effects of 'Flu—Neurasthenia and for all who are convalescent.

A Natural Tonic Wine

Wilcox

Burgoyne's
TINTARA
Burgoyne's
TINTARA

wait a minute," Raymond said dizzily. "Don't tell me you'd let an outsider dictate our private lives."

"That's where we've been just a little cuckoo. Seems we haven't any private lives." Nan crushed out the cigarette, lighted another and laughed curtly. "You can't even make an honest woman of me, sweetheart, without an army of ferrets after us with their noses to the ground."

Raymond's jaw shot out.

"Graystone be damned! I'll do as I please."

"Just what I said at the start. Just what I told benign old Emil. But he knows better. So do you. So do I. The minute he left, I went to my room and stretched out and tried to be calm and figure some way to beat the thing. It can't be done. We don't belong to ourselves any more or to each other. We belong to a lot of people who never saw us except as shadows on the screen. Our shadows, boy, have more rights than we have."

"You say so! Graystone says so. Well, I don't."

Nan waited for him to go on. She waited a full ten minutes, pacing the terrace.

"We can drop out of the picture and pictures," Raymond suggested at last. "If it comes to a show-down, let our contracts go to blazes. We have plenty of money. We can travel—have a good time."

"Then what? We can't keep going indefinitely! Join the navy and see the world? The world won't take the rest of our lives to see. Besides, we can't stop work at our age."

"We can go back to Broadway."

"Happy thought! It was mine, too, when I talked to Emil. He simply pointed out that we wouldn't have a chance on Broadway after making laughing stocks of ourselves in Hollywood."

At this point the butler appeared with cocktails, Martinis dry and potent. Neither of them ate much dinner. The long, cool dining-room was ominously quiet. Only one subject was uppermost and that could not be discussed before the servants. But Raymond did a lot of thinking.

It was later, on the way to Hubert's, that he made the announcement:

"To-morrow we stick to our original plan and fly to Los Vegas."

"No," said Nan. "No, we do not."

"Why?" asked Raymond sharply.

"Because it would be insane. Because we can't just chuck everything to prove our independence."

"Everything?" Raymond inquired. "Is anything more important than what we expected to do?"

"Your future—and your loving me."

"It's because I love you so much that I'm ready to send the whole works to——"

"You'd blame me if I let you," she interrupted, fumbling with a black chiffon handkerchief that seemed to swallow up the small face as in a harem veil. "You'd blame me for helping you make a mistake we couldn't rectify. You'd never get over it. Men can't stand being laughed at. I won't have you laughed at through me. You'd end by hating me."

"Don't you *want* to marry me?" demanded Raymond.

"Of course I do. More than anything—anything in the world."

"Then we're a pair of idiots to listen to anybody."

"We're a pair of idiots if we don't listen."

Despite the tears in Nan's voice, the question suddenly hit Raymond—why was she fighting him contrary to her own wishes? It remained unspoken but persistent as they pulled up at Hubert's Beverly Hills home. It rankled, tantalised in the way a half-forgotten dream mingles with reality.

Were he and Nan actually caught in an impasse, a blind alley in which they could turn and turn without finding an exit except the one way of their entrance? He'd soon settle that.

He left Nan and the party. He went

tearing out to Graystone, the motion picture magnate's Santa Monica estate consisting of sleeping and living quarters the size of a country club, landscaped gardens, stables, garage and swimming pool, at the top of a slope looking down on the Pacific.

For two hours he tramped the floor of the library, banged chairs and tables and raged at the smooth sanguinity of Emil Graystone's undisturbed assurance that it couldn't be done. Mr. Graystone, in flowered red satin dressing-gown over an ample white silk night-shirt, was certain of his ground. He had not in the least altered his decision.

All the way back to Hubert's, Raymond talked furiously to himself in his native tongue. It was as if he argued with an unseen enemy.

The party was in full swing. In the bar, Hubert stood on a table reciting Swinburne to whose amorous misery nobody listened. In the patio, the prolonged ecstasy of a gipsy band drew an ache that was sweet and provocative. Couples languidly circled about a raised platform. The trees whispered jealous accompaniment to gliding feet and haunting rhythm.

Raymond made his way through the telescopic vista of rooms. Nan was not in any of them. He went out to the patio. There he found her dancing with Clinton Thomas. Of all people, the man who this afternoon had infuriated him! It did not occur to Raymond that he had made no mention to Nan of the quarrel with his director. He saw them move as one to the wail of a tango, Clinton's smooth blond head bent to the crown of Nan's golden curls. Now they were visible in a stream of light from the house, now lost with kaleidoscopic magic among shadowy foliage.

Something throttling as savage hands caught Raymond's throat. He turned on his heel, made for the bar, tossed off five champagne cocktails as quickly as they could be passed across. He had eaten practically no dinner and the champagne bubbled like hot blood in his veins.

"*Parlez-moi d'amour!*" sobbed Hubert from the table-top as the musicians played the popular tune. A short man with squat shoulders, square bald head and bulged eyes behind thick spectacles, he looked like a musical comedy comedian, standing there with a hand over his heart.

Presently Nan glided past an open window.

"Nan," shouted Hubert, "come in—sing it to me!"

She sailed in, still held close to Clinton. As Hubert hopped down, the Englishman's hands slipped from her smooth white back to her waist and gracefully raised her aloft like a bird on the wing.

Nan did not see Raymond. He had retired to a window alcove in the adjoining room. From this vantage point, he surveyed the bar, much as one in a theatre pit looks at a lighted stage.

He saw that Clinton in tail coat and white tie was immaculate, as unruffled as he had been when Raymond lost his temper at the studio.

"Sure of himself," registered Raymond. "As sure of himself as he was this afternoon."

He saw Nan sway, saw her eyes half close, cast down in a liquid glance, not at Hubert who had slumped into a chair, but at the Englishman who stood gazing up at her. There had been a time when Nan graced the Follies chorus. She had not forgotten that a love song requires an objective. She knew how to sing with a low, an endearing intonation. That was all the liquid glance meant to her. At this particular moment, it meant a lot more to Raymond. Often she had chanted the song to him as she was chanting it now to Clinton:

"*Parlez-moi d'amour,*
Redites moi des choses tendres.
Votre beau discours,
Mon cœur n'est pas las de l'entendre.
Pour vu que toujours
Vous repetiez ces mots suprêmes
Je vous aime."

(*Continued on page 122*)

Are Your Teeth Kolynos-Clean and Sparkling White?

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Try Kolynos. Discover for yourself just how amazingly effective it is. Used on a DRY brush morning and night it will improve your teeth at once. They will feel cleaner. Soon they will look naturally white—whiter than you believed possible!

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1/- AND 1/9
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STOP THAT CONSTANT DISTRESS AFTER EATING
TAKE 'BiSoDoL' THE COMPLETE REMEDY
NOW IN TABLET FORM

BiSoDoL (REGD.)
MINT TABLETS
Made in England

'**BiSoDoL' is MORE than a STOMACH remedy—it is a COMPLETE TREATMENT** which gives COMPLETE RELIEF. It pacifies a rebellious stomach and ensures harmony throughout the digestive system.

'BiSoDoL' enables you to eat and enjoy every meal without fear of pain, flatulence or discomfort. That is because 'BiSoDoL' actively assists the digestion of meats, fats, starches and all foods—rich or plain.

Try 'BiSoDoL' and you will realise what a great stride has been made in the conquest of indigestion and gastric troubles by this COMPLETE remedy. You will like taking 'BiSoDoL,' either in the Powder form, or the pleasant-tasting, Mint-flavoured Tablets. Obtainable of all Chemists.

'BiSoDoL' Mint TABLETS Price: 1/- (30) and 2/6 (100).
'BiSoDoL' POWDER Price: 1/3 and 3/-, Family Size 4/9.

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As the groups about the room shouted "Again!" she sang the verse:

> "*Vous savez bien*
> *Que dans le fond je n'en crois rien*
> *Mais cependant——*"
>
> "You know so well
> That in the depths of my being I
> don't believe you
> But just the same——"

Nan flung back her head and dreamily completed the words. Then very slowly her glance enveloped Clinton again as she repeated the chorus:

"Speak to me of love——"

The room, the *svelte* black and white figure perched on the table, the man with face raised and eyes somnolent and embracing, went suddenly red before Raymond's fixed stare. He straightened his somewhat wilted collar, buttoned his white linen dinner coat. He sauntered over to the bar just as the last line trailed like a slow caress from Nan's lips.

In the midst of clamour for another song, Clinton Thomas reached up and his long hands clasped Nan's waist. Without unclasping them, he brought her down and holding her, glided once more toward the open window.

"Why don't you give us another song?"

Raymond, none too steadily, stepped in the path of the dancers.

"Oh, hello," said Nan. "When did you come in?"

"Stop dancing with him."

"Raymond!"

"Stop it, I say!"

In the shock of his command, Nan took in his glazed stare and she tried to loose herself from Clinton's arms.

But the British director protested with something of a sneer that Raymond certainly wasn't going to pose as a Victorian husband. They would finish this dance. He had no intention of letting Nan off.

Raymond's jaw shot out. Then his fist. The room whirled like a top as Nan tried ineffectually to stop him. Nothing could stop him now. A puppet, was he? Graystone—Clinton—the whole crew—he'd show them what he was. He got Clinton's look of surprise. He heard the impact, saw the man go down under his blow, stood waiting for Clinton to hit back.

The startled crowd held its breath in hushed excitement. Their host and a servant helped Clinton to his feet. Nan quickly stepped between the two men. Through the haze before his eyes, Raymond saw her face, a small white blur.

"You'd better go home."

Suddenly he knew that his blow had hit Nan as it had Clinton. The pain in her eyes; in her voice. She was ashamed of him. The fog in his brain cleared.

As he pivoted about and made for the door, he heard her apologising for him.

The next day Hollywood was a buzzing beehive of conjecture. No attempt at suppression could keep the incident out of the news.

> What has happened to the ideal married couple of the screen? (demanded a widely read columnist in his weekly syndicated news comment and radio talk). One man doesn't knock down another for nothing more than dancing with his wife. Has the lovely Miss Royce transferred her affections from France to the British Isles? Has Hollywood's perfect example of wedded bliss finally gone on the rocks? Film fans all over the world will watch the developments of a fist fight whose results are of greater interest than any staged in the prize ring. They will wait eagerly to see whether the fracas at the van Dorn party is a forerunner of a more serious collapse.

The columnist's query had its answer all too soon. Just two weeks after the van Dorn party, Raymond Lamarr packed his trunks and took up residence at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

Pale, looking tired despite her month's holiday, Nan arrived at the studio to start a new picture, went to her bungalow dressing-room and would see no one. Finally Emil Graystone gained admittance.

"But, my dear girl, it's terrible what you're doing. Raymond just drinks too much and lets go his fists. That we could hush up soon. But this! To quit because of such a little quarrel. So what? You kiss and make up and forget it."

Nan vouchsafed no answer. Her small face drawn and unhappy, she listened to the producer.

"You can't tell me you want to let him go. After all you said such a little while ago, you can't say now you're through with him."

"A woman can change her mind," came at last from lips that scarcely moved. Then suddenly Nan reached over and took both pudgy hands in hers. "And right here I want to thank you for not letting me do what I wanted to do then. You saved me from making a frightful mistake."

This made Mr. Graystone no happier. Neither did the fact that Nan began to be seen about with Clinton Thomas. Following the unfortunate contretemps between director and actor, Clinton had been taken off Raymond's picture. It was, of course, impossible for the two men to continue working together. And now, at openings, at the studio, at Mayfair dances, the impeccable Englishman, cause of the rift between Hollywood's ideal couple, was Nan's constant cavalier.

Raymond's reticence equalled Nan's. He refused, as did Nan, to make any statement for publication.

"You can't stay like this," stormed Graystone. "My God, look what it'll do to your popularity! Nan's a woman—you can't expect reason from her. But with you it's different. You got horse sense. Come on—move back to that lovely house of yours and that lovely girl of yours. Ask her to forgive you. Golly! I got to ask mine to forgive me at least once a week on principle."

"No use, Emil," was all Raymond said. "Any move is up to Nan."

Yet not Mr. Graystone, not anyone in Hollywood was prepared for Nan's next move. At the conclusion of her picture, she announced that she was going to Palm Springs for a rest.

Instead, she went to Mexico for a divorce.

Emil Graystone read the startling headlines on a bright June morning, and his three-minute-to-the-dot boiled eggs went stone cold. The paper shook in his hand and tears started to his eyes before it came to him that Nan couldn't be getting a divorce. She had never been married!

Still, there it was. In an obscure town in Mexico, the proceedings had been concluded with such secretive discretion that by the time reporters unearthed the fact, Nan had streaked in and out of Mexico like a flash of lightning. Only flaring black headlines and radio announcers recorded the fact.

While the world read and regretted, and cynicism revelled in the conviction that nothing beautiful could endure on this earth; while the Graystone Company sent scouts scurrying like ants in quest of their bewildering star, Nan Royce slipped away to Europe by a roundabout route and buried herself in a tiny hamlet on the Italian Riviera.

Raymond stayed in Hollywood.

"But he might as well be in Timbuctoo for all I can get out of him," wailed Emil Graystone. "Like a mummy he comes to the studio and goes away again. And the way he looks, I feel sorry for the boy."

Gossip had it that Nan would marry Clinton Thomas. But this rumour went unverified. All that remained certain was shattered romance.

ON a very hot day in August, Mr. Emil Graystone sat gazing gloomily at the door of his office. It opened presently and out of the dark hall came a man and a women whose entrance pulled him from his swivel chair.

The woman wore a white sports dress that exhibited bare brown arms and legs and she had the shining.

(Continued on page 124)

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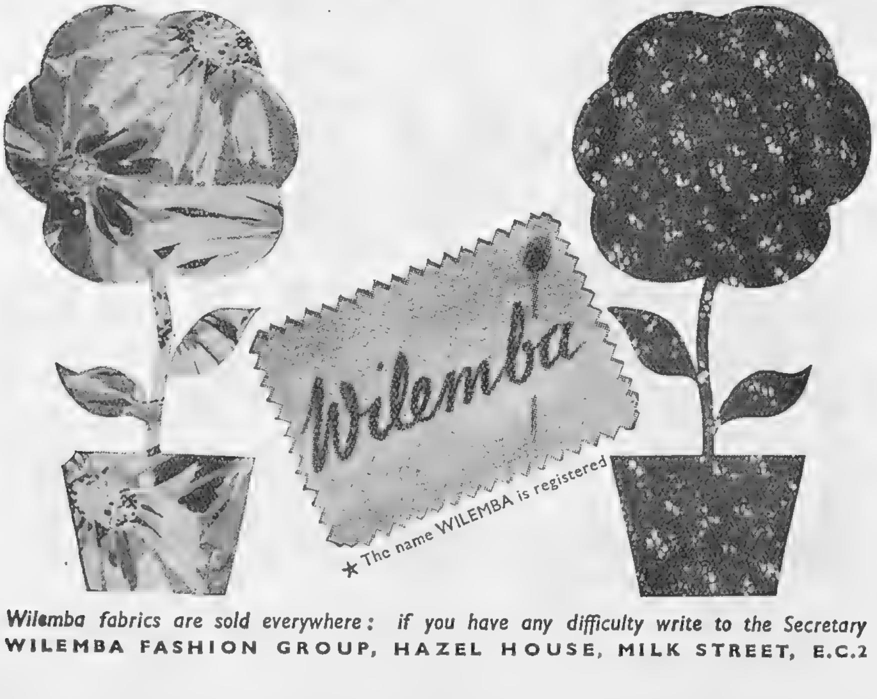
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face of a little girl who enjoys the jam she has stolen. The man wore white flannels and the look of a boy who lands a spit-ball between his teacher's eyes.

" You dirty dogs ! " Emil ejaculated. " What does this mean ? "

Raymond Lamarr pulled a document from his pocket and began reading in a sonorous tone:

" The Artist agrees to conduct himself with due regard to public conventions and morals, and agrees that he will not do or commit any act or thing that will tend to degrade him in society or—— "

" Wait a minute." Mr Graystone lifted a restraining hand. " I know that thing by heart. But what—— ? "

" You see," Nan explained in her most wistful voice, " after we got home the night Raymond went haywire, we sat down and talked it over. We decided that we'd both go haywire if we let the morality clause beat us out of what we had a right to. We had to make our life our own again. We had to belong to ourselves, to each other. There was only one way. I sued for divorce so that we could get married. As far as the public knows, I simply let my ex-husband win me all over again."

" Wish us luck, old man," said Raymond, laying another document on the desk.

" Married ? " asked Emil. " When ? Where ? "

" In Los Vegas this morning. You'll read about it in the evening papers," Raymond announced and kissed his wife.

" I don't want to read another darned thing about you two. You caused me enough trouble," proclaimed Emil Graystone. But he added a bit thickly : " Bless you, my children."

END

Growing Up Pains

(*Continued from page* 66)

thumb-sucking. More gradually the habit will become less and less confirmed by night.

Nail-biting is simple to tackle from its direct aspect. The regular anointing of the nails night and morning with olive oil will make them smoother, healed, and so less tempting to attack.

But the nail-biting type of child is probably in need of more *active* freedom than the thumb-sucker.

Occupation for the hands is good up to a point, but here is rather a pent-up energy of more aggressive type requiring freedom of expression in robust channels, with games like chutes, see-saws, climbing and carpentry with the rough-and-tumble of small contemporaries also.

Night fears become more understandable if you realise that small children, on account of their inexperience of life, spend much time in their early years assessing or testing fantasy against reality.

Giants and fairies are as real as soldiers or shopkeepers at this age. Darkness and being alone in bed blot out the contacts of comfortable everyday routine and reality, leaving them at the mercy of imagination. Perhaps Nannie or Mummie was cross. The darkness may then become peopled with very vague cross Nannies or Mummies who may also be giants or bears on whom the small child would like to take revenge, or require them to obey his commands, but since he also feels they are bigger than he is, and the wish seems also rather a naughty one, it is easily turned into fear that the giants in return will attack him.

The greater the development of conscience or the sense of dependence on the adult, the greater is the fear of this retribution, making the night fears that obviously are only half conscious and cannot be explained.

Time, experience and a home environment of security of affection will all help this phase to go by. Robust activity should grow by day, together with encouragement to independence of thought as well as action.

But while there are difficulties you should never hesitate to allow such palliatives as a light, or an open door, or the company of a friendly puppy in his box or basket.

Jungle Jealousy

(*Continued from page 15*)

began to chant. Primmer clutched a sheet of paper and made hurried notes. He watched the insect. So did the young rooster. Primmer thought that the long face of the grasshopper was really turning into something human; the rooster thought that if he could get three inches nearer the insect he could turn him into tasty food.

The chant of the old lady reached a high crescendo. Her words had a mesmeric power. They made the hair on Primmer's neck prickle with fear. Her old hands reached for the rooster. With one swift movement she twisted the neck of the fowl, and with the squawk of the rooster the grasshopper turned, stood upon its legs, then, to the great astonishment of Primmer, disappeared!

The right hand of the old woman pointed to the doorway. She shrieked a command. Primmer looked. The white light of the sun dazzled him for an instant, but he had a belief that he saw something human flash through the door into the blazing sunshine. Maiya was translating the scream of the beldame into English. "You could have caught him!" shrieked the girl. "Granny told you to!"

Richard Primmer turned to his typewriter. He must write it all down while it was hot in his memory. The old dame, carrying her bolt of cloth, toddled away to the village; Maiya squatted on the dusty floor. Primmer forgot her presence.

He had pounded the machine for some twenty minutes before he realised that she was still there. She smiled when he looked down at her.

"Me you writem big book," she murmured.

Primmer was amused. "You mean that you and I are writing the book?" he asked laughingly.

"Sure stuff," said Maiya. "Me tellem things, you beatem lie machine."

"There's something in that," admitted Primmer. He was delighted with the grasshopper experiment and thought it wise to humour the girl. "You are the reporter, Maiya, and I am the editor."

"Sure stuff," said the girl. "Me you makem fine lies."

"Fine truth," corrected Primmer.

"Fine troof," repeated Maiya.

It was wonderful how the pile of typed sheets grew. The village was chockful of material. It was on all sides; alluvial gold that Primmer scooped up by the aid of Maiya and cut into chapter lengths. In the hot nights when sleep wouldn't come he saw the completed book. Huge and impressive. A fine stout volume that would make critics sit up and take notice. A throne for Richard Primmer to sit upon.

He wondered about the effect of the book on his parents. He was a little regretful regarding their intelligence. They would hardly understand the value of it. His father had expressed a dislike to the work. He had, on one occasion used, to Richard's great disgust, the word "snooping." It was hard to be the son of parents who could not comprehend the value of one's work.

Maiya was amusing. Since the experiment with the grasshopper he had allowed her the freedom of his writing-room. She would sit on the floor and watch him hammering the typewriter, and she took great delight in adding the completed sheets to the pile on the makeshift table. At times she measured the height of this pile with her shapely brown fingers, then, holding a finger of the other hand to the mark, she would run to Primmer and make delightful sounds to show her pleasure in the progress.

The progress was indeed remarkable. At the end of three months Richard Primmer calculated that he had collected over one hundred thousand words of rough notes which, when expanded and re-written, would make a fine volume. The re-writing would be done in England. He thought of Derby, but rejected the (*Continued on page 126*)

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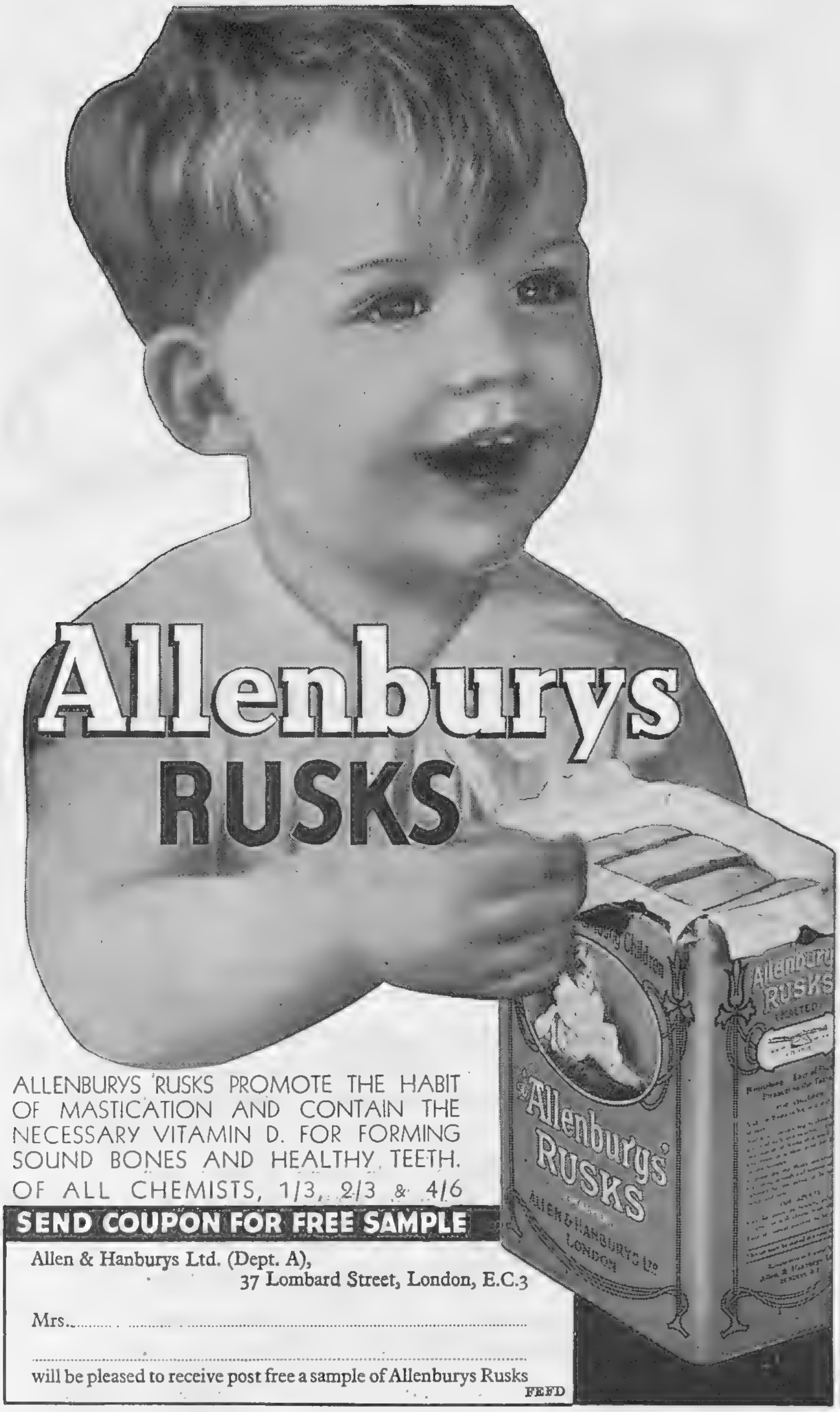

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idea. His mind pictured a study in Oxford. Yes, certainly Oxford. . .

One day he returned from a walk to find Maiya sitting before the pile of typed sheets, fingering them lovingly. She had not heard his footsteps, and her back was turned to the open door. Primmer stood and watched her. She was singing in a low key while her fingers moved up and down the pile.

When Primmer made his presence known he questioned her about the song. What did it mean ? Maiya was evasive. She made halting replies to his questions. Someone had questioned her about the great work. Who was the someone ? Well, if Primmer insisted, he was the witch doctor who conducted the ceremonies at the meetings of the Green Centipede Society.

" Why ? " asked Primmer.

" Me no know," answered the girl.

Richard Primmer reflected. " I would like to see one of the ceremonies," he said. " You go to them, Maiya ? Couldn't I sit in the bushes some night and watch ? "

" Bad for you ! " cried the girl, her face showing the fear caused by the suggestion. " Witch doctor put charm on you. Witch doctors have great power."

" I would like to go," said Primmer. " I've written down all that you have told me, but a look at the thing with my own eyes would be much more valuable."

Maiya shook her head. " Not good for you," she murmured. " Very bad stuff." After a pause she said accusingly, " You try to see ? Yes ? "

" No, no," answered Primmer. " I just thought it would be interesting. When I hear the tom-tom I get curious."

He did not admit to the girl that he had made half-a-dozen attempts to view the midnight gatherings in the jungle. Six times he had crept out of his shack, his face turned to that point of the compass from which came the throbbing of the tom-toms. A trifle fearful, he had pushed his way through the thick growth, always hoping that he would reach a point where he could see what was taking place.

He had failed on each occasion. In some way that he could not understand the participators in the midnight rally had become aware of his approach. The tom-tom would become suddenly silent, a quiet would fall upon the jungle, a quiet so terrible that Primmer would fly back to the shack and the companionship of the oil lamp that he had left burning to guide him home.

ON the afternoon of the day that Richard Primmer had questioned Maiya about her song addressed to the typed sheets, a strange thing happened. While Primmer sat at the window of his writing-room there came down the trail from the village a slender, graceful white girl, surrounded by five-score nearly nude natives who were chattering excitedly and pointing at the shack occupied by the ethnologist.

Richard Primmer thought for an instant that he was the victim of an illusion brought by a touch of the sun. He stared at the approaching figure. She wore jodhpurs, a white blouse, high-laced flying boots and a topee. He stumbled to the door, rubbed his eyes, and found that she was real.

The girl smiled at him. She spoke. "Sorry to break in on your solitude, professor," she said. " I'm flying from the Cape to London. Leaky oil valve brought me to earth. The old boat is down t'other side of the village. The nigs told me that an Englishman was here, so I came right up. I'm from Bristol myself. Name Dixon, Daphne Dixon."

Richard Primmer, much excited, explained himself and his work. He invited her to enter the shack. He sent his interpreter to arrange a guard for the aeroplane, and the cook was told to prepare a special meal for the unexpected guest. He offered to move out of the shack during her enforced stay.

Miss Daphne Dixon refused the offer of the shack, but she was enthusiastic about the meal. And to Richard Primmer's delight she showed a great interest in his work.

Proudly he exhibited the foundations of the great book. He flicked over the scores of typed sheets, reading aloud an occasional paragraph that he thought would please her. A crowd of natives stood without the hut, intensely curious regarding the arrival of the girl. Maiya, the collaborator of Richard Primmer, squatted on the verandah and watched the two. Maiya didn't seem at all pleased with the newcomer.

Miss Dixon and Primmer, followed by half the inhabitants of the village, visited the aeroplane. They had it pulled to a palm-covered shed and a guard was placed over it. This done the two walked back to Primmer's shack and sat down to dinner.

The crowd thickened without. Maiya had a wordy discussion with a native woman who asserted that the girl was afraid to enter the shack now that the aviatrice had arrived.

Maiya took up the challenge. She walked boldy within, stroked the typewriter, the cinematograph camera, and the typed sheets. In silence Miss Dixon and Primmer watched her. Maiya smiled at the flying lady.

"A little friend?" asked Miss Dixon.

"A girl who has helped me with my book," stammered Primmer. "She knows a smattering of English. Told me quite a lot of things."

"Me him writem big book," said Maiya.

Richard Primmer flushed. He was afraid that his white visitor would put a wrong construction on the words of the native girl. "You can stay outside, Maiya," he said sharply. "If I want you I will call you."

Maiya's face showed temper. The lady who had challenged her to walk within the shack was watching closely. She had to make good. "Me like stay here," she said sulkily.

Richard Primmer acted promptly. He rose, took the brown arm of the girl and gently but firmly led her to the door.

There was a great roar of laughter from the group outside. Maiya rushed at the woman who had challenged her, and a combat of teeth and nails was only averted by the interference of the onlookers.

"It's hard to keep natives from being impudent," said Richard Primmer. "If you give them an inch they'll take a mile."

Miss Daphne Dixon was amused. "I know," she said. "But your little friend is very pretty. Possibly my arrival has put her nose out of joint."

"No, no; it's nothing like that," stuttered Primmer. "She has helped me collect stuff for the book. That's all. I—I am sorry that—that she should act like this before you."

"Oh, please don't worry," said the girl. "I won't take the slightest notice of the matter."

"But I'm afraid you'll think," began Richard. "Afraid that you think—"

"No, no! I won't think anything of the sort!" cried Miss Dixon. "I somehow know by looking at you that—that—" She paused for words, then rather gently, she added: "I know that you are a good man."

"Thank you," said Primmer. "You see—you see, my work has been my life. I have—I have never let women, or thoughts of women, interfere with it."

"I believe it," murmured the girl. "Let's forget the matter."

Richard Primmer ordered the natives away from the front of the shack, They moved reluctantly. He put up a screen to the window of his writing-room, helped by the much-amused aviatrice, and after they had established this privacy they dined.

Richard Primmer talked of his work and Miss Daphne Dixon listened attentively. Primmer was delighted with her. The months in the jungle with no audience except Maiya, made him appreciate the two very pretty ears that drank in his words.

"How long will it take you to make repairs?" he asked.

"Possibly two days," answered the aviatrice. "All of two days. You see, I have no chance of beating the record now, so I needn't hurry."

"I'm glad," said Richard Primmer. "Not glad that you cannot

(*Continued on page* 128)

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beat the record from the Cape, but awfully glad that there is no occasion for a hurried departure. It is—it is rather lonely here."

After dinner he renewed his offer of the shack. He insisted that she should sleep there, while he found a hut in the village. He could not permit any other arrangement.

Finally she consented. It was late when he bade her good-night. He was a trifle excited. He held her hand for a long minute. For the time he forgot the book and all that it meant to him. From a clump of bushes, immediately opposite the shack, Maiya watched the farewell.

THE repairs to the aeroplane took longer than Miss Daphne Dixon had foreseen. Richard Primmer was pleased that minor adjustments delayed her departure. He gave himself a holiday from the great work and sat around, watching her deft fingers tinker with the engine.

He told himself that she was the most intelligent female that he had ever met. She appreciated his work. She listened and made wise comments. She sat without moving while he read chapter after chapter from the book. At first he chose carefully the parts of his work that he thought suitable for a young unmarried woman, but he found that Miss Dixon had a broad mind and had no objection to listen to the accounts of his investigations.

It was on the fifth day of her stay that he told her about his futile efforts to witness a meeting of the Green Centipede Society. She was fearfully interested. Primmer spoke of the sudden silence of the tom-tom when he was creeping towards the spot.

"I really know the place where they hold the meetings," he said. "It is a clearing in the jungle about half a mile away from here. There is a large rock in the centre and the medicine man uses the rock as an altar on which he puts a fetish in wood. I've examined the place the morning after the meetings and found the grass trampled down by their feet as they danced around."

The blue eyes of Miss Daphne Dixon grew large with wonder as she listened. In the hot silence of the noonday the words of Primmer thrilled her.

"I suppose they—they have scouts out in the night," she whispered. "They heard you coming and signalled the dancers."

"I think that is what happened," agreed Primmer. "Of course, I would like to see the gathering. It means—it means so much to a scientific man to say that he saw something with his own eyes. And this Society of the Green Centipede is really an extraordinary group. I would——"

Miss Dixon's red lips produced a little sound that suggested satisfaction. Primmer paused in his speech and looked at her.

"Listen," gasped the girl. "Is there shelter near this place? I mean somewhere to hide?"

"Of course," answered Primmer. "It's in the middle of a stretch of thick jungle. Trees and bushes and——"

"Then why not go there before the meeting and hide?" cried the girl. "Find a nice spot and wait!"

"That's a good idea," said Primmer. "A very good idea. After—after you leave I'll try it out."

Miss Dixon showed disappointment. "Why not try it to-night?" she demanded. "You see, I might leave to-morrow if the weather is good."

"And would you—would you go?" demanded the ethnologist.

"Surely," cried the girl. "I'm all curious to see the show. Let's hide ourselves this afternoon! Let's!"

IT was pleasant in the snug hiding place on the edge of the clearing. Richard Primmer was certain that he had never before experienced the strange little thrills that came to him during the long, hot hours of the afternoon. He and Miss Dixon lay on a bed of moss, completely hidden by creepers and jungle growth. The place was not spacious, so that at moments when they shifted their position their bodies touched, and, to Primmer at least, the sense of contiguity was pleasant.

Richard Primmer was impressed with the courage of the girl. A strange girl, he thought. A little like himself in her attitude towards the world.

He wondered about her as they peered through the veil of leaves that hid them. She seemed to possess the same aloofness to men that he had towards women. Flying alone across Africa!

He reviewed her conversation during her stay. Quite impersonal. No coquettish chatter, no siren smiles, no attempt to draw attention to her charms.

The night came down, thick and heavy. A tremendous silence fell upon the jungle. Richard Primmer could not see his companion, he was only made aware of her nearness when their limbs brushed against each other. Once, inadvertently, he placed his hand on her bare throat and apologised swiftly.

" We mustn't speak," she whispered, her mouth quite close to Primmer's ears. " Don't—don't bother to apologise if we bump into each other. It's nothing."

Primmer was immensely pleased. He was thrilled by that touch of her bare throat.

There came a far-off sound of crackling twigs. Miss Dixon's fingers clutched the shoulder of Primmer. Just for an instant. He had a wish that the fingers might keep their grip for the rest of the night.

" They're coming! " she breathed.

The night became alive. The clearing was filling up with human beings whose bare feet made noises suggestive of the slithery movements of great serpents.

Richard Primmer was aware of the excitement felt by the girl at his side. It came out to him in some indescribable manner. Her quickened breathing, the tensity of her body, her unawareness when their limbs touched proved to him that the gathering on the clearing held her in thrall.

The moonlight made the arrivals faintly discernible. The two watchers tried to estimate the number. Twenty, thirty, more. The clearing was filling. A tom-tom throbbed softly. The bare feet of the crowd started to pound in a sort of harmony.

A male voice rose above the whispers. It began a chant that was taken up by a score of others. A light appeared on the rocky altar in the centre of the clearing.

Richard Primmer and Daphne Dixon saw the medicine man outlined against the flame of a fire made from dry leaves. He was leaning over a large wooden fetish, and from a bag made of palm-fibre he took handfuls of what appeared to be confetti, sprinkling the stuff over the head of the idol. The dancers shrieked; the tom-tom throbbed.

Another handful of the confetti, another, and another. The dancers swayed and twisted, they sprang into the air, they executed all sorts of mad acrobatics.

Richard Primmer was making mental notes. Here was something new. Confetti poured upon the head of an idol. He would make a splendid chapter out of the happening. It was a strange link between the savage and modern man. In the book he would enlarge upon the resemblance. His thoughts for a moment slipped back to a day in London when he, Primmer, had acted in the same manner as the medicine man by throwing down confetti on the head of a popular hero. He would mention the strange parallel.

The skinny hands of the medicine man moved faster and faster. He tossed the confetti with abandon. Up to the breast of the fetish. To his throat. The flames showed the black wooden head sticking up out of the pyramid of paper. Primmer's eyes photographed that ugly black head. He would paint the scene with colourful words. He clutched the arm of Miss Dixon in his excitement.

The fire died down. The tom-tom stopped with startling suddenness. The singing ceased, and from the dark clearing there came the sounds of retreating footsteps. The ceremony was at an end.

A soft sigh came from the girl at Primmer's side. The (*Continued on page* 130)

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ethnologist reached out and took her hand. He was a little beside himself. A little fey. The scene had excited him in an unexplainable manner.

He found himself, curiously, to be more alive than ever, more interested in the actual living of life instead of recording it. The men and women dancing on the clearing seemed to be absorbing some quality which he, Primmer, on account of his desire to stand aside and record happenings, was denied. He was a camera-man of life. He was making pictures of matters in which he did not appear. He was startled by the discovery.

He rose to his feet, thrust down his hands and lifted the girl from the bed of moss. A delicious perfume came to his nostrils as he swung her upright. He thought it came from her body, that it was really her own personal perfume and not of a bottled variety. He amazed himself by putting his thought into words.

"You—you smell so sweet," he stammered as he held her. "There was a stench of musk from those devils, but—but the perfume that comes from you has swept it away."

Daphne Dixon did not answer. Possibly the heavy night and the view of the ceremony had affected her. They stood close to each other, Primmer's hands still holding those of the girl.

It was the girl who broke the silence. "The confetti," she whispered. "That—that was curious. Could we look? I have a pocket flash-light."

They broke a passage through the curtain of branches and stepped out on the clearing. Primmer had been right when he spoke of the odour of musk. It was there, although the dancers had departed.

Together they walked to the stone altar, faintly discernible. It was breast high as they came up against it. The confetti showed as a covering of white on its summit. The fetish had been torn from the centre of the pyramid and now the minute scraps of paper were scattered.

"Could I use the flash-light?" whispered the girl.

"Of course," answered Primmer.

Daphne Dixon pressed the button, and a ray of searching white fell upon the particles that the medicine man had showered upon the head of the fetish.

Richard Primmer and Daphne Dixon leaped forward. A slight wind moved the scraps of paper. It seemed to the girl and the man that the particles under the ray were afraid and were seeking to escape identification.

It was Primmer who broke the terrible quiet. "My God!" he gasped. "The devils! My—my work! *My book!*"

He drove a fierce right hand into the scraps of paper. He clutched them. The girl shut off the flash-light. She couldn't look at that grasping hand. Curiously it showed pain, intense pain.

She thought how devilishly well the job had been done. Confetti, yes! Fingers of hate had torn the typed sheets into morsels so small that they were hardly large enough to hold a single letter.

Richard Primmer staggered backward; Daphne Dixon put an arm around him. His head fell against her breast. The blow had stunned him. Gently she lowered him on to the dry grass. She took his head and pillowed it on her shoulder. She stroked his forehead and whispered comfort to him.

The heavy tropic night rolled on. The man and the girl talked in whispers. Snuffling winds licked at the scraps of paper. The odour of musk fled from the clearing. Richard Primmer's nostrils inhaled with delight the perfume of the girl beside him . . .

It was nearly daylight when the girl got to her feet. Richard Primmer sprang up and stood beside her.

"We can wheel it out and get a start before any of them are about," she said. "You've flown before, haven't you? Why, we'll be in Freetown for lunch! Oh, Richard, what a wonderful night it has been!"

THE END

Late Harvest

(*Continued from page 27*)

and sowed alone, and the benison of soft rain came to bless his toil.

And then, one morning, he saw the amazing miracle of the green shoots breaking through the red, rain-flattened earth. He could have shouted his incredulous joy. . . . The sun he had cursed became his ally, and hastened the day when he stood waist deep in his first crop; he remembered what the matron had told him, and knew the truth of it. Here was food—potential life and strength for a thousand men. He crushed one of the heavy ears and the plump yellow grains popped out into his hand. He'd won. It was a bumper harvest. He had made many blades grow where none had grown before.

. . . A mice plague in the Old Mallee sent the price of wheat rocketing to fantastic heights, and he sold his crop on the stalk to a dealer, who made all arrangements for the harvesting.

The deal meant money to pay men to clear the rest of his block and to build barns and a two-roomed house in place of the ramshackle hut that had been his home for two years.

Gradually, the essential contact with his labouring became a little easier. They were rough, good-hearted fellows, who took him as they found him—for a fair and generous boss.

While the stubble lay fallow he took three thousand bags of wheat off the new land next season, and the settlers on the blocks which had sprung up around his took him for an example of fortitude, and asked his advice concerning burning-off and horses.

THEN Crowley came to take up land under the British Officers' Settlement Scheme.

Crowley was destined to fail, and spent far less time on his block than in the pub at Manangatang, sunning himself in the glorious memories of the short-lived profession war had pressed upon him. The jargon of the officers' mess was his natural language, and he seemed eternally conscious of an invisible Sam Browne belt. It culminated in a scene which was only a slight variation of those which had followed Johnson round the world, and proved to him the hopelessness of his grim game of hide and seek.

He had walked into the pub to cash his cheque, and had come face to face with Crowley. Life had changed him more than Crowley, and for a moment there was no definite recognition, but merely a puzzlement in the bleary eyes of this man who had been a fellow-member of his London club. The moment Crowley learned his name from the lounger outside the pub the hunt was up.

That night, a little drunker than usual, Crowley had contrived, with the logic of the grape, to find reason for his failure in Johnson's success.

"I left the Army with a clean bill," he confided to a full bar. "But what chance have I had? Luck's been against me from the start. . . . Look at that!" and he hauled out a little medal on a tattered ribbon. "M.C.," he hiccoughed. "What's it mean? Mallee Chain-gang. Passport to green hell where supervisors hold up a man who was asked to resign from his regiment as an example of guts! Guts? . . . Him?"

And in a few drunken sentences Crowley damned Johnson among men again.

The rot followed slowly like a creeping paralysis. One by one the spirited men came and asked Johnson for their time. They always faked up some lame excuse that made it harder. Presently only the mercenaries were left, until a bad season sent them off, too.

The dread resilient young Mallee shoots known as "whipstick" began to grow faster than a single axe could cope with them, and even the boiler could not crush their flexible life. Gradually, the stunted jungle of green began to steal back the hard-won acres. But Johnson clung desperately to the home "paddock" that had given him his first harvest. Alone,

(*Continued on page 132*)

I DON'T SEE THE CONNECTION

No golfer can play his best if his clubs fall short of his ability — and that goes for Henry Cotton as well as for me and you. Now you can take as much trouble as you like choosing the right heads and the most comfortable grips, but your clubs will still only be as good as their shafts; because it is the shafts that do the work. There is no life in a piece of wood or iron at one end, or in the piece of leather at the other — all the life is in the shaft. The shaft gives the drive, the snap, the distance. So when you choose your clubs see that they are fitted with TRUE TEMPER SHAFTS — the shafts with the steps — your *steps* to better golf.

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he could work this pitiful symbol of his short-lived regeneration.

Drought and a succession of poor seasons ate into his savings, and this, his ninth year of ploughing, was a last desperate gesture—a forlorn hope. Before Crowley came he could have borrowed seed-wheat from a dozen men. Now the barns were empty, and the credit of a coward was closed. . . .

SO Johnson lived again through the tragic panorama of his post-war life as he trudged through the stubble to a little two-roomed shack where he had found peace and lost it again.

The inside of the house told its tale of defeat. The efforts to catch comfort and beauty were four years old. Crumbs were on the table and floor, and the bacon left over from breakfast still swam in liquid fat on the plate.

He slumped down in a chair that groaned rickety protest, and in the hell of bitter memories and interminable breathless heat, his sun-weary eyes found brief solace in the picture on the wall. It was a faded photograph of his sister and himself, taken in the happy days before he had donned the uniform that had been the mantle of his disgrace. The boy in the picture was laughing; he wondered how long it was since he had laughed with that care-free abandon. The girl was laughing, too; he could hear the clear remembered ring in her voice. It seemed as if the careless rapture of that moment was here, captured in this dreary, desolate room.

"Now," he thought, "now—while this moment is with me." And he walked to the trunk in the corner of the room. His hand trembled over the act which his mind had rehearsed so perfectly and so often. The flat, blue pistol lay under many souvenirs. The tunic he could never bring himself to destroy covered it, as it had covered the craven heart he would now still. The thick parchment of the certificate that had marked him far above his fellows at the Flying School crackled beneath his hand. "Oh, God, give me the courage at least to die," he prayed soundlessly.

He closed his eyes. The pistol was heavy in his hand. And, in the moment of sharpened consciousness, an even, throbbing beat pierced his brain, and his limbs set in rigid terror as he crouched frozen to immobility over the open trunk.

It was the voice of engines from the sky.

"No!" he whispered through dry lips. But the invincible sound increased in tone and power.

His mind seemed caught in the fantastic vortex of tremendous sound. It had come at last, the voice from the heavens. It was filling the world with shrieking, maniacal denouncement.

"Coward! . . . Traitor! . . . Murderer!"

He covered his ears, but nothing could shut the sound that seemed to shiver the tin roofs above him. Then, suddenly in middle vibration, it broke off, and the following silence was far more awful than the sound.

After immeasurable time other familiar noises came to Johnson's ears—the creak of the windmill, the terrified bleating of a calf; then the sound of voices.

He forced himself to his feet and stumbled to the door. There, down in the newly-ploughed land, stood a monoplane. Even in that agonised moment, his mind bridged the ten years since last he had seen a machine that flew. The lovely clean-cut lines of her stabbed him with keen anguish.

Then he saw the man and the woman. They were walking up the field towards the hut. The man was swinging a flying helmet in his hand. They were arguing.

He saw the man wave back towards the plane, then shake his head finally. The woman stopped a moment while the man walked on, never looking back. Then she made a little hopeless gesture with her hands and followed him. He was only fifty yards away when he halted and, shading his eyes, hallooed towards the shack.

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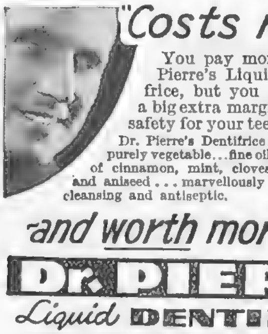

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Johnson made a movement with his hand, and started across to meet them. He knew before he'd travelled half the distance between them that the man was Major "Peggy" Dunn, erstwhile ace of war days, and now crack pilot in civil aviation.

"Hullo," said Dunn, "have you got the telephone on here?"

Johnson schooled his voice to steadiness: "No, the nearest 'phone is forty miles away."

There was no trace of recognition in Dunn's eyes as he searched the face of the man before him.

"Any sort of a car?" he asked, looking round.

Then Johnson realised with a flood of relief that nine years of blazing sun and a month's growth of beard tend to produce an almost impenetrable disguise.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I've no 'phone and no car, but I can offer you horses and a wagon, if they'll help—though it takes at least five hours into Manangatang."

"Manangatang!" shouted Dunn, "that's not even on the main line, is it?"

"No—only two slow trains a week. There's one to-morrow evening, and . . ."

"Too late!" broke in Dunn, and turned to the woman who was almost up to them.

"It's no use, Helen," he said. "We can do nothing."

The girl was tall. Her hair, blown awry by the flight, was the colour of ripe wheat.

"But we've got to do something, Geoff," she said. "We can't just fizzle out like this."

She turned to Johnson, and her grey eyes were troubled. "There's a serious outbreak of typhoid at Hume Creek. They telegraphed Melbourne for serum. It's needed desperately, and we were taking it . . ."

"The plane's cracked up" interrupted Dunn—"entire wing structure's breaking away from the body. For the last fifty miles we've been flying like a drunken crow. The plane's done, I tell you!" And his voice grew loud and harsh to hide its note of excuse. "It's suicide to fly any further. Anyhow, it would be criminal to risk your life any more than I have done."

"Major Dunn," she said quietly, "I won't ask you to risk what I wouldn't, but if my safety is the reason you won't go on, then leave me behind. They can manage without a nurse, but they can't do anything without the serum."

Something dreadful was happening in Johnson's mind. Life was crowding in on him and galloping towards a crisis he dared not contemplate. He saw Dunn's eyes darken, and noticed the marks that soft living and safe flying had left upon him.

"Damn it," shouted Dunn. "I'm an aviator, not a suicide." It's sheer madness to contemplate flying that thing another yard. She's finished, I tell you, finished! We've done all it's humanly possible to do, and we've failed, that's all."

Johnson was walking down the field. The furrows passed beneath his feet like the background of a dream. He was moving without consciousness, his eyes on the plane and his mind back in a battle-scarred field behind enemy lines.

"Even if she were perfect I'd never make it," said his brain. "There's scarcely a thing about her that I know."

He was standing beside her on tiptoe, testing the wing with his hands. He saw the aperture gape between wing and fuselage as he threw his weight on the strut.

"It's crazy," he muttered as he climbed into the cockpit.

"Wait!" Her voice was breathless, and her eyes wide with foolish hope as she looked up into his.

"Where's the serum?" he said, and the voice was not his own.

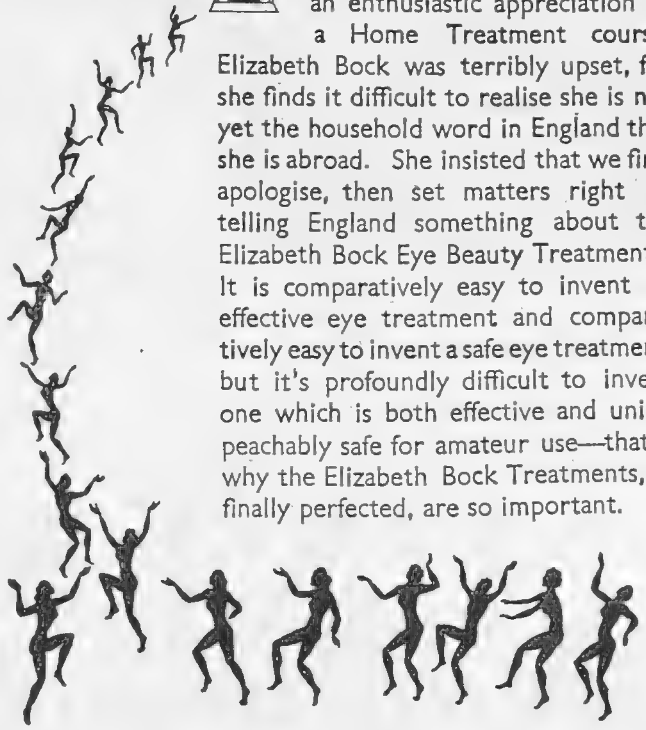
"It's here," and she showed him the slender package from her pocket.

"Could you swing the propeller?" he asked.

"You don't have to," she said, as she swung into the cockpit beside him.

"There!" She switched on the engine, and pointed to the instrument board.

"That's the self starter. Major Dunn explained it as we flew up." (*Contd. on page* 134)



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The motor coughed and roared to instant life. The joy-stick quivered beneath his hand, and a thrill that was not fear stirred within him.

"Give me the serum and get out!"

"No," she shouted back. "No. If you can do it, for God's sake get flying!"

He knew as he looked into her eyes that she would be with him whichever way they should go.

"It's seventeen years since I flew . . . I know nothing about this type of plane . there's no chance—only a miracle."

She smiled and put her hand on his.

A voice roared over the engine. "What the hell are you doing, man?" It was Dunn, his face angry with amaze.

"Going to Hume Creek," Johnson shouted back.

"You're mad, you'll never do it. Who are you, anyway?"

"Johnson," said the man in the cockpit, and Dunn was left in a smother of red dust.

He knew he'd banked too steeply, as he saw the field fall beneath him, and he felt, rather than heard, her gasp beside him. He strove to rectify his error by flattening out, and realised, as he missed the windmill by a few feet, the world of difference between the cumbersome machines he had flown and this delicate thing. He began to get the feel of her. What had been a definite tug in the old days was a touch now. He climbed steadily, and made a wide cautious circle to head north. He knew he'd hit the river that way, and it only meant following that up one hundred and forty miles to Hume Creek. If the wing held out he couldn't go astray.

His jaw set as he looked at the wing. It was gaping almost two inches. He was glad she was sitting on his other side so that she couldn't see it. He began to coax the plane up, carefully avoiding any pressure on the weak structure. To finish in a long flat glide would minimise the strain. He knew he dared not risk circling on that wing again. Away back there, a tiny red patch in the green carpet beneath him, lay the earth from which he had risen. He could feel the drag now, as the wing sagged. The river flats were beneath him. He could land there—easily, safely. Even if he ran the plane in the river he wouldn't die. A pocket of wind increased the wing-strain and the gap yawned sickeningly. He banked to lighten the load on the weakness. It would be so easy to land now . . . so easy!

A hand pressed his arm, and he looked round into her eyes. They were bright with high courage, and her mouth was smiling.

He pulled back the stick and the plane soared high over the river and turned west. He had crossed his Rubicon.

Then, for two endless hours he, who had fought the fear of life, knew the fear of death. He closed his eyes to the yawning gap. His lips moved stiffly in prayer. He wondered if he had done this thing because a little group of settlers were faced with death in a lonely place. Then with the foolish introspection that makes cowards of heroes and heroes of cowards, he fumbled beneath the superficial explanation to find a selfish motive. Whatever anyone else might think, he had done this for himself.

He felt her hand on his arm again, and she pointed down, far ahead, to where a little cluster of tin roofs blazed in the sun.

"Hume Creek," said her lips. And her laugh was a silver trumpet of victory.

He shut off the engine and flattened out cautiously. Here was the danger. He feared the clumsiness of his hands would never land this delicate thing. Besides, the wing drag was against him. He cursed himself for a fool. Why hadn't he asked about parachutes? Planes had to carry them now, he understood. At least she could have landed in comparative safety.

The earth flew up to meet him, and he saw ploughed fields and shaded his eyes from the glare till he found his mark. Now he could see white upturned faces, and hands waved in joy of relief. He pushed the stick forward, lost the skyline and a fence rushed towards him. He jerked the stick back violently and "hedge-hopped" crazily. Space and time were lost to him in the fantastic seconds that followed.

Suddenly he realised they were on the ground—and still.

It was a perfect three-point landing of the sort that made him an example in the old days.

He switched off the motor and climbed out, his legs trembling. He felt her beside him.

"Thank you," she said, and her voice was not quite steady. "You were great!"

People were running towards them across the field. She started to meet them, but he turned to the plane, the habit of loneliness upon him. She stopped and looked back at him questioningly.

"Go on," he muttered. "They need you. And . . ." he added lamely to the question her eyes still held, "I'm not much good at meeting people."

Her laughter rang clear as she held out her hand to him.

"Come on," she said, "don't be such a coward!"

He stumbled towards the heaven whither her hand would lead him.

END

A Lovely Figure for You

(*Continued from page 53*)

B. Lie over on your right side with both legs touching and straight out.

Draw knees up sharply, lift lower back, twist and swing smartly over on to left hip.

Stretch legs out, draw knees up, lift lower back, twist and swing smartly on to right hip.

There is a surprising exhilaration in the rhythm of this exercise, which not only removes superfluous flesh from the hips, but also oils the hip sockets and every cartilage of the lower back.

FOR THE BUST.

Bend elbows. Cross wrists. Raise the arms in front of the mouth.

Let each hand push the skin of the arm it clasps towards that arm's elbow.

This will cause a sharp contraction of the muscle which runs from the arm-pit to the tip of the breast.

This contraction will heighten a sagging breast and *reduce one that is over-developed*.

So the movement works equally well with those who wish to lose or to gain weight.

Similarly with the other exercises. For they all seek to perfect the body's framework. And this easy rippling of muscles and rotation of joint sockets—head and neck, shoulders, ankles and wrists, as well as hips—expels acids, melts adipose tissues, cures neurosis, and either leaves or covers bones with firm smooth flesh.

But exercises cannot be exciting unless they are shown. I would like you to practise these movements with their initiator, in her palest rose room, on her palest rose mattress, to soft music.

Instruction then becomes auto-suggestion. The particular movements are instilled. You never forget them. *And*, the value of exercise is trebled after a wax paraffin bath has started the good work and already reduced your weight by 5 lb.

Massage follows exercise. Here, a deep astringent lotion is used which positively eats away fat. You may even persuade the masseuse to let you have a bottle of the latest "secret de maison." This preparation is patted on over thick arms, over a dowager's bump at the back of the neck, or over that layer of flesh under the shoulder-blades.

Patted on and forgotten, till you realise presently that the layer or bump has vanished.

In fact, after three hours' treatment, you emerge definitely lighter, refreshed and beautified. The experience is a treat, not an extravagance. Each person is given individual exercises and an individual diet sheet.

Elizabeth Arden's demonstrator posed for the exercise photograph on page 53.

Now you may share their Beauty Secret

Max Factor's Colour Harmony make-up

IS HERE!

Claudette Colbert (Paramount Star), dark brunette, olive skin, brown eyes. Colour harmony, Olive Powder, Raspberry Rouge, Crimson Lipstick.

Ginger Rogers (R. K. O. Star), red hair, blue eyes, creamy skin. Colour harmony, Brunette Powder, Blondeen Rouge, Vermilion Lipstick.

Carole Lombard (Paramount Star), very light blonde, blue eyes, fair skin. Colour harmony, Rachelle Powder, Flame Rouge, Flame Lipstick

For twenty-five years Max Factor has been setting the world new beauty standards. Because he alone can add beauty to beauty, the great Hollywood stars, privileged to consult him, have become not only the loveliest women of *our* time but of *all* time.

Visitors wonder why Hollywood studios and stars all use the same make-up. The answer is Colour Harmony—Max Factor's creation—for the tones of Max Factor powder, rouge and lipstick have the reality of living beauty that brings beauty.

He has given America his wonderful colour secret and there every beauty-loving woman shares the film star's privilege. To-day he brings Colour Harmony to England, to you a lovely promise—*a new adventure into glamour.*

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FILL IN THE COUPON FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS AND FIND YOUR TRUE COLOUR HARMONY IN POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK

Send this together with 6d. in stamps or P.O., to Max Factor (Dept. A.), 49, Old Bond Street, London, W.1. for your personal complexion analysis, make-up colour harmony chart, samples of powder, rouge and lip-stick in your correct colour harmony, and 48-page booklet on the *New Art of Make-Up*, by Max Factor.

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ADDRESS ____________________
____________________ B.E.I.

COMPLEXION
Very Light ☐
Fair ☐
Creamy ☐
Medium ☐
Ruddy ☐
Sallow ☐
Freckled ☐
Olive ☐

SKIN
Dry ☐ Oily ☐
Normal ☐

EYES
Blue ☐
Grey ☐
Green ☐
Hazel ☐
Brown ☐
Black ☐

LASHES (colour)
Light ☐
Dark ☐

AGE - - -

HAIR
BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
If hair is Grey, check type above and here ☐

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by the
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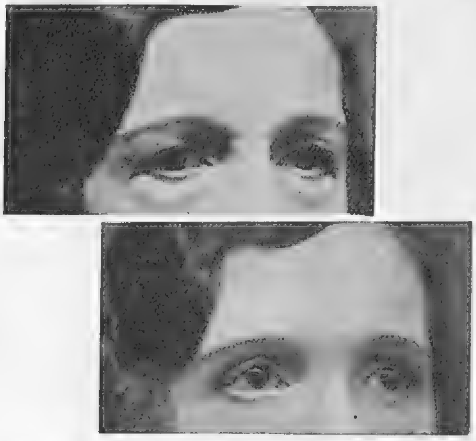

The above photographs are unretouched and the second was taken one week after the "over-and-under the eyes" treatment which is permanent, and the result of 25 years' constant practice and experience.

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HAD ACUTE GASTRITIS

"Can eat anything now"

To be free from the appalling agony of stomach trouble—to say good-bye to terrible pains after meals—such is the wonderful news told time and again by those who have taken Maclean Brand Stomach Powder! This letter from Miss F. C., Kenton, is an example:

"I suffered from acute gastritis, and had the most violent pains after eating anything heavy, so could only eat custards, etc., for quite a long time. After trying Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and Tablets, I have been totally different. I can eat anything now without trouble or pain, and would not be without a bottle of the tablets for anything. I recommend them to anyone I know suffering as I did."

You, too, can make yourself "totally different" and banish your pain and misery by starting at once to take Maclean Brand.

But it must be the "signature" brand, with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on carton and bottle. Its success has been so marvellous that cheap and useless imitations are now being offered. Do not risk your health by accepting any substitute. Ask for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and look for the signature. Never sold loose. Sold only in bottles, in cartons, 1/3, 2/– and 5/–.

UGLY HAIR

● At last — an amazing new vegetable liquid which actually ends unwanted hair *for ever!* Removes every trace of hair from the face, arms, legs, in 2 mins. Safest, quickest, and only *permanent* hair *destroyer.* Cannot harm most delicate skin. *Money back guarantee.* Melita Hair Destroyer is used by leading stage and film stars. Send only 3/- NOW. Booklet Free—
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The northern entrance to the Khyber Pass

Kipling's Models

The really amazing feature about a very great deal that the genius wrote was that he never saw many of the things which he discoursed

By "Sabretache"

IT is perhaps only those who lived in India during the material periods when Kipling either wrote or garnered the materials for some of his most vivid works who can arrive at a complete appreciation of the amazing wizardry of his art. It may also be that it is only we who lived in the environment and took part in some of the scenes he has placed upon his canvas with such consummate artistry who are entitled to think that we knew some of the living models from which he drew.

To identify any of them with certitude would perhaps be as impossible as it would be indiscreet, even at this distance of time, and at the best these identifications could be no more than guess-work and surmise.

It is probable that in many instances his characters were composite rather than concrete, and that although in some cases he may have known that the portrait was so life-like as to leave little doubt in the minds of those who were part of that picturesque world in which he then lived, he was a cautious craftsman and left just that little dissimilarity which made it impossible for either the victim or his or her friends to say: "That is So-and-So!" They might have said, and in fact did say, "It cannot be anyone else!" but absolute certainty was denied them. This, of course, was fortunate because some of the pictures of Civil and Military India were not entirely flattering. Kipling was in that world but not of it. He was not very fond of "The Little Tin Gods Upon Wheels" or The Simla and other War Lords, or of the Grass Widow or of the large pack of people who were ever on the hunt for preferment on the Olympian Heights of India's Hill capua. This feeling at that time was mutual! He painted Simla as a species of Indian Venusberg and, incidentally, thereby gave great offence in divers quarters. *Plain Tales From the Hills* and *Departmental Ditties* did not add to his popularity even though the genius of their concocter compelled admiration. It was held that he was going far too close to the wind and that his models were easily recognisable. This, as I have just said, was the opinion of a good many of us, but we never could be sure. We might have thought a lot, but few of us had the courage to think out loud. It would have been extremely foolish to do so in times when it was quite as necessary to think as circumspectfully of your Department as it was of your deportment.

THE nearest that Kipling came to trouble was, I think, when he penned the story founded upon the historic triangle drama of Uriah the Hittite. The facts in the Kipling story were so closely akin to something that had happened. There was a person known to soldier men as a Brass Hat who became deeply enamoured of the lovely wife of a member of his Department, and who did, in fact, get him sent back to his regiment which was under orders for one of our many very bloody little Frontier wars and whose chances of returning were a bit problematical. I recall that at this (*Continued on page 138*)

THE SECRET OF A WELL-FURNISHED HOME is in its restful colour scheme, well-designed furniture and good materials. Let us help you plan your flat or house with our inexpensive modern furniture and lovely fabrics! The dining table shown, in waxed mahogany, costs 5½ gns., 4 ft. sideboard to match, 9 gns., green glazed chintz curtains, 50″ wide, 5/11 per yd. Easy chairs, 6 gns.—beds—dressing tables—wardrobes—rugs—lighting, etc., etc.

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This model is the "St. Malo," Leaflet No. 256, 2d., from shops or direct. Dept. 17.

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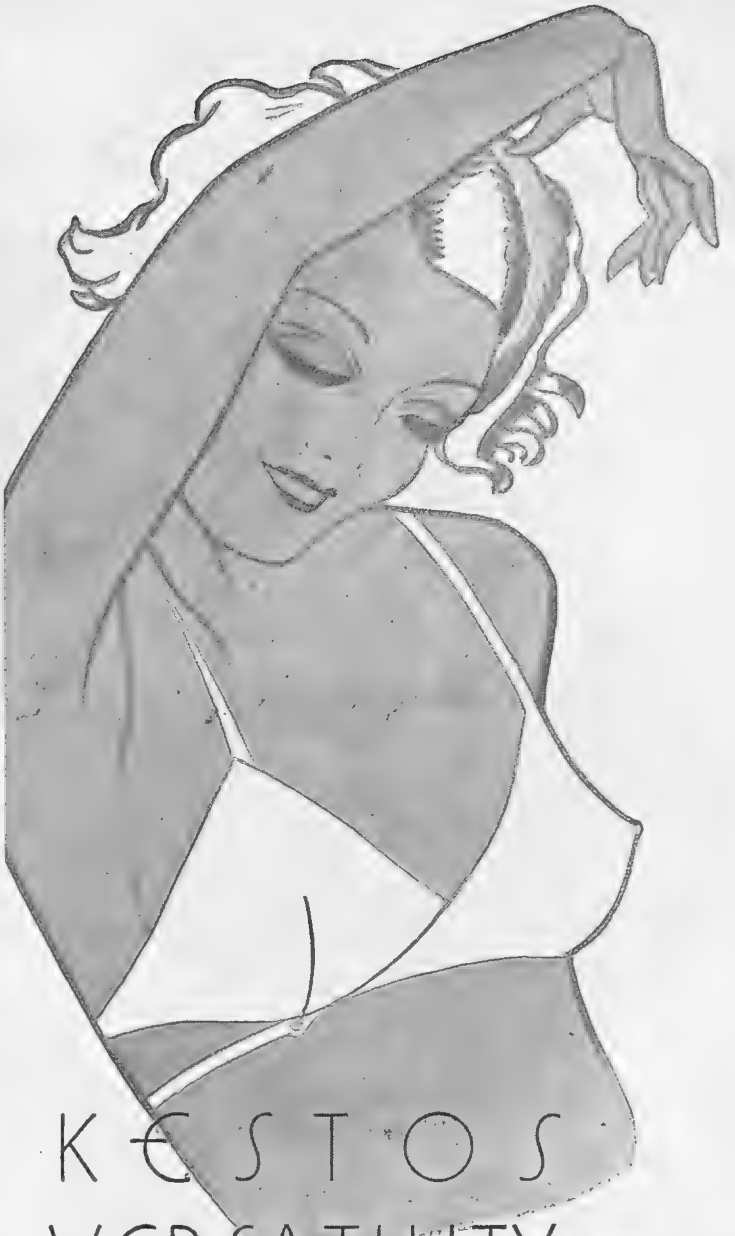

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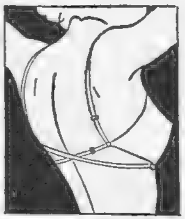

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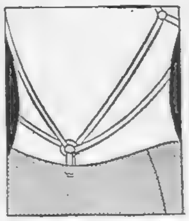

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The Kestos Brassière in its Dual-Purpose role proudly presents new features in its initial design which spell added satisfaction to its fair wearers.

Adjustable shoulder straps—what a lovely idea! Simple devices on the elastic straps which assure the correct tension so essential to comfort.

And finally, its transition from everyday practicability to a backless triumph for evening or sports wear—accomplished by a simple re-arrangement of the straps. Prices from 3/11. Sold everywhere.

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* Dr. Debat says . . .

"you can be lovelier"

* *Dr. Francois Debat, late head of the Dermatological Research Department of the Hospital St. Antoine, Paris.*

THANKS TO INNOXA "GENERIC" *(or individual)* BEAUTY TREATMENT

Innoxa
SKIN TONIC
MADE IN ENGLAND
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The ravages of winter leave their mark—below the surface. "Correct this in time," says Dr. Debat, "and no harm will result. Neglect can only cause wrinkles to appear in later life."

The loveliest skin can be made still lovelier do you but follow this famous skin specialist's advice. *His principles are fully explained in the Innoxa Beauty Guide, which clearly sets out your own home Beauty Treatment and make-up ensemble. Would you write for it to-day to the Innoxa Salon (Dept. 16)?*

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CLEANSING . . TONING . . NOURISHING

INNOXA COMPLEXION MILK—*cleanses and invigorates the skin surface. A perfect toning milk preparation. In square flacons,* 21/-, 11/6. *In oval bottles,* 6/6, 3/6.

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Rejuvenating Facial Treatments daily 9.30—5.30 at the INNOXA SALON, 38 OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1. *Consultations free. 'Phone Regent 3306*

time the incident gave rise to the following little jingle:

> King David wrote to the Captain of the
> Host:
> "Dear Sir, If you'd be savéd
> Just put Uriah in the hottest of the fire
> And oblige, Yours truly, David."

But even near to the actual facts as Kipling's story was, nothing serious happened, though many of us thought that it might. It was so terribly true. The Bathsheba in the case was supposed to have been a consenting party. This, of course, was a variant from the original story!

"Mrs. Hawksbee" so many of us, including the writer, believed that we knew very well indeed. It was not at all a kind picture because the supposed model was not "that sort," as may be said. The name Kipling chose was near akin phonetically to the real name. The supposed model was a very beautiful and a very charming person. She was said to be psychic. Whether she was or not, I cannot say from any personal experience: all that I do know is that she turned some heads that were not screwed on sufficiently tight. But then many people have done that and still do it without being "Mrs. Hawksbees."

"Paget, M.P.," again, many of us believed we knew. He had many successors, one in particular who said that all those stories about the Frontier being dangerous and lawless were all nonsense. He insisted upon visiting a Frontier Post which at that time was a more or less quiet one. The O.C. Post determined to teach "Paget" a lesson, so he got hold of some of the leading characters amongst the Playboys of The North-Western World and arranged with them to stage a mock ambush when Paget was taken for a tonga drive under the customary and very necessary escort into that exciting No Man's Land. The Playboys, having a keen sense of humour, fell in with the scheme with avidity. Unfortunately, however, the love of rifle-stealing proved too much for them when it came to the point and the mock ambush was turned into a real one. They threw away the blank ammunition with which they had been supplied, and slipped live rounds into the breeches of their rifles. "Paget, M.P." and escort were very lucky to get back at all. This happened years after Kipling had written his ditty about "Paget, M.P." being a liar, and it is only now mentioned to justify the picture of the peripatetic Parliamentarian who would not believe that things are as they are related. You must never believe that anything can be untrue of India, especially of its North-West Frontier.

THAT fascinating character "Strickland Sahib" has always been supposed to have been one of the Warburton family, but I think there may be some doubt about it. I myself always understood that Strickland's original was a Warburton, head of the Punjab police and known to the natives as "Button Sahib." Kipling describes Strickland as having a sallow complexion and dark eyes, and in *Kim*, when he is riding along the Grand Trunk Road and chaffs the old Ranee, he mentions that his mother was a hill-woman. In the first story in which Strickland appears—"Miss Youghal's Sais" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), it is mentioned that Strickland had modelled himself on the one man in India who could dress up in any native guise he chose. It may be that Strickland's model was Warburton, but there is a doubt about it. The Great Warburton was not the son of any hill-woman, but a pure-bred Englishman. He married an Afghan princess, a widow with a son. This son adopted the name of Warburton, went into the Punjab secret police, as it is convenient to call people who are employed on Secret Service work, and he won great renown. It may easily be that it was this "Warburton" who was Kipling's model. No one can know for certain. Disguise, of course, was no

(*Continued on page* 140)

HUNTLEY
BUTTER FINGER
PALMERS
HUNTLEY &
OVAL RICH
OSBORNE
HUNTLEY
Petit Beurre
PALMERS
HUNTLEY
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"All old friends and jolly good company"

The Assortment includes Osborne, Thin Arrowroot, Butter Fingers, Marie, Petit Beurre, Finger Digestive, all the well-tried favourites whose names are household words. . .

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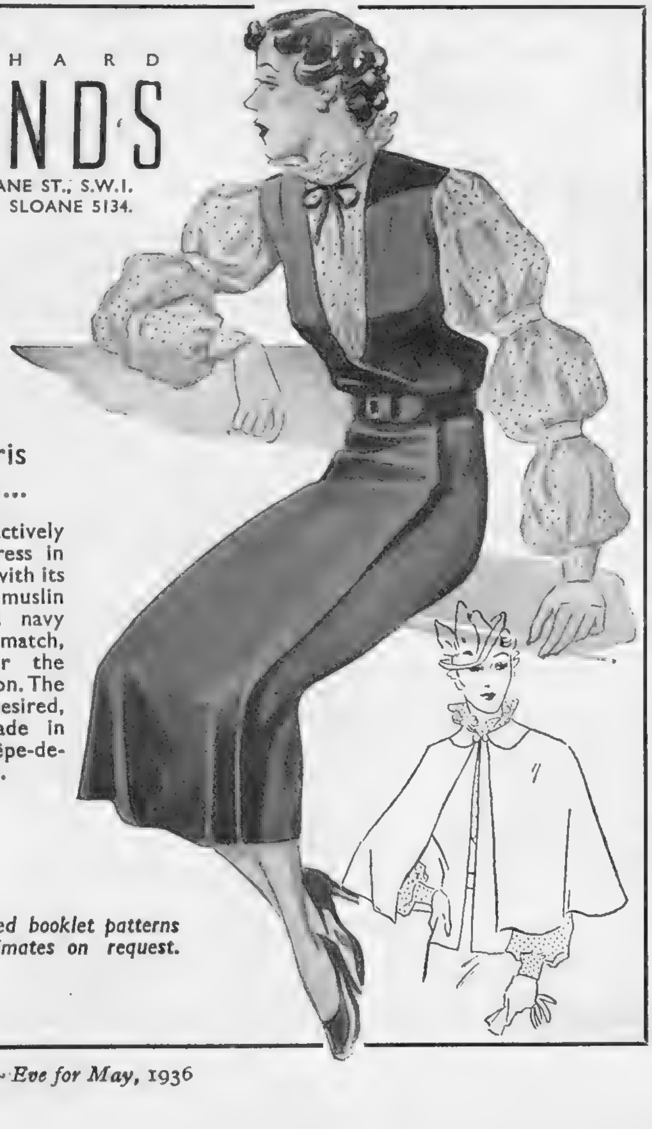

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The jumper can be knitted separately if desired

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REDEX—applied *externally*—absolutely harmless—approved by physicians

NO DIETING
ACTS IN 7 TO 10 DAYS
IN 3 WEEKS YOU ARE SLIM!

Definitely the safest and most effective flesh-reducing preparation ever produced. Applied *externally* — cannot interfere with digestion .... Absolutely harmless — can be applied to the most sensitive parts of the body. Analytical report says: "Contains nothing deleterious or irritating to the skin." .... Redex reduces flesh *only where it is applied* — and reduces only *excess* flesh .... Simply rub Redex into the skin gently for a few minutes a day. In 7 to 10 days results begin to show. In 3 weeks you are slim!

Mrs. A. G.* reports, before finishing third bottle: "Before using Redex, waist 32 ins., hips 41 ins., top of arm 14 ins.,—to-day 29 ins., 39 ins., and 11 ins. I have not done any dieting and have never felt better." (*Original letter can be seen at our London Office.)

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trouble to Warburton, the Afghan, and naturally he could speak Pushtu and any Frontier dialect without any trouble. He was a very brave man, as must be anyone engaged upon espionage across the Border and in the cities of the North. It has been said to me that this Warburton met a violent end and was not only killed but cut up into small pieces out of revenge; but this is not so, and I fancy the story got about because a similar fate overtook another agent, who was a white man with no dark blood in him at all but who was a master of disguise and spoke all the Frontier dialects like the Bad Men themselves. This was poor young Clough, whom I knew. He was such a fine actor that he could go into any darksome haunt in any *bazâr*, play cards and joke with the budmasher and not be detected.

It was a long time before they discovered who and what he was; but they did in the end when he was not in disguise at all. The unhappy consequences I have indicated. Clough knew too much and he had brought too many of their friends to an unpleasant end. Clough happened long after Kipling's "Strickland Sahib," but he was his counterpart and a far more wonderful operator than Warburton, son of the Afghan princess. Kipling's "Strickland" was a policeman, but also a Secret Service agent, as were so many other people who were not policemen at all. The first duty of the Secret Service man is to be "secret" and no one ought to know who it is to whom he may be talking. A mixed crew indeed: policemen, soldiers, sailors, civil servants, ordinary civilians, globe-trotters out for a big-game shoot, people who come out to India as a unit of a polo or a cricket team—even you or I, perhaps. Who knows? And nobody ought to know if the agent desires to go on living. A dangerous and exciting game, so it was no wonder that Kipling created "Strickland."

The late Sir Charles Cleveland, who was originally in the Indian Civil Service and later co-opted for police work, was sometimes called "Strickland Sahib," it may be in jest, and often in my presence, but of course his dates (Cleveland became a policeman in 1903 and went north in 1910) precludes his having been the model in *Plain Tales from the Hills*. The fact that he was an Indian Civil Servant did not preclude the possibility of his being employed in "The Game." He was given credit for being in "It" long before he was made into a policeman—and at one time his dangerous job was to hunt the Terrorists. If anyone can think of anything more risky I think I should like to be told about it. Anything that has to do with that sort of thing is capable of introducing a good deal of colour into anyone's life.

The curio shop in the Simla Mall which Kipling makes a spy-nest in *Kim* actually existed, but the old foreigner who kept it was not anyone's "agent." It is possible that some Central or Eastern European power would have employed him if they had considered him quick enough in the up-take and capable of making the right contacts: but he was not. I have been in his shop many a time and I know that my assertion that he never was an agent is true. There was a rather humorous sequel to *Kim* and it was in this wise: When the old curio dealer retired, a swarthy and good-looking young Austrian took over the business. He also was not a spy, but when the Great War broke out everyone was suspected. The young Austrian came to England and I think I am right in saying that he had been naturalised some time before the war, but I understand he was very apprehensive until he was assured by our keen-nosed watch-dogs that he had nothing to fear. I am quite convinced that it was Kipling's *Kim* which started the suspicion and set the spy hunters busy, and all because he had taken over a curio shop which Kipling had made a fictional spy-centre. India was, of course, full of "agents" at one time and maybe is so still, but I do (*Continued on page* 142)

MINTY *Sectional Bookcases*

The Neo-Craft Minty Bookcases, as shown right, are designed purely on modern but not extreme lines. Any number of sections can be purchased and added to as your library increases, and the variety of different combinations possible is unlimited.

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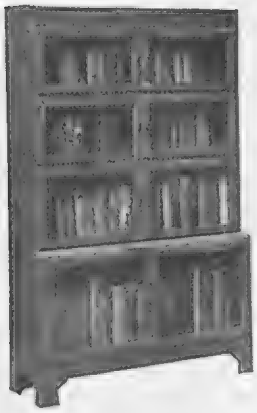

showing the quietness and restraint most suitable for a library or study. The careful British craftsmanship for which Minty's are so well known. Easily extended, of course. In tune with present-day furnishing, these Bookcases, designed on simple satisfying lines, will still please you twenty years hence—still keep your books clean, ready, orderly.

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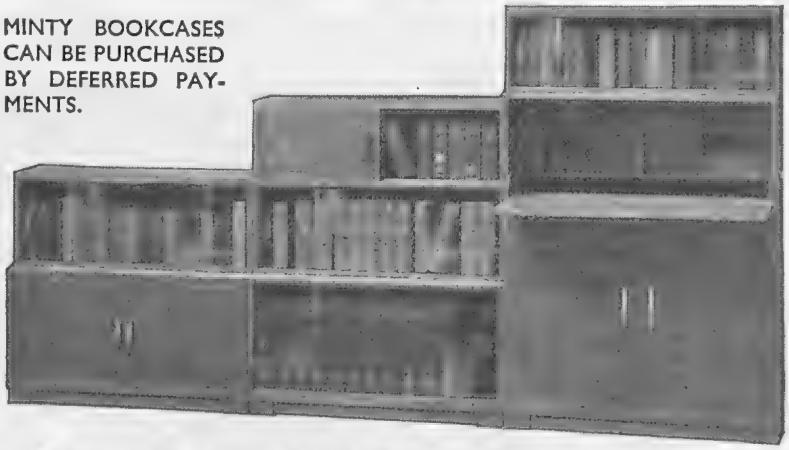

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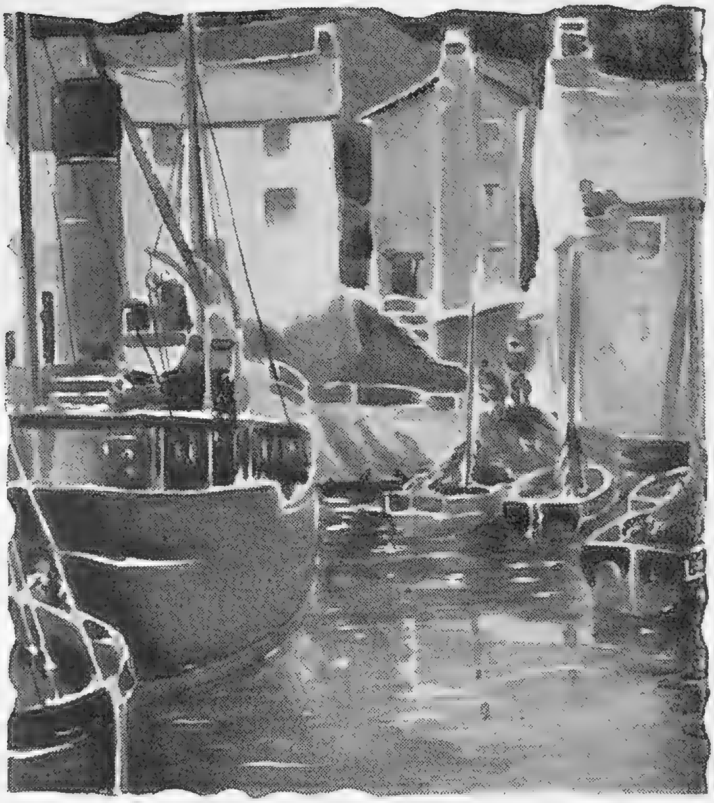

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CORNWALL
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not think that many of them went unmasked. Our system was a very efficient one. As needs scarcely be said, the spies were not all foreigners, distinguished or otherwise—far from it. Some were very undistinguished, especially those of the feminine gender.

THE really amazing feature about a very great deal that the genius wrote was that he never saw many of the things which he discoursed. Kipling never got on to any Frontier "show" in his journalistic or in any other capacity; he never was in the Sudan business in 1884–85; he never was in the Burma war—he never saw or even heard a shot fired in anger, yet how marvellously he wrote about that kind of thing. The story about what the Black Tyrone did to that collection of "Paythans" in the gut in the Hills was photographic. That sort of thing happens often, whether the fight is with the Mohmands, the Mahsuds or any of their friends. *Fuzzy Wuzzy*, that "big black bounding beggar" at "'is 'ome in the Sudan," is a masterpiece. But Kipling never saw any of it! Herein lies the marvel of it. Some people have tried to produce the model for that story *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*, but many wild guesses have been made. A good specimen of wildness is the one made by a serious student of Kipling who assured one that the story of *The Drums of the Fore and Aft* was inspired by "Maiwand, fought in 1891." First of all, Maiwand was fought in 1879, July 27th; and, secondly, what happened there bore no resemblance at all to the incidents of Kipling's story. The Berkshires were the heroes of that very bloody one-day fight and covered the retreat of the rest of the British force on Kandahar, losing in killed alone ten officers and 275 men. In the short history of the regiment it is put on record that "so nobly did the last group of this gallant regiment face death that, even when the last survivor fell before the murderous fire, the Afghans were afraid to approach lest one of the dreaded soldiers should still live." In the despatches on that action a very special tribute was paid to the Berkshire Regiment. Kipling's "fore and aft" yarn bears no resemblance whatever to this fine scrap. He may have heard of some adventure which befell some regiment new to the frontier and thought it was good copy—if it ever happened. Our troops have not always had it all their own way in these messy little fights. Maiwand was an example. It was retrieved later with interest by "Bobs Bahadur." It was the memorable Kabul Kandahar march which gave the survivors of the Berkshire Regiment a chance of avenging their comrades. Eventually, as is history, Ayub Khan and his army were driven into a headlong rout; but at Maiwand the Dusmân, or enemy, had things more or less his own way.

Here, however, is some testimony of a far more authentic nature as to which battle the "fore and aft" one actually was. It is contained in the letter written to me by Lt.-Col. L. V. S. Blacker, at present commanding the 58th Field Brigade Royal Artillery, and it is of such interest that I set it out at length:

"I think I can assure you that *The Drums of the Fore and Aft* was based on the action at Ahmed Khel in 1879.

"As regards Maiwand, it was not the case that Ayub Khan's force was numerically superior to Gen. Burrowes', but the Afghan artillery had more guns present and in action. All their guns were rifled and many of them were breech loaders. Contrariwise, all the guns of the Royal Artillery, in that action, were muzzle loaders and many of them were smooth bores. In 1839, again, the Ghilzai tribesmen were armed with a more accurate and longer ranging weapon than the flint-lock brown Bess of the Bengal Army. In the 1919 war, the Afghan Army (under Nadir) used Q.F. field howitzers, of which the Army in India had few or none at that time. The (*Continued on page 144*)

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Afghan and Persian armies had serviceable tanks several years before the army in India had any.

"My information about Ahmed Khel and Maiwand was derived from Kipling himself, from my father, who served with 6/11 Battery on the Kandahar front, and from the late Major Cumberland of the old 39th Foot who were at Mian Mir when Kipling was on the staff of the *Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore.

"IF it interests you I could tell you what Kipling told me about 'Dirkovitch,' whose regiment I met in Central Asia later on. I knew also Timur Jan, a native officer of my old Regiment (The Guides) who was a descendant, in the direct line, of Tamerlane. He was the rightful heir to the throne of Bokhara. However, the usurper was pitched out by the Bolos, after a campaign in which I was present. In this campaign I had serving under me one Ahmed Jan, the grandson of, and heir to, the last of the Kokand rulers, deposed by the Russians in 1877, also a nephew of the Aga Khan whose field service equipment, unlike Gunga Din's, consisted solely of three corkscrews, one 'on the man,' one 'on the saddle' and the third with the baggage."

The Ahmed Khel battle it seems, should have the vote, even though Kipling may have taken a certain measure of poetic licence with the facts. As I have said, we cannot expect to play the bowling with unvarying success and we are bound to lose a few wickets now and again. Everything that happens does not get into the papers or even into despatches. The time when a Gurkha regiment completely upset a General's time-table was never chronicled. There was a nicely arranged battle on the tapis, but fog in the valley was rather holding things up. The Gurkha corps had been rushed once or twice by the enemy's swordsmen, incomparably brave persons just like "Fuzzy Wuzzy," and still were kept waiting for the set piece to open. The story goes that the little men got rather tired of this sort of thing and, well-disciplined though they are, thought an alteration was overdue. The fog thickened. No one heard anything but not long after some sturdy little persons emerged from the murk, metaphorically licking their chops, 'tis said. They had slung their rifles and gone in with their *kukris*—and the battle was virtually over. I will let the reader take this or leave it as he pleases, but it is quite as full of colour as *The Drums of the Fore and Aft.*

Those three wonderful old "Sweats" Mulvaney, Learoyd and Ortheris abounded in the days of the Old Martini, then the last word in rifles, and Kipling naturally met them all. Mian Mir is the Lahore cantonment, and Kipling's early days when he wrote all those marvellous short stories were spent in Lahore when he was a sub-editor on the *Civil and Military Gazette*—and he haunted the barracks for "copy." "The Black Tyrone" were always supposed to be the Connaught Rangers, but any Irish regiment would fit—hell in barracks; paladins in a scrap. I remember that when *Barrack-room Ballads* were first published it was said that they gave offence because some people averred that Thomas Atkins did not talk like that and that the picture was libellous and overdrawn. I never could bring myself to believe that this was so—knowing different! It was literally photographic.

The soldiers of those times did not hold up to be plaster saints—just "single men in barracks most remarkable like you." I suppose I, like many another who lived in those times, may claim to have known "Mulvaney" personally. The only difference, so far as my "Mulvaney" goes, was that he was a cavalry soldier and not a Black Tyrone—the kindest of creatures and one of the bravest.

As to the Sudan pictures contained in *Fuzzy Wuzzy*, and also in *The Light That Failed*—not Kipling's best book, in my opinion—Kipling

(*Continued on page* 146)

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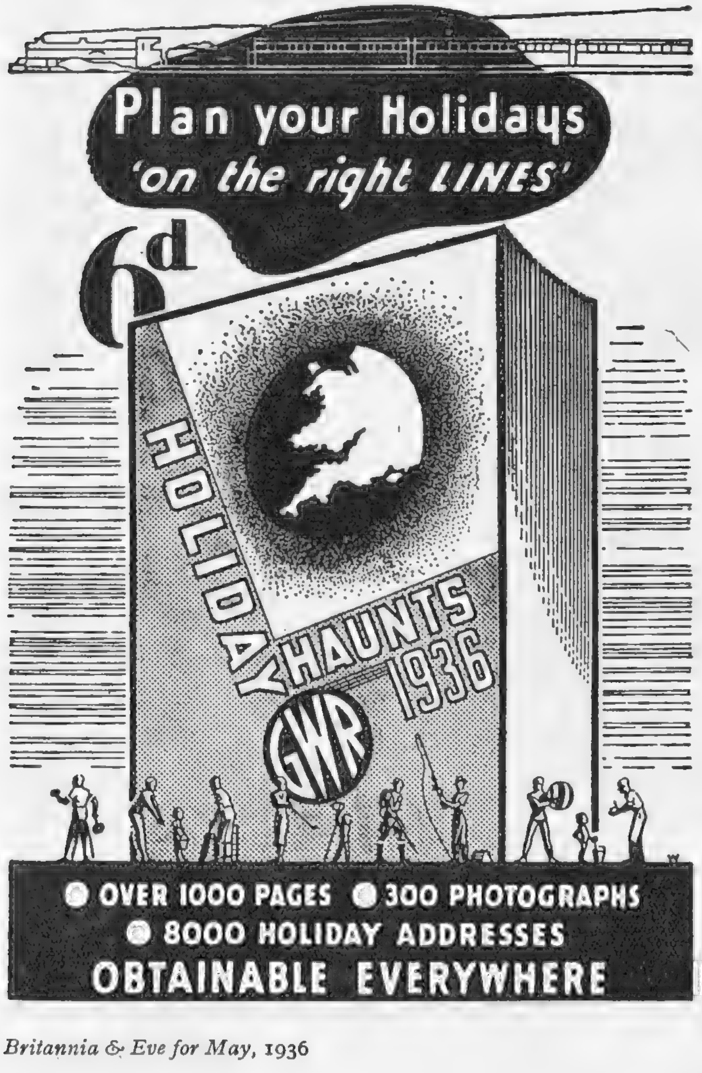

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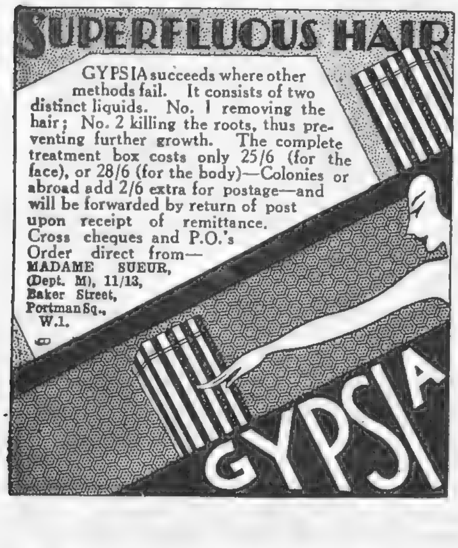
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INDIAN MANGO

19

may have collected his facts from either one or other of the *Daily Telegraph's* war correspondents, John Macdonald, who was at Teb (Baker Pasha's disaster), or Bennet Burleigh (called "Burly Bennet" for short), who saw everything that happened after Teb, namely, El Teb and Tamaai, where a British square was broken and things were very edgy for a bit. All this was round about February 1884. Both Macdonald and Bennet Burleigh were in London after the campaign at the same time as Kipling was. The real point is the excellence of Kipling's picture, even though he may have got his material from either of these war correspondents. On the other hand Kipling could have got his information from men in any of the following units: 10th and 19th Hussars, Gordon Highlanders (75th), York and Lancasters (65th), King's R.R. (60th), Royal Irish (89th), Black Watch (42nd), any of the "Jollies" or Naval detachments, for they were all on the premises, as well as the gunners of the Camel batteries.

Tamaai was the battle Kipling had in mind when he wrote *Fuzzy Wuzzy*. A second cousin of mine was at Tamaai in the 19th Hussars, and was badly wounded by a broad-bladed spear, and his horse killed under him. He was saved by the Quartermaster-Sergeant of his squadron, who was subsequently awarded the V.C. My cousin died not long after in Suakin—so my interest in this action is rather personal, and I read the despatches with, perhaps, more than ordinary avidity. The square was broken right enough, and a few lines extracted from the story of what happened when things were at their worst may suffice to indicate where Kipling got his inspiration :—

> "With hair on end, eyes glistening and their white teeth shining, more like infuriated demons than men, they seemed to bound out of the battle-smoke upon the soldiers like figures in a shadow pantomime. In an instant they were at the guns and among our men, thrusting, cutting, stabbing with desperate energy. The men recoiled before the avalanche of fierce savages; but, to our soldiers' credit be it ever told, they retired mostly with their faces to the foe, loading and firing with the courage of heroes. . . . The gaping wounds made by our almost explosive Martini-Henry bullets scarcely checked the savages in their wild career. It was only when the lead shattered the bone of a leg or pierced a heart or brain that their mad onrush was instantly stopped. I saw Arab and Arab through whose bodies our bullets had ploughed their way, charging down on the square with the blood spurting in pulsating streams from them at every heart-throb."

Is it any wonder that Kipling was inspired to write :—

"'Ere's to yer Fuzzy Wuzzy at your 'ome in the Sudan
"You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man."

A picture from life is *The City of Dreadful Night*. Kipling knew how peculiarly dreadful a hot weather night in a city of the Plains can be, for he experienced many of them in Lahore, of which the tale was told. In his time on the *Civil and Military Gazette* the electric fan was unknown, so was the electric light—a greasy badly pulled punkah with a sleepy coolie on the end of the rope and smoky kerosene oil lamps did not lighten the work of the night sub-editor, sitting and working in a temperature of *anything*—in the howl of the scavenging jackals, the noises of the tom-toms in the *bazár* keeping time with the throb of his aching head—the last proof—then homeward with the caw of the waking crows—dirty, sweat sodden—played out—sleep, perhaps, if the relentless blaze of an Indian day would let him. Kipling had not far to go for that model—and it was in some atmosphere like this that those well-nigh priceless early gems were produced.

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LNER

IT'S QUICKER BY RAIL

Philippine Self-tormentors

(*Continued from page* 17)

I was asked to stay overnight at his house. There would be little use of even trying to get men to work for me to-night—they simply would not come. They were preparing themselves for the ordeal the next day and the day following. Those silent men I had seen in the house, seated around the table had been Flagellantes, listening to the reading of the Holy Scripture.

THAT night for several hours he told me the story of the Flagellantes of his village, where almost every man belonged to this strange cult of self-tormentors. Most of them were descendants of Flagellantes. From father to son the custom has been transmitted from time immemorial.

They are all peaceful, hard-working, farming people, and leading well-ordered lives not different from their neighbours, and they are devout Catholics. At one time of the year, however, during the Holy Week, their composure abandons them. During that time they turn their backs on the world of to-day and, unmindful of the surrounding signs of civilisation, prepare themselves to give a final proof of their religious devotion, when as a climax they re-enact in all its gory realism a scene out of the past. Those men around the table whom I had seen earlier in the night were all actors in the play which was to take place the next day, culminating on Good Friday in the ceremonial procession along their ensanguined path, a Via Dolorosa of their own making. I was told that among those self-appointed martyrs were also a few who, through a sense of religious obligation, perhaps in gratitude for a beneficence, or in fulfilment of a vow, would also submit themselves to self-torment.

"Will I be allowed to see it? Is it possible to photograph it?" I asked.

For an instant he hesitated. His wife entered the room. She was a young woman still in her teens and heavy with child.

"Why don't you speak to old Juan, 'Kiko,'" she suggested.

"Kiko" is the Tagalog diminutive of Francisco. Nodding his head, the husband said that he would try to arrange matters. He would look up Juan in the morning. Juan was an old man and a leader of the cult, he explained.

I was given a sleeping mat on the floor and a mosquito net, and slept past sunrise, when "Kiko" entered the room. Everything had been satisfactorily arranged with Juan, he said. *I was to donate one peso, however, for two brand-new bamboo whips at fifty centavos each*—there were two young candidates too poor to buy the right "brand," the kind made only by a certain whipmaker of this village.

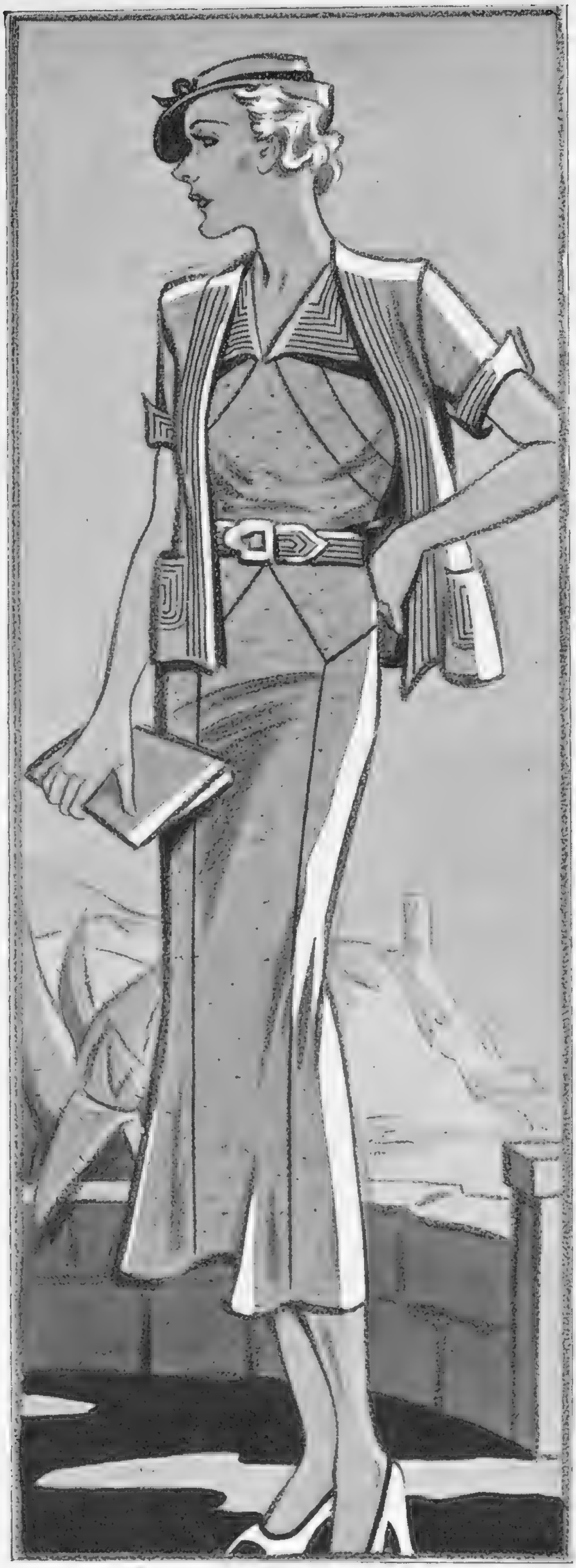
For two days, I forgot all about my wrecked car, whilst in the meantime, I was given the rare opportunity to witness and photograph scenes which in their nightmarish realism plunged me into a world of long ago—an experience much too unreal and therefore almost unbelievable in our self-righteous age of human enlightenment.

Man must suffer in this world, it has been maintained, to acquire happiness in the next. Self-tormenting has, therefore, through many ages been considered one of the extreme expressions of spiritual devotion. The phenomenon of religious hysteria which is known to the world as *flagellation* stands out as a thread of vermilion in the crimson tapestry of mediæval Europe. The scourge and the lash were once the symbols of the ultimate degree of suffering—a better method of atoning for all sins, past and future, could not be found by those simple Christian devotees centuries ago.

The majority of the Christian population of the Philippines is Catholic. But Christianity in the Philippines is a comparatively new religion. They have inherited from their pagan forefathers beliefs in things supernatural, and a yearning for things mysterious.

The cult of Flagellantes is widespread in the Philippines with the exception of the Mohammedan and pagan

(*Continued on page* 150)



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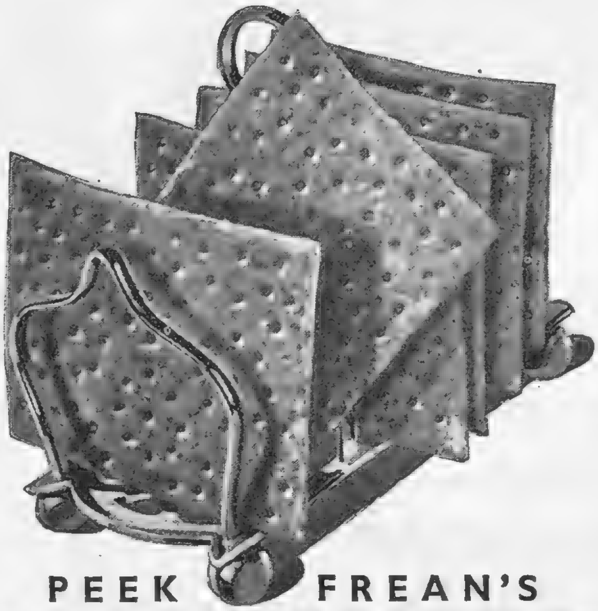

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regions. On investigating, I found reports of Flagellante processions from all the Christian provinces, and until forbidden by the authorities the devotees of these barbaric rites could be seen in their horrible parade even in the streets of Manila.

THE voluntary penitents of the village were to begin preparations for the flagellation the next day, the Thursday before Good Friday. There would be, however, no scourging on this day, for under the rigid code which covers the practice no blood may be shed on the day that precedes the anniversary of the Crucifixion. Walking about the village, which consisted of two or three rows of *nipa* shacks with dusty roads between them—and the inevitable church—I could see many devotees, stripped to the waists, with cords tied in symbolic knots about their shoulders, arms and legs, their faces covered with hoods that hung down to their chests, and a belt of thorny grass or bamboo leaves. Occasionally some of them were lying down in the dusty road with their backs exposed to the sun.

Quickly the news had spread that a stranger was among them. To the villagers the performance of the Flagellantes was an annual affair to which they were used, but that a stranger was wandering among them taking pictures right and left was an unusual sight; they stared more at me than at those who were the actors in this strange drama.

The next night I again spent in "Kiko's" house. At half-past three in the morning I was awakened by "Kiko," who urged me to get up, as we were to leave for the mass. All the celebrants would be there. As I was expecting them to appear in their strange costumes of the day before, I missed them. "Kiko" informed me however, that the parish priest had forbidden all "masquerading" in the church. After the mass, "Kiko" led me to the gathering place of the Flagellantes, an open spot in the jungle beside the road on which they were to take their course. Here, the preparation for the main ceremony began.

There are three ways open for the Flagellantes to show their desire to atone. The first I have already mentioned: it consists of being bound with ropes which restrict a free and comfortable movement and exposing oneself to the heat of the sun, refraining the while from food or water. The second, in emulation of Christ, is bearing the Cross. The third is the actual flagellation in which the devotee lashes himself with a whip at the end of which is a cluster of thin knife-edged bamboo strips.

On this particular occasion the cross-bearing had been dispensed with. "Kiko" explained that cross-bearing was not considered painful enough. The crosses are made of bamboo and not too heavy and the crown of thorns symbolic in its significance, and, although real in the blood that it drew from the heads of the penitents, was a "one-time-pain." Once endured, the pain did not persist—like toothache. No, the flagellation was the *real* thing.

The Flagellantes required detailed preparation. One man was the "dresser." Before him, the penitents lined up, a hood over the face and a symbolic grass crown on the head, and a similar grass belt about the waist. They were given a lash with which to scourge themselves. Turning their bare backs to him, the "dresser" incised wounds on the back of each penitent with a piece of broken glass, while the blood streamed along their sweat-covered backs.

When all were ready, they lined up in a procession two or three deep, slowly making their way along the dusty road towards the church, looking more like a horde of unearthly beings than humans. Now the whip was being used, the sharp rattle of the bamboo lashes beating time to a strange song. Oblivious of all but the reality of the penitence, ignoring the curious villagers—including me and my camera—they carried on their march of pain. (*Continued on page* 152)

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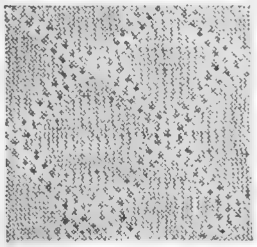

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The whip merits description. Its handle is of rope, giving leverage for a sharp, stinging blow. The lash is composed of a number of bamboo strips, from eight to ten inches in length. They are always odd in number. The reason is obscure. It has always been like this. It is carried in the right hand and as the slim, sinuous cord curls viciously about the man's body the razor-edged bobbins cut the flesh wickedly.

From time to time the guide took a mouthful of water and sprayed it on the bobbins of the whip, but the chant continued and the whips rose and fell in rhythmic cadence. Blood spurted out from under the lacerating strips of bamboo. Some of the weaker stumbled and fell. The guide, a heavy cord in his hand, unmercifully beat the penitent to his feet and back to his place in the mournful procession.

The march continued until the village was reached, leaving a trail that was literally one of blood. At the entrance of the village, they lined up before a house. Instantly, I recognised the house; it was the one I had first visited two nights before. Inside, I heard a chant. I recognised the voice, too. It was Juan's house, "Kiko" explained. Here, a few fell on their knees, others stretched out in the dust, where they remained in a cross-like position for quite a while. Two men—and also a woman—walked among them, using the rope on their bare backs, all the time mumbling prayers for the benefit of the tormented.

Suddenly, a shrill whistle cut through the air. The penitents arose, all smeared with blood and dust. Lining up in procession, they now continued their walk towards the church. Outside the church, they again lay down in the dust, but none stepped across the gate. The parish priest came out, all business. Upon being assured that the sanctity of the place would not be violated, he, too, became a curious spectator.

Upon leaving the church the procession was broken up. Some of them continued to lash themselves, others tore off their hoods, while they all walked down to the nearby river, into which they plunged. On the river banks the villagers had gathered; the air of a picnic predominated. All were laughing and jesting and the backs of those who were drying themselves were examine and the condition of their wounds discussed. Strange to say, I saw no deep wounds. I had expected to see the flesh cut up horribly, but the skin was only slightly lacerated and their backs swollen from the constant beating. It seemed almost incredible.

THAT evening my car was yanked back to the road. It was in bad condition. Among those who helped to pull the car out of the mud I recognised several Flagellantes. To me, the speedy healing of their lacerated backs was the strangest part of the whole ceremony.

Whatever the reason, the number of Flagellantes is constantly growing in the Philippines. "Kiko" told me, not without regret in his voice, that the old fervour and sincerity seemed to be disappearing. He complained that this year the penitents did not appear to be taking their self-emulation too seriously. Those three or four young men, visibly under eighteen, who that day went through their initiation had been only *a little* concerned about the business, perhaps a little diffident. The jests of their elders, however, had encouraged them and, of course, they went through the messy ordeal without blinking.

In ancient times flagellation was a symptom of religious hysteria, waves of which followed each other in sweeping tides over the fanatical masses of Europe. In the Philippines, the custom has attained the dignity of tradition. Perhaps in future years the two score of penitents who walked the trail of suffering last Holy Week will increase to hundreds. It is as if the desire to suffer for the faith never grows old.

END

Meats in May

(*Continued from page 70*)

to use this dish. You simply make them hot in a saucepan, with a little butter, salt, pepper, a pinch of sugar and a small onion. Moisten them with a little of the liquid from the tin and let them heat slowly, removing the onion at the end.

Put a bed of peas in the serving dish, place the pigeons on this and pour over the gravy from the roasting.

Devilled Chicken

Carve the chicken, raw, into pieces: two wings, two legs, and the breast—the carcase will be the basis of an excellent soup—make a few cuts here and there and rub the pieces with salt, pepper and prepared mustard.

Make the grill thoroughly hot, and rub with butter the underneath grating on which you stand things. Put on the pieces of chicken (starting the legs first, as they take longer) with a little piece of butter. Cook each side for about five or six minutes, and when you turn them put another tiny piece of butter on each.

You can tell if they are done by piercing the flesh with the point of a sharp kitchen knife; large chickens, of course, take longer.

Serve with fried potatoes, grilled tomatoes and a peppery sauce.

Salad Days

(*Continued from page 71*)

Variations.—Rice can be made into a salad with many other things. Little cubes of left-over cold chicken; ham, mushrooms, etc., but the dressing should always be of a spicy nature.

Alsatian Salad

Here is a salad which gives (in reason) scope for many combinations. The essentials are cold boiled potatoes, apples, beetroot in equal proportions and cut into cubes.

Add a dressing of oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, and mustard; mix well and let the salad rest for ten minutes or so.

Now add a few fillets of herring in oil and some strips of lean ham. Mix again and serve twenty minutes later.

SEPARATE COURSE SALADS

Montego Salad

Arrange two or three crisp lettuce leaves flat on each salad plate, and put a few cubes of pineapple on these. Sprinkle with a little onion very finely chopped and cover with a Mayonnaise or cream dressing.

The lettuce leaves should first be dusted with salt and sprinkled with a few drops of lemon juice. This applies to all the salads of this type.

Grape fruit, divided into quarters with the skin removed, might be used instead of pineapple.

Cheshire Salad

Arrange the leaves of lettuce on plates as previously described and dispose on these a mixture, in equal proportions, of very small cubes of Cheshire cheese, and of tomatoes which you have peeled and freed from pips.

Cover with a cream dressing and put on to the top a dash of cayenne pepper.

Spring Salad

Take some pickled red cabbage and chop it very finely. Have ready about the same quantity of fresh green peas boiled with mint, and the whites of hard-boiled eggs finely chopped.

Arrange these in alternate circles round a fairly flat bowl, leaving a space round the edge to put a garnishing of crisp lettuce leaves broken into small pieces.

Sprinkle lightly with the yolks of the eggs passed through a sieve and hand a cream dressing or Mayonnaise separately.

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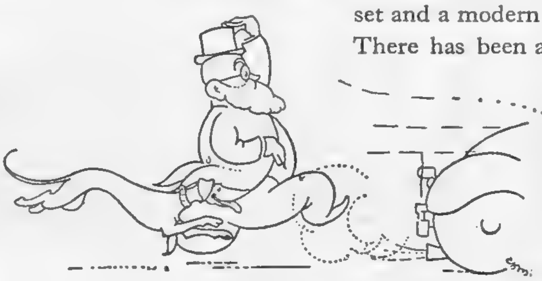

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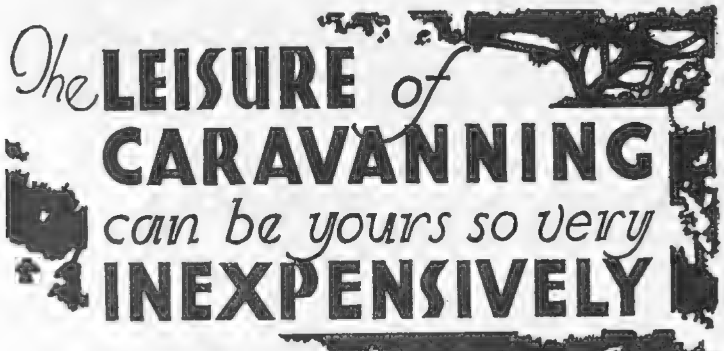
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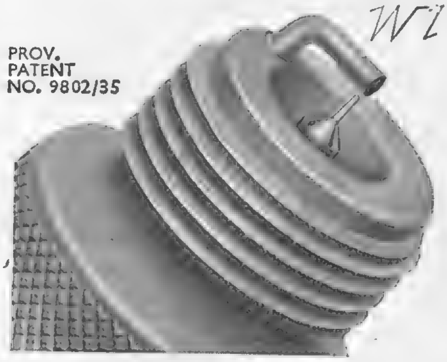

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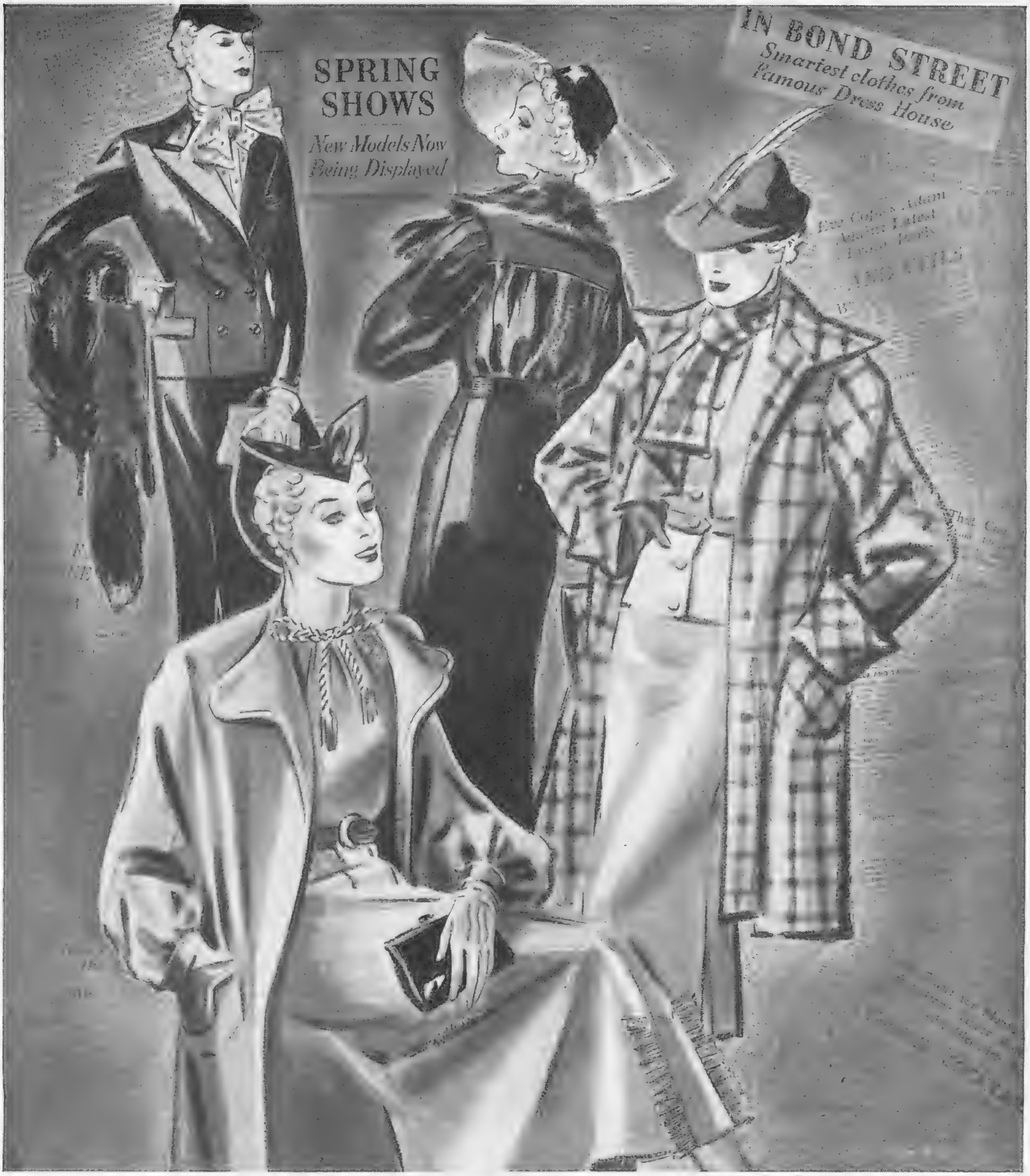
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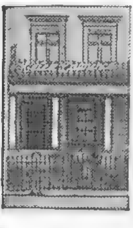

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	Name.	*Born.*
Wife	....	....
Children (1)	....	....
(2)	....	....
(3)	....	....
(4)	....	....

(7) If you are not proposing all members of your family for insurance, state reason.

(8) Date on which the insurance is to commence. (N.B.—Policies are issued only from the first day of a month.)

(9) Class of Policy required—(Table A or B)

(10) Do you wish to pay the premium monthly (by banker's order), quarterly or yearly ? (5 per cent. deduction if premiums paid yearly.)

(11) State name and address of your family Doctor.

(12) Have you, or has any member of your family (being a person whom you wish to insure), received medical attention during the last three years ? If so, give particulars stating the name and address of the Doctor or Hospital or Nursing Home in each case.

(13) Have you, or has any such member of your family, ever suffered from Heart Disease, Lung Trouble, Diabetes, Rheumatism ?

(14) Do you, or does any such member of your family, at present suffer from any disease or bodily defect ? If so, state full details.

(15) Is there any condition of your health or of the health of any such member of your family which should be communicated to the Company ?

(16) Have you, or has any such member of your family, ever been declined, deferred or accepted on special terms for Life or Accident or Sickness Insurance ? If so, give dates, names of companies and any other particulars.

(17) With which company are you now insured for :

Life

Accident

Sickness

(18) Do you wish to be covered in respect of accidents arising from the use of aircraft or private motor vehicles ? (Additional monthly premium of 1s. per person or 2s. per family.)

I, as representing myself (and each of the members of my family named in question (6) above), hereby declare that the foregoing answers are in every respect true and complete and that I have not withheld any material information. I further declare that I accept the Company's standard form of policy as produced to me, and agree that the said form and this declaration shall be the basis of the contract should a Policy be issued by the Company.

Date.......................... ....(*Signature*)

BEAUTY MAXIMS FOR MAY DAYS

May days—gay days! The lure of outdoor life sounds a clarion call in the merry month of May. And for those of you who want to look your best throughout the bright sunny days and long summer evenings it is time to revise your beauty regime.

FIRST-AID FOR TIRED FACES.—First of all, you want to put your best face forward. Those of you who find this time of year brings forth a crop of complexion blemishes in the shape of spots and pimples would do well to pay attention to your diet. Substitute a good *fruit saline* for that early morning cup of tea, reduce your meat allowance, and eat plenty of fresh fruit, green vegetables and salads.

And instead of your usual face creams, give your face a ten-day treatment with that wonderful oxygenated wax that revitalises tired faces. *Mercolized Wax* it is called. You can get an ounce or two from your chemist. Smooth a little over face and neck nightly and while you sleep the wax works its magic, gently and imperceptibly absorbing the blemished outer skin with all its disfigurements, leaving it fresh and flawless.

SUNSHINE IN YOUR HAIR.—Now that you will be tempted to discard your fashionable little hats and brave the effects of the May sunshine and gentle breezes bareheaded, your coiffures must be immaculate. If you want your waves and curls to defy the weather just try a Stallax shampoo. Just a teaspoonful of the little golden granules whipped to a foaming lather in a cup of hot water and you have a shampoo-de-luxe for blondes, brunettes, copper-tops, or silver locks. Stallax makes home-setting easier and prolongs the life of your waves and curls.

JUST IN CONFIDENCE.—Here's another hint, too, for these days when you discard your stockings and hastily resume them because you find your legs disfigured with a thick growth of unwanted hair. Just remove these hairs with Sipolite, the *safe* hair eraser. Get half an ounce from your chemist to try. Mix a little to a smooth paste with cold water—apply to the hairs and see them vanish as the paste dries, the skin being left smooth and unblemished. Sipolite is so mild in action that it can be recommended with confidence for the removal of facial or body growths of superfluous hair.

ROSES IN YOUR CHEEKS.—Ordinary make-up seems out of place when you go hiking or spend long hours by the sea or in the country. But if your cheeks lack colour and you want roses to bloom in them try Colliandum. You can get it in powder or compact form. Just a faint dusting and your best friend will be unable to detect it, for the colour deepens as your natural colour would.

ARE YOU SLIMMING?—If you are bent on shedding superfluous inches you must find diets and exercises distracting! Try in their stead a simple, safe method of slimming—Clynol Berries. Just one of these little brown berries before each meal and you can eat what you will without fear of overweight.

Note.—All the above-mentioned preparations can be obtained from your chemist.

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Cured a cold "in no time"

"I have just recovered from an irritating cold and, thanks to your wonderful Vapex, it was cured in no time. The Inhalant is as effective as it is pleasant. I shall surely recommend it to my friends."
J. L., Paisley.

●

Vapex gives instant relief; it clears the head and kills the germs which cause the trouble. It is the safest, surest, most rapid remedy . . . . 20 years of world-wide use have proved its worth.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V 145 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

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MAY, 1936

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "Britannia & Eve," 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

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DON'T WASH BABY'S HAIR
use—
NESTOL

A MONTH'S TREATMENT 3/6
from BOOTS, LEWIS'S, ALL GOOD CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS

IT CURLS & CLEANSES

Baby's head will soon be clustered with adorable curls if the tiny head is cleansed with Nestol every day

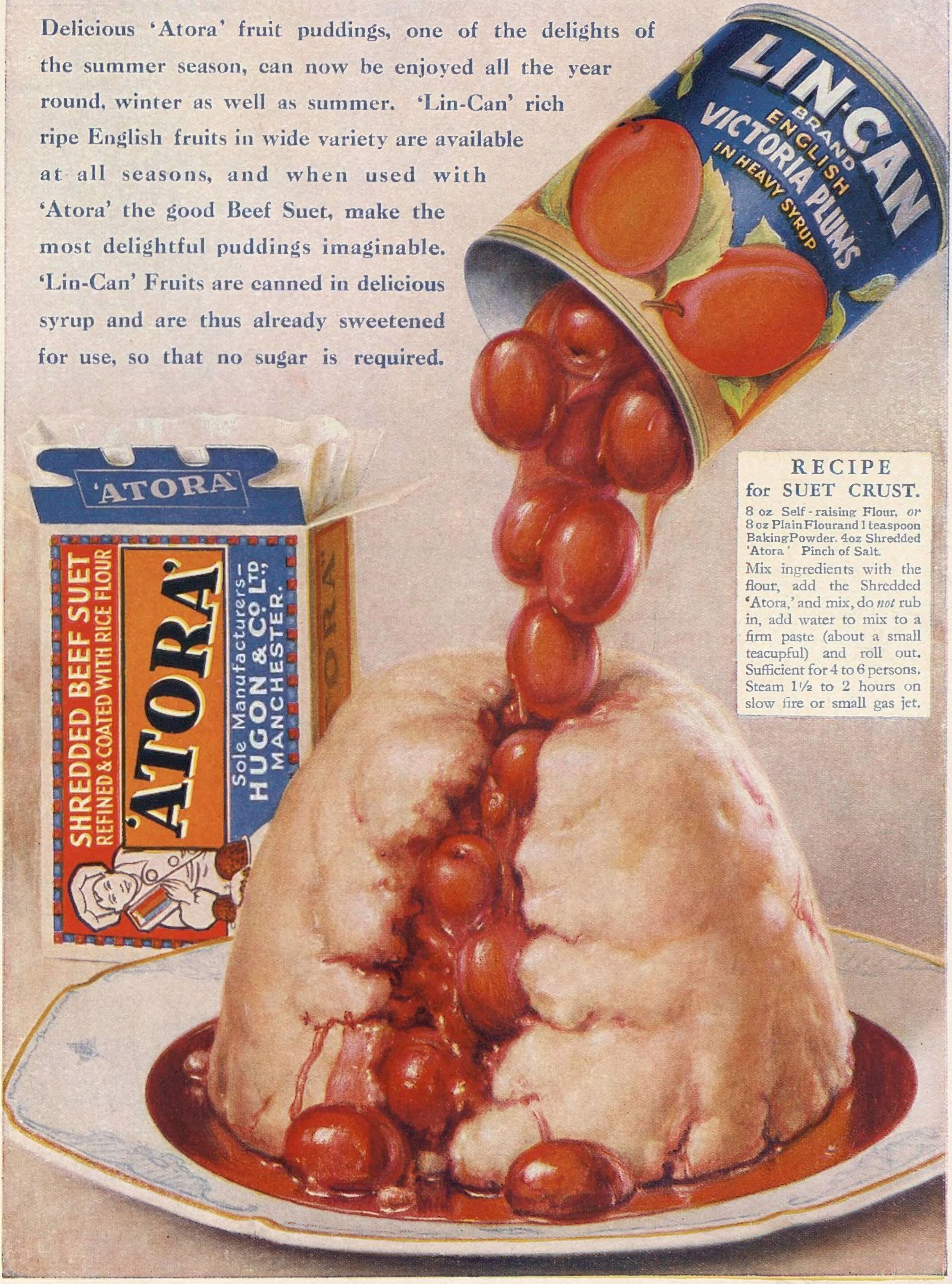
C. NESTLE & COMPANY, LTD.
48 South Molton St., London, W.1

NESTOL Toilet Powder Large tin 1/3

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by W. H. SMITH AND SON, LTD., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the Proprietors, BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices, 32/34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Entered as second class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397, P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d., and for Canada 14s. per annum, 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

FRESH FRUIT PUDDINGS!

Delicious 'Atora' fruit puddings, one of the delights of the summer season, can now be enjoyed all the year round, winter as well as summer. 'Lin-Can' rich ripe English fruits in wide variety are available at all seasons, and when used with 'Atora' the good Beef Suet, make the most delightful puddings imaginable. 'Lin-Can' Fruits are canned in delicious syrup and are thus already sweetened for use, so that no sugar is required.


LIN-CAN
BRAND
ENGLISH
VICTORIA PLUMS
IN HEAVY SYRUP
'ATORA'
'ATORA'
SHREDDED BEEF SUET
REFINED & COATED WITH RICE FLOUR
Sole Manufacturers–
HUGON & Co. LTD.,
MANCHESTER.
'ATORA'

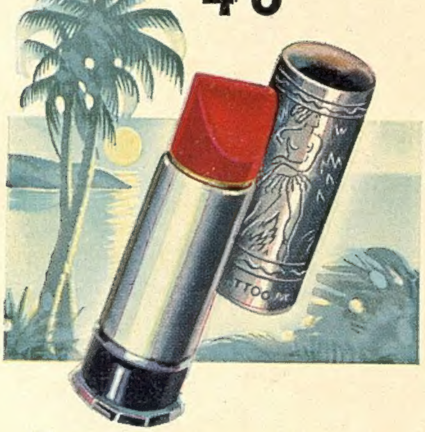
RECIPE for SUET CRUST.

8 oz. Self-raising Flour, *or* 8 oz Plain Flour and 1 teaspoon Baking Powder. 4oz Shredded 'Atora' Pinch of Salt.

Mix ingredients with the flour, add the Shredded 'Atora,' and mix, do *not* rub in, add water to mix to a firm paste (about a small teacupful) and roll out. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons. Steam 1½ to 2 hours on slow fire or small gas jet.

Tattoo your lips

4/6

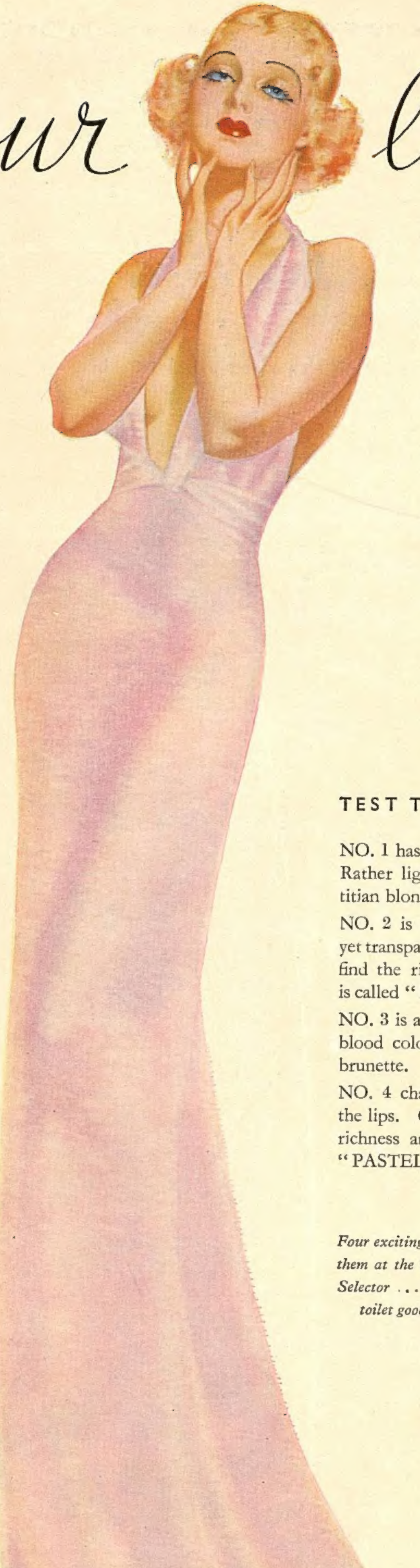


THERE'S smartness in rich luscious colour . . . . but there's *distinction* of a smarter, more exciting kind when lips have tempting colour, but no pastiness to spoil it. Pasteless lip colour . . . that's TATTOO !

You put it on . . . let it set . . . then wipe it off. Nothing remains on your lips but smooth, even, transparent South Sea red that's smarter than smart . . . that stays for hours and hours *regardless* . . . and that actually keeps lips caressingly soft, smooth . . . and oh so desirable ! Never dries them as ordinary indelible lipstick so often does.

It's fun to select your proper shade of TATTOO by testing all four on your own skin . . . at the Tattoo Colour Selector displayed at the best cosmetic counters everywhere. Then . . . tattoo your lips !

TATTOO



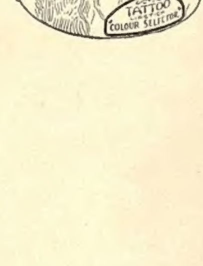
TEST THESE FOUR SHADES

NO. 1 has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."

NO. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

NO. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich blood colour that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

NO. 4 changes colour when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and warmth of colour. Called "PASTEL."



Four exciting shades. Try them at the Tattoo Colour Selector . . . wherever fine toilet goods are sold.

DISTRIBUTORS : FASSETT & JOHNSON, LTD., 86, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1. 'PHONE: CLERKENWELL 2336